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THE GRAND NATIONAL

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

When Uncle Sam pitched upon the fifteenth day of March for the filing of one's income tax return and the performing of a capital operation upon one's bank account, he gave no consideration to the fact that his date might conflict with that upon which the Grand National is run. And, even if he had given it a thought, he would, no doubt, have kept right on in his arbitrary course; that is the way governments have. And that is why I am against 'em. There is no denying, however, that they have the last word, and in spite of the best efforts of a secretary, a chartered accountant, an income tax expert, and a lawyer, to the end that the word might be soft, — the kind of word that turneth away wrath, — I say that, in spite of all these, the word when it was spoken caused not only wrath but pain.

I can look back upon the time when one never came in contact with the United States authorities except upon returning from Europe, when one slipped a five-dollar bill to a customs inspector with the same regularity that one did to one's steward, and when one went to the Federal office only to decide upon the color and portraiture of a postage stamp. In those days the national surplus was a cause of worry. And the economists told us that what we needed was a big national debt — an economist will tell you anything. Now what a change! The asking of personal questions is no longer the prerogative of one's physician. Anyone, everyone, feels privileged. Why did you buy B. & O. at 136, and New York Central at 200? Why did you not buy your Steel Common at the bottom rather than at the top? Did you take advantage of the 'split-up' in G. E. at the time 'you disposed' of your rights in Radio? Above all, why did you allow the emissaries of those sterling financiers Al Wiggin and Charlie Mitchell to wangle you into the purchase of bank stocks at a price which makes it impossible for you to look into a mirror without loss of self-respect? And is the five bushels of grass seed you bought in your wife's name to be charged to capital outlay or expense, and if so,

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why? These and a hundred similar problems arise to vex you. Finally, why did you take *au pied de la lettre* the saying of a famous banker, 'Never sell America short'?

We were to sail for Liverpool in the *Adriatic*, but it did not seem wise to do so. At last one evening after dinner, lighting a cigar, I observed to myself that if this is a specimen of 'the last of life, for which the first is made,' I wanted more of the first. 'Never sell America short'! The bankers of New York have provided the best short sale in all history. No doubt we shall work out of our problems, but when, and where shall I be? John Brown's is not the only body which will be mouldering in the grave. Then the words of that sum of all philosophers, Christopher Sly, occurred to me: 'Let the world slip. We shall ne'er be younger.' And so, a few hours later, we took passage on the *Bremen*, the fastest boat afloat, and, leaving her at Southampton, — with our teeth intact, but badly shaken, — made our way quickly to Liverpool.

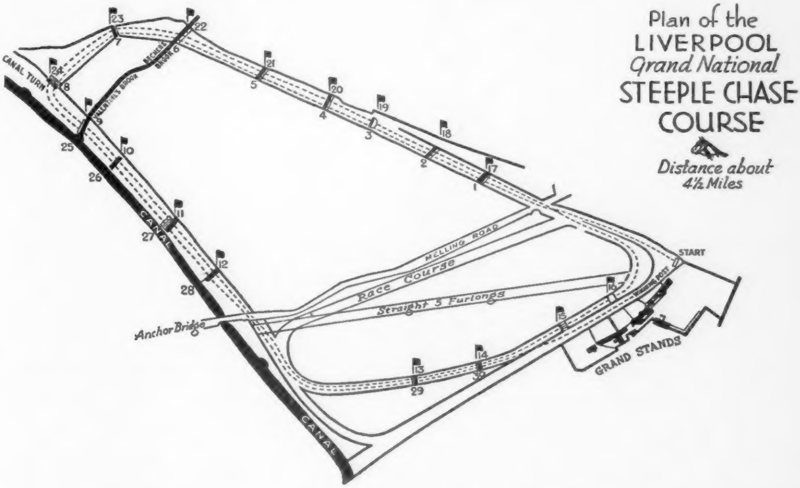
I

Need I say that the Grand National is the sportiest horse race that has ever been run in the world, that it is a steeplechase which has been a fixture for almost a hundred years, and that it is distinctly not a race to watch from the grand stand unless one has placed big money on the result — which is more foolish at the National than at other races. 'How often,' wrote my sporting friend, Willie Van Antwerp, to me when he heard that I was going to the National — 'How often,' said he, 'have I put good money on a noble horse only to see it chase every other animal around the entire course!' As someone has said, 'At the National the only thing certain is the unexpected.' To see the race properly one should walk over the course before the race, study the obstacles which must be overcome, and make up one's mind what particular incident in the race one wants to see at close range.

One can, of course, leave London early in the morning on the day of the race in the magnificently appointed special Pullman trains which run directly to the race course and bring you back the same day. In this way you are sure of a luncheon, a reasonably good dinner, and an excellent cup of tea, but it makes a long and fatiguing day, and we had made up our minds to spend several days in Liverpool.

It is admitted that one of the best hotels in England is the Adelphi. It does not capitalize antiquity and discomfort as so many hotels in Britain do; it was built just before the Great War, which had one effect, among many, of diverting the American traffic from Liverpool to the Channel Ports. I felt quite sure, however, that, having made no reservation at the Adelphi, I should be unable to secure accommodation, and in this I was not mistaken. But we had no difficulty at the Exchange Station Hotel, and this was a bit of good luck, as special trains run from the Exchange Station every few minutes to and from the race course at Aintree on race days and almost as frequently at all times; the distance is only seven miles. And so to Aintree we went as per schedule on the day before the race, walked over the course, examined the jumps, and decided upon what we thought would be a good point from which to view the amazing spectacle. Aintree is, except for the race course, not much, although it is almost equally famous for its marmalade.

The race is run over a course two and a quarter miles long, which is traversed twice, making a run of four and a half miles. On the second time round, two famous obstacles, the 'Open Ditch' and the 'Water Jump, are omitted, so that the race finishes on the straightaway directly in front of the grand stand. Having traveled more than three thousand miles to see this race, weather or no, we prepared for whatever weather might come: a pestiferous fog, a heavy rain and a strong wind, even a snowstorm, for the race has frequently been run under any of these conditions. A grand stand affords a certain amount of protection, but we were to see the race standing on a soap box looking over a fence in an open field. How we dressed for the occasion! Wraps and rugs and galoshes. And, besides plenty of whiskey, my medicine kit contained liniments, lozenges, and lotions, pills and other pneumonia preventives. In brief, we were prepared to cope promptly with such intimations of mortality as might result from deadly exposure; and to dismiss this subject well in advance of the race, let me now say that when race day came the weather was on its best behavior and we wished our impedimenta to the very devil. People took us for Eskimos.


Plan of the
LIVERPOOL
Grand National
STEEPLE CHASE
COURSE
Distance about
4½ Miles

A shout of ribald laughter went up from my friends in London when I told them that I had come over to *ride* in the Grand National, for, as all the world knows, the riders must be meagre little men, skilled not only in riding powerful brutes of horses, but also in tumbling off them; not portly old gentlemen who should be doing their Now-I-lay-me's, thus preparing themselves for a better world. Better? I wonder! And in my wonderment I am not alone. I observe with interest that people, orthodox people, who affect to believe in the impossible, seem in no more haste than I to leave this vale of tears. I am quite content with this wicked world as I know it, and shall see my number go up with the utmost reluctance.

Having chosen to see the race from the course, we were in some doubt as to whether it would be from 'Becher's Brook' or the 'Canal Turn'; finally deciding on the latter, we returned to Liverpool and, after a substantial lunch, went upon a voyage of discovery. It is difficult to become enthusiastic over Liverpool. It is a cold, hard, dirty city, possessed of some magnificent buildings built of granite, black and grimy with smoke and age. The only feature of interest to the tourist is the new cathedral now building, work upon which has been going on for years; it will, when completed, be one of the largest in the kingdom and would seem to be entirely unnecessary. Is not the day for building cathedrals done? I think so. Abject poverty is the rule in Liverpool, as it is in Glasgow, and for the same reason — the decay of shipping and shipbuilding; and one might wish that the good people of Liverpool had been moved by greater consideration for the poor and less by ostentatious vanity. And now the Roman Catholics are passing the hat, into which coin must be dropped, that they too may build a monster cathedral and thus not be outdone by their Anglican brethren.

Upon the occasion of a visit to Liverpool several years ago, on a Gilbert and Sullivan pilgrimage, we had neglected to see the new cathedral, and this time determined that we would attend a service, if one was going on. But there was only one woman kneeling in prayer in the vast 'fabrick,' — as Dr. Johnson would call it, — and one or two sightseers like ourselves. Presently, and seemingly afar off, we heard the strains of a powerful organ and then a magnificent choral service. In imagination we could see a band of ecclesiastics in colorful array and a white-robed choir of men, and boys with superb soprano voices. But where did the sounds come from? The crypt, probably. We descended — nothing, no one. Presently the music suddenly stopped, and out of the silence came a clear, well-trained voice: 'Hello, everybody. This is the British Broadcasting . . .' I was horrified; perhaps I should not have been, but I was. A cathedral suggests, to me, mediæval religion, and not the latest development in radio. Just then a poor, dirty, undernourished ecclesiastic of low degree passed by, and I asked him where the service was being held which had been 'broadcasted' so magnificently. He did not know — 'from Lambeth,' he thought. This I knew to be nonsense, and I passed on more than ever convinced that a new cathedral is an anachronism for which there is no excuse.

II

A little English boy was once asked by his teacher to tell what he knew about the races which settled in Britain. It was thought that the lad would say something about the Normans and the Danes, but to the teacher's surprise she was told that the two great races were the Derby and the Grand National — and so they are. The Derby is a country fair the great feature of which is a horse race for three-year-olds. Ascot is a very swell garden party patronized by Royalty which anyone with a few shillings can attend through the wrong end of a field glass. The Grand National is a steeplechase, a horse race *in excelsis*, interspersed with jumps many of which would seem to be impossible. Originally a steeplechase was a race having a church steeple in view as a goal, to reach which all intervening obstacles had to be cleared, but it is now run over a predetermined course on which the obstacles or jumps are artificial and planned to test to the full the endurance of the horse and the skill of its rider. Four and a half miles is a stiff run for any horse, even for such magnificent brutes as are entered in the National, but the length of the course is the least of it. It is the thirty 'jumps,' at which horses and riders frequently part company, which make it difficult and dangerous. It was the considered opinion of that excellent horseman, Mr. Soapey Sponge, that 'when a man and his horse differ seriously, and the man feels that the horse has the best of it, it is wise for the man to appear to accommodate his views to those of the horse, rather than risk defeat. It is best to let the horse go his way and pretend it is yours. There is no secret so close as that between a rider and his horse.'

The fences — say hurdles, rather — at Aintree are of varying heights, widths, and composition, including ditches full of water, one of which, the famous Open Ditch, is a thorn hedge five feet two inches high, three feet nine inches wide, guarded by a rail eighteen inches high, beyond which is a ditch six feet wide and two feet six inches deep, full of water. There is also the Water Jump, of a total width of fifteen feet, twelve feet six inches being water two and a half feet deep, with a preparatory hedge thirty inches high. There remain many more difficulties to be successfully overcome, among them Becher's Brook, which is no longer the brook it once was, and the Canal Turn, where, after an especially high hedge, there is immediately a sharp turn in the course. This was the point from which we chose to see the race — and for excitement it is to be recommended.

In 'flat' races, as they are called, such as the Derby and Ascot, speed only is considered, but the development of the Grand National, as it came to be called, was due to hunting men whose rule it is to 'ride straight' and to negotiate whatever difficulty comes in their way. To simulate the difficulties of the hunting field, the obstacles have been dug or erected. At one time a stone wall was included in the jumps, but this was thought to be too dangerous and was removed.

Becher's Brook became famous from the fact that when the first race was run a certain Captain Becher, going strong, approached the brook when suddenly his horse stopped dead, throwing its rider head over heels into the water. Luckily he had the presence of mind — which is the next best thing to absence of body — to remain in the brook under the protection of the bank until the rest of the riders had jumped over him. From that day to this his name is associated with a jump at which many a gallant horse and rider have come to grief. But Becher's Brook is no longer a brook; it is merely a relatively narrow drain on the far side of a high hedge. However, I observed with interest that several stretchers were concealed near by and an ambulance was not far off, in case of accident. Both were requisitioned in the course of the race, though the accidents were not serious. There have, of course, been many accidents during the century of racing at Aintree, but I think in all that time only one was fatal to the rider. On the other hand, the horses have suffered severely, and for this reason the race is sometimes criticized. Both men and horses are taught by experience how to fall, and the effort a horse will make not to step on a man when he is down is almost unbelievable.

Wellington, the great Duke, once remarked that he had 'spent a great part of his life wondering what was going on on the other side of the hill.' This must be very much the state of mind of the rider approaching a jump in the National. Have the horse and rider who preceded him fallen, and, if so, are they down to stay, and where? He can only guess and hope for the best. To make the jumps more difficult, the landing side is usually lower, in one case as much as nineteen inches lower, than the take-off side. But the true huntsman is never tired of quoting the lines of that prince of sporting poets, Adam Gordon:

> No game was ever yet worth a rap
> For a rational man to play,
> Into which no accident, no mishap,
> Could possibly find its way.

The course as originally laid out consisted of 'turf and plough' — that is to say, of grass interspersed with rough or furrowed fields. In 1885 an all-turf course was decided upon and the character of the jumps changed. There could be — doubtless there has been — made a whole anthology of almost unbelievable happenings at Aintree since the first race was run. On one occasion a horse named Lottery made a jump of thirty-five feet! Horses have been known to jump a hedge, turn a complete somersault, get up, and, riderless, win the race, if so it might be called but that, to win, horse and rider must stick together. Once twenty-four horses in all came to grief at the Canal Turn, and in 1929 sixty-six horses started — it was called a 'bumping match.' The falls of horses were thirteen in number, as were the jockeys unseated, their horses not down; ten horses finished, and the remaining 'died,' refused, were pulled up or interfered with. The value of this race to the winner was just under thirteen thousand pounds. A horse has been known to throw his rider at the first fence but keep right on in the lead for over four miles! And I may say that nothing is feared more than a riderless, that is to say a guideless, horse, for he may suddenly stop or as suddenly cut across an oncoming horse to the certain grief of all concerned. In brief, the course may be strewn for its entire length with men and with horses in the most fantastic attitudes, or they may be bunched together in an almost inextricable mass.

It is a great race to watch, is the National. The jumps which constitute records are always being talked about. For a long time the greatest distance jump was thirty-nine feet, made in 1847, but this is now said to have several times been exceeded, while only a few days ago at the Concours Hippique in Paris a high jump of seven feet ten inches was made — the record is said to be eight feet and a fraction.

As with the Derby, there are a number of minor races run on the day of the Grand National, but *the race*, over the whole course, is set for a quarter past three in the afternoon. In the race we saw on that fine day in March 1933, thirty-four horses started and eighteen finished; the others fell by the wayside. The start we did not see, but a loud murmur from the crowd told us 'They're off!' And presently in the distance over Becher's Brook came the horses, first one, instantly two more, and soon what was left of the entire field; in another moment they were at the Canal Turn, over which they came streaming like running water. In another moment they had disappeared and for some minutes we stood around quite nonchalantly as though indifferent to the fact that a great race was being run. Presently the shouts of the crowd advised us that the horses were in sight again. 'Here they come!' There is some cheering, — not too much, — and once more the horses pass out of our sight; and for us the race, the race we had come so great a distance to see, is history. It seems rather curious that a world-rocking sporting event can be decided in a couple of minutes, but so it is with horse racing. There are so many preliminaries; months, perhaps years, are occupied with them. Horses have to be chosen and trained; likewise men, and then fitted together. 'They're off!' — 'Here they come!' — a cheer — a groan . . . and it is all over. But it is put down in the books and in men's minds, and will be talked of for years to come.

Our race will long be spoken of somewhat in this fashion: 'I remember back in 1933 when two horses with similar names, Kellsboro' Jack and Pelorus Jack, were neck and neck at the last fence. Pelorus Jack seemed to be going a trifle easier than the other Jack, though neither was too comfortable, when Stott, who was on Pelorus, got a bit too eager, landed his horse right on the last fence, and turned him over. I was standing just there and saw the tears streaming down Stott's face. Poor fellow, it was his race up to that minute. Williams was on the other Jack. He was owned by a lady — an American, I think she was.'

And then there will be a dispute and more reminiscences. 'I remember my father telling me of how a parson rode in the National in his day and came damn near winning the race, too. His name was Drake, but he rode as Mr. Ekard, which is Drake spelled backward. Someone went to his bishop and told him that one of his clergymen was bringing a scandal upon the Church by riding in a steeplechase. "Did he win?" inquired the bishop. "No," was the answer. "I'm glad I did not know he was riding," said the bishop; "I certainly would have put some money on him." It was worth a man's while to be a bishop in those days.'

And another will then tell of the wild enthusiasm when the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII, in 1900 won the National with his horse Ambush, and how much he paid for the horse, what his winnings were, and what became of him. 'I remember,' replies a listener, 'he dropped dead after a gallop at Curragh.'

It is not until the race is over and the Captains and the Kings have departed that one knows all that actually happened, and I fancy that the best place to see a horse race, after having seen a good many, is in a moving-picture theatre; at any rate, I saw the pictures of my National and heard its story told with a great deal of pleasure. But to enjoy the pictures thoroughly and understand them properly one must have seen the race itself. And there is also the radio. One can wait very patiently to read what King, President, or politician has to say about this, that, and t'other issue, but it is a different and a pleasant thing, seated comfortably in one's chair at home, to hear a voice at one's elbow saying: 'Seven horses are now entering the home stretch; in another ten seconds the race will be decided. . . . Alpine Hut is improving his position and Remus is going well. . . . The riderless horse is leading, but Kellsboro' Jack wins . . . with Really True second . . . and Slater third. The race is over, in the fastest time ever recorded, nine minutes, twenty-seven and two-fifths seconds; almost five seconds cut off the record time.' Think of a whole nation, of many nations, listening in for twenty minutes to three or four men's description of what is taking place at that moment under their very eyes. No one person, however well or highly placed, can see all of a race; most persons can see little or nothing: a murmur, a dash, a flash, and it is all over.

The National, as shown in the picture theatres, was interesting as parades and crowds in movement are apt to be. One gets an excellent idea of the speed and excitement of the race, and the camera accurately records happenings which escape the human eye. The sections in slow motion are especially curious in that they seem to show the riders gracefully gliding or clumsily leaving their mounts for no reason whatever, while the horses seem to choose the most inopportune moments and places in which to lie down. This, of course, is far from being the case: in reality horses and riders fall with a crash while going at their utmost speed, and their falls are due to some accident or interference not shown in the picture.

The winner of our National was Mrs. Ambrose Clark, an American lady about whom and her husband the papers had much to say the next day. And it was all to the lady's credit, for if there is one thing that the B. P. (British Public) admires more than a good sportsman it is a good sportswoman. So, along with the gossip as to why Golden Miller had done this and Remus had done that, came the story of how Mrs. Clark came to be the owner of the winner, Kellsboro' Jack — which goes this way. It seems that one day Mr. Clark's trainer came to him and said, 'You are the unluckiest man that I have ever trained for. If you will give Kellsboro' Jack to your wife he has more than a good chance to win the race.' Mr. Clark, who had bought the horse in Ireland a year or two before, turned the matter over in his mind for a moment, and then offered to *sell* the horse to Mrs. Clark for one pound. The lady produced the money, and when he won the race she pocketed the very substantial sum of seven thousand and some odd hundred pounds, which in the drab days of the spring of 1933 was a shining spot of money. Mrs. Clark was not the first woman, by several, to win the great race, but I make no doubt she is the first winner with a horse that cost only a pound. She is said to have told a friend that she was tempted to put some money on her horse, but she made it a rule never to bet. Some friends of hers, however, — young Mr. and Mrs. Procter, of Ivory Soap fame, — flew over from Paris to see the race, and at odds of 33 to 1 returned to Paris the richer by sixteen thousand pounds. It's a pretty tale and I hope it's true.

Then we were told that Mr. Clark is a well-known horseman who lives on Long Island but spends much of his time in England, at Melton Mowbray, with the Cream of Leicestershire, and that he looks like Mussolini. And Mrs. Clark for a moment was the most-photographed woman in England. She rides a sidesaddle and sits her horse like the perfect sportswoman she is said to be. To me she was the reincarnation of Lady Gay Spanker. How many of my readers will remember the great hunting scene in that fine old sporting comedy, *London Assurance?*

'And what horse did you ride?' sarcastically inquired my friends when we got back to London. My answer was entirely satisfactory to myself. 'You cannot have failed to observe,' I said sweetly, 'that a riderless horse was the first to pass the finish post. That was Apostasy, my horse. As we were on the home stretch I, well in the lead, noticed a pretty girl in the grand stand who had come all the way from Philadelphia to see me win. As the race was practically over, all but the cheering, I dismounted to receive her congratulations, telling my horse to go on, not to wait for me — that I would join him in the paddock.'

That held 'em for a moment. As a matter of fact, there was a horse whose rider had been thrown somewhere along the course, which continued the race to the end and passed the winning post first, but, not having a rider, was, of course, counted out; for, as the first law of railroading is that two locomotives moving in opposite directions cannot travel the same track at the same time, so, in racing, horse and rider must stick together — *how* is their business. *Vide* Soapey Sponge. So the riderless horse got the cheers but not the purse, which must have been a heartbreaking experience for its owner, trainer, and one-time mount. All of which will get into the history books and be read and commented upon when this mortal shall have put on immortality — and after.

THE LUCKY LADY

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

WHAT has come over the spirit of man to-day that he should lament so loudly, both in print and in private, over his own time in history — forever casting wistful backward glances to a past which in all probability was no better than it should be? I confess I have little patience with this attitude. We are here to-day, are n't we? Not back in the Golden Age of Greece, nor the Italian Renaissance. Then why not be friends with it, rather than mourners over it, even if it does present its own peculiar difficulties? Or, if we cannot be friends, let us at least take it lustily by the throat and choke some blessing out of it.

So much for my feelings in general; more specifically, I can be the very best of friends with the present time, since it has been more friendly to me than any other period in all history — save possibly one — could ever have been. Indeed, I am more than a friend of to-day; I am its lover. How could I be otherwise when I contemplate the gifts with which it has showered me?

This, you see, is a drama of good fortune, the stage directions for which might read: —

ACTORS: A Fairy Godmother
A Lucky Lady
TIME: The Present
PLACE: Anywhere in the United States

And, if some reader protests that this paper is too intimate in its personal details and would have been in better taste had it been written in the third person with the Lucky Lady referred to remotely as 'a friend of mine,' or 'a woman I once knew,' he must forgive me, remembering that lovers are neither cold nor impersonal. Moreover, in this day of depression, which I am ready to concede has its difficult side, it may make a little inward blaze at which others may warm the fingers of thought to read, so frankly set forth, how, through the beneficence of the present time, one human being at least has escaped a life sentence. 'Why, if the present age let her out, it may do the same for me!' he might exclaim.

I

My good fortune began with my journey into the world, in that it was scheduled for this particular period in time. Whether this was of my own wise choice, or whether I was deported by the authorities from other shores for good and sufficient reasons, I shall not know until I make port on my return. All that I may be sure of is that, in looking back over all the possibilities offered by the past, not one of them could ever have done for me what the present has done — unless, indeed, I had been in Palestine, and, sitting by the roadside with blind Bartimæus, had been able to cry out my need to the great Passer-by. With this one possible exception, to-day is for me above all other days in history. Tomorrow may be even better; but no yesterdays for me, if you please! I am a product of the Machine Age, and I thank God for it.

I do not toss that phrase off lightly, but voice it with the deepest gratitude. The reason is that I have only about one third of normal sight in one eye, the other being entirely useless, while my hearing is seriously impaired as well; in any other period in history I should have been almost completely out of the running of everyday life, but, thanks to certain mechanical aids and to the medical science of this age, I am enabled to get so much enjoyment out of the world that I have not half time enough for all the pleasant activities in which I may join. And this not only because of modern medical skill, but also because certain other people have worked with patience and inspiration, using their creative brains to seek out many inventions for my benefit.

Of course healthy ears and eyes are everlastingly better than any mechanical aid to sight and hearing; for behind the human organ is its Creator, God, while behind the machine is only *its* creator, man. But if one's God-given organs have failed, their man-given substitutes are a hundred times — I cannot run the times into the thousands — better than nothing. Through them I am given peepholes into life. Normal people, I suppose, would consider my peepholes hardly better than 'squints' — those little slits in the walls through which, supposedly, lepers or anchorites were permitted a glimpse of the sanctuary in mediæval churches. Naturally I should be glad to see and hear more; but, since I cannot, I am devoutly grateful for the squints into life afforded me by my good little machines.

Electricity is my Fairy Godmother. Whatever should I have done if she had not been invited into the world at the very moment when she could attend my christening, and so present me with certain magic gifts which only she could bestow? The gifts are light and sound; and I ask you what Fairy Godmother out of any magic past ever did much better for even the most favored of royal babes? I have an affection of the sight, a cryptic disease which trips along under the euphemistic name of *retinitis pigmentosa*, frequently abbreviated in medical circles to 'retinitis pig.' And a pig of a disease it is! One of its unpleasant peculiarities is telescopic vision; another is night blindness — which means, of course, that I do not have normal sight at night, nor even in the daytime in dimly lighted places.

I have never been able to see what the average person sees on a moonlight night. I have it on 'information and belief' that the sky is spread over with innumerable stars; but only in photographs — photography is another gift of this age — can I experience any conception of this, since merely a handful of the brightest stars emerge into my sight. That, by the way, may be one reason why I have always regarded this apparently insignificant little world of ours as an extraordinarily important place. My imagination has never been staggered by the sight of millions of other worlds swimming through the skies.

By reason of this night blindness, I am under an evil spell; when a certain hour strikes I turn into a blind mouse, a mole, or a bat. That hour arrives when my Brother the Sun, 'who is fair and shines with a very great splendor,' drops below the horizon. It may also strike for me in midday, if I have to enter a dark hallway or room; and if there is one thing that I infinitely detest it is a dim religious light — though it is true that a sweet low voice is almost as objectionable.

But, when darkness closes in upon me, my Fairy Godmother, bearer of light, comes immediately to my rescue. Without her, where should I have been in those glamorous ages of the past to which the thoughts of others turn so wistfully? When I read in historical novels some such description as 'the room was but faintly lighted by a single tallow dip,' I am so filled with despair at the thought of how I should have gone groping through those tallow-dip times that I must run to the wall, press a button, and summon my Fairy Godmother to reassure me. No — a cresset, flare, rushlight, tallow dip, or any other picturesque futility of the past, could not compare, to my mind, with one sixty-kilowatt bulb. And, however much my tongue may like to roll their alluring and quaint names through a line of verse, when it comes to metre, what I really like is an electric one. (Oh yes, you must forgive me. When good fortune arrives, I am prone to burst into some such exuberant frivolity.) To-day, when I am overtaken by the sinking of the sun, presto! I rub my magic lamp, — or touch a button, if you must have the prosaic truth, — and Fairy Godmother is there for my salvation. I am flooded with light — swept by it, fed, filled, and sustained by it; and only those who sit in darkness have any conception of what real light is.

What would the Italian Renaissance, say, have given me to compare with electricity? Beautiful frescoes in lovely little old churches? Yes, but I could not have seen them in that dim religious light, merely illuminated by one tallow dip. Well, then, Dante and Petrarch? Certainly; but I can have them now, — if I want them, — and in all probability in their own period I should have been too blind to read them, and too deaf to have any but the most patient of friends scream their melodies into my ear. In the Italian Renaissance, the Golden Age of Greece, or even the Elizabethan period, I should have been shut up in an unutterably dismal and dark little hole of life, walled in behind deaf ears and fading sight. No — given my especial handicaps, — or indeed any other physical infirmities, — I do not see how, out of all the past ages of history, I could have selected a better period for my trip into the world than this very day of the Machine Age, when my Fairy Godmother is here at my beck and call. She is as magic for me as any sinister genie to be found lying about in doubtful old bottles — and far more useful and beneficent.

Just here there is one thing I want to know: How did the genii ever get into those bottles, anyway? Once they were in and safely corked, I for one would have been slow to let them out. A genie on the loose has made the sorrows of many an old tale; for, remember, in those days there were no fool-proof attachments to safeguard the rash and ignorant. Once out, Heaven — more probably, Hell — only knew when you would get a genie in again. Whereas Fairy Godmother, when not serving me or some other human being, retires sweetly and submissively into her bottle at the mere snapping of a button.

True, she too has her dangerous side; and some day I may forget to handle her just right, when possibly she will kill me with the same light efficiency with which she has thus far served me. Well, she has given me so much added life, she is welcome to my death if she must have it. I dare say it is as pleasant to depart by her well-known exit as by any other — 'Leave by the nearer door,' as the bus drivers say.

II

But after a time even Fairy Godmother could not help much; for cataract, the usual accompaniment of *retinitis pigmentosa*, began to spread its gray fog over both eyes. Ever have cataract? Well, I might describe it, and that from inside information; but it may be more briefly and forcefully summed up in the words of a former Negro cook of mine, to whom I once remarked by chance that I had never had mumps. 'Oh, lor', chile, you need n't never want to have 'em!' she retorted. 'All you kin do is jest to set and cry with your jaws!' So neither need you want to have cataract. But if you must, be glad that you can have it in the present time, rather than in any past stage of history. In the Golden Age of Greece I might have 'set and cried with my jaws' to the end of life. But in the Golden Age of To-day medical science could offer something better.

As the gray fog thickened, I cherished the possibility — a slim one — that the eye which had first taken to its bed, pulling the cataract over its head, might later by an operation be prodded out and back again into service. This hope was not always sustained by my various oculists. It appeared that the outcome of a cataract operation on a *retinitis pigmentosa* eye was a highly doubtful matter; it was not a thing to be lightly undertaken. A scarce twenty years ago they would have let it go at that, and I should have languished there behind my gray veil. But, again because I was unusually lucky in the very moment of my entrance into life, as the years went by and the fog thickened I began to receive messages from one friendly physician to the effect that an oculist in New York had been operating with surprising success upon cataracts in connection with retinitis pig.

That was enough. Give me an inch of hope and I can always seize an ell. I gritted my teeth and determined that when the right moment came I would take old retinitis pig by the horns, hoof, or tail, and dare that operation.

In the meantime — and it was a mean time — I groped along with the good eye, falsely so called. It held up pretty well for some time, until at last the cataract thickened over it and sight faded into a general blur. I could barely see to make out my own manuscript, had to have all my private letters read to me, and could only read the clearest of print with one eye screwed shut and my hand cupped over the other — a facial contortion very far from becoming. Even gardening, that solace and passion of many years, became almost impossible. I felt that hasty and apprehensive whispers shivered through the seedlings at my approach: 'Hold tight now, here comes Margaret; she's as like as not to pull us out for weeds!' — and that after having planted them with such anxious care!

At last the waiting was over; and so to bed for the operation.

Many of the great moments of my life I have preserved in limericks, that type of verse, for some reason, seeming to lend itself better to my simple annals than any more heroic measure. So I may now offer the following as a brief description of the cutting-and-fitting part of the experience. It was inspired by the fact that the King of Siam, being wise as well as royal, abandoned the Middle Ages of his own country and sought the twentieth-century science of the United States for a similar operation at the very same moment that I was having mine.

There was a vain lady, said 'My!'
As the doctor cut into her eye,
  'The King of Siam,
  Ain't as brave as I am!' —
But the doctor vouchsafed no reply.

Though the doctor vouchsafed no reply, he was nevertheless attending strictly to the matter in hand; and, passing over certain intermediate days, we move swiftly to the next dramatic moment. The bandages are off; the doctor is fiddling with my eye. I think it is merely the routine dressing which has happened before. But suddenly he places a lens over it, and I, still out in a far-away world where every object appears huge and blurred and dim, look up and — Eureka! There before my astonished gaze is the doctor's face, swimming up out of all that surrounding murk in a sort of detached clearness of its own — startlingly, amazingly, ecstatically clear! Clear, when for years upon years I had been looking upon the whole world through an ever-thickening haze! That is all — and enough for to-day.

The eye is tucked up, the doctor departs, and I fall out of bed and telephone to all my especial friends — the ones who have been so heavenly kind to me through thick and thin. Oh, what a good friendly little machine is the telephone! In the Golden Age of Greece I should have had all the nuisance and expense of sending fleet runners scurrying around with the good news. But in those days there would n't have been any good news to run with.

A little later I have another peep into life. There, black, — black as thunder, — the words *New York Times* jump out at me — so black, so startlingly clear that they seem almost to leap straight off the printed page into my vision. No one can possibly conceive how black black print really is, unless for unnumbered years he has been goggling at it through a dirty gray fog. Oh, why was I not shown some great immortal words, to be stamped forever upon my memory with that astounding clarity? *New York Times* indeed, for such a moment!

Of course a cataract operation is not all beer and skittles; and, after those first amazing sights, there was much backing and filling of a discouraging nature, until at last I got away with a satisfactory lens and could look forth upon a new world — one which I had to get used to, for cataract sight is not normal sight. Nor is it becoming, alas, either to one's friends or to one's self. People looked like caricatures of their old familiar selves. What in a face had heretofore been merely pleasant, friendly lines were now devastating craters; and my own image, as seen in the mirror, was something not to be looked upon lightly. Strange to say, all that unbecoming sharpness has now been softened by time, and again I can look upon the human face with some pleasure. I am left to wonder whether that is due to some physical adjustment, or to an unconscious Pollyanna determination to view the world at as pleasant an angle as possible.

Another rather curious thing was that while before, even when my eyes were at their youngest and best, I had always seen the trunks of trees as a uniform gray, now down the side of every tree ran a sharp black line. I have seen the same thing in impressionistic paintings, and an artist friend tells me that is the way he always sees trees; and now my former criticism of such painting is contradicted by the fact that I too see that black line.

All these new strange sights were most exciting; but best of all was the whole general feeling that I had come out from under a cloud which seemed to have pervaded my entire being, dimming all my lights, mental, physical, and spiritual. Now I was out from under it, and was once more in a pleasant bright world. A friend of mine overheard an old Negro tell one of his acquaintances, 'That doctor, he gimme some medicine what just went through my hull pussonality' — which exactly describes what had happened to me.

For this good fortune I am indebted to several oculists. If their names ever creep into print, they will no doubt consider it highly unprofessional, but since — thanks be to Heaven — I am not professional, why should I not name them? First, then, I am indebted to Dr. Hiram Woods, formerly of Baltimore, now of Paradise, whose friendly interest kept me posted as to the progress being made in the removal of cataracts from my type of eye; next to Dr. Arnold Knapp of New York, whose pioneer work in this field made my return of sight possible; and finally to Dr. Emory Hill of Richmond, Virginia, — 'down where the South begins,' as our radio announcer takes occasion to remind us frequently, — who with a neat and skillful twist of his wrist snipped the cataract off.

III

So there was I, back again in life with a brand-new eye; and it was spring. Take it from me, if you are contemplating a cataract removal, plan to have it off with your winter flannels, so that by the time May swings into her place you will be through the period of sight when men look like trees walking, and will be there to look upon all her loveliness with that fresh vision. If human nature was ugly, nature herself was ravishingly beautiful. And how beautiful was that spring, anyway! It was the one following the great drought in our section, when nature, as though repenting her ill humor of the previous summer, turned around and flowered into an aspect so lovely that even people faring along with the same old shopworn sight grew ecstatic over her beauty, while upon me and my new eye she burst with a dazzling splendor. Almost too dazzling at times, for so much light was let into my retina that occasionally trees in full fresh leafage looked as though they were all in flourish with white blossoms; and when they were in bloom — well, I shall never forget one especial row of catalpa trees, tall, green, white tapers of bloom blazing all over them. Again and again I went to gaze upon them. One came down a hill, around a turn in the way, and there they were — white and green, swimming in that startling clarity of sharp beauty like objects seen in a mirror. Forever I shall remember the strange detached loveliness of these trees in flower, living their mysterious secret lives, owning themselves, there by the side of that quiet road, for me to gaze upon and to worship.

And now I can read, read, read, all day long if I want to! I can once more read my own letters, and need no longer share my private correspondence with the first pair of good eyes that happens along. I can also go to walk alone. True, with only one third of normal sight in one eye, coupled with telescopic vision, one does not always do that perfectly. Frequently I pull the whiskers of automobiles, no doubt to their drivers' extreme annoyance. But what would you? I have always maintained that if you come into this world at all you must take your life in your hands.

I also do other strange things. Only a few days ago, while tripping cheerfully along what appeared to be a perfectly safe and sane sidewalk, I suddenly found myself mounting nimbly over an unexpected obstacle, and to my amazement discovered that I was walking straight over a child's large express wagon. How I ever got up on it with such ease, and down again, I know not. Consciously, I do not think I could have done it; but, left to themselves, my feet swept over it in a couple of careless strides. What chance spectators thought, to see a lady suddenly walk over an express wagon — and that a large one — instead of around it, again I know not; but I think I now note a certain anxiety on the part of the children on our block to clear the express-wagon traffic at my approach.

Well, old retinitis pig subjects us to strange experiences. My brother, who is a victim of the same disease, entered what to him was a dimly lighted shop, not long since, and to his horror collided with an apparently very tottery old lady, who at the shock immediately collapsed, limply falling over upon his bosom. Terrified lest he had damaged somebody's grandmother quite beyond repair, my brother clasped her to him, patted her upon the back, and, gently restoring her to her feet again, took off his hat and apologized profusely. Then, the light growing a little brighter to him, he perceived that he was bowing and scraping before a cloak model, which with its frozen expression stared past him with impersonal scorn, while behind her counter a small shopgirl was having hysterics.

And now, glory be, I hope to garden once more. For I have insisted upon having a weeding glass as well as a reading one, and even as I write the postman brings the first seed catalogue of the year, filled with all its spring delights. Friends tell me that they look out of their windows to watch me go walking past all by myself, — I hope they don't see me doing the express-wagon act, — and, if 'saints have not yet run to windows to look,' I feel sure they will, and the 'seraphs swing their snowy hats,' when they find me in my garden once more; for there I have come nearer to seraphs than anywhere else in the world.

And all this good fortune, mind you, could never have come to me a bare thirty years ago. Nor could it now be maintained without the aid of a machine; for I regard glasses as coming under the head of machinery, and without them I am almost blind. All I have to do to remind myself of the benefits of this Machine Age is merely to take them off. Everything is bright enough, but it appears in huge, misty blobs and blurs of outline — somewhat, I imagine, as though I were swimming under water; for when a cataract is removed the lens of the eye goes with it and a glass one must take its place. I slip my spectacles on again, and there once more is that sharp clear world swimming into view through their peephole.

IV

So there I was with a brand-new eye, but still with the same old ears — both pretty bad. Oh, why are there no cataracts to be cut from deaf ears! I was invited the other day to address an association for the deaf. Would I speak, please, for fifteen minutes on the humor of deafness? I would not. There is n't fifteen minutes' worth of humor in it.

I was born with impaired sight, but deafness sneaked up later in life, withdrawing one pleasant thing after another. The theatre went early in the game, though I clung to it as long as possible, for there was no form of entertainment which ever gave me the intense delight the drama gave. There was only one thing better than a bad play, and that was a good one. But deafness gathered that pleasure away into silence. There are clever lip-readers who enjoy the theatre, but I have not sufficient sight to read the lips.

Lectures and sermons departed along with the theatre, and would have been gone forever in any other age, but modern science was not content to have it so. It fetched in, first, the movies, which afforded me a good deal of amusement until the cataract nearly wiped them out, and before they abandoned their golden silences for silver-screen speech which I could not hear. Then came that sheer miracle of to-day, the radio; and now, clear and loud — far too loud, no doubt, for my next-door neighbor — into my own sitting room pour music, lectures, sermons, and even plays of a sort; Metropolitan operas sweep their glorious melodies through the whole house; Presidents confide their aspirations for a distressed country into my very ear; of a Friday morning there is a little trail of music, and suddenly Dr. Damrosch says to my father, uncle, and myself, 'Good morning, my young friends,' and with pleased grins we almost bow back again; and never do I get over the thrill of a big hook-up, with voices chatting back and forth across half the world. Oh, don't put on that times-are-not-what-they-used-to-be look, and groan to *me* about the radio!

One would have thought I had already been given enough; but my Fairy Godmother was not satisfied. People still had to strain their vocal chords to make me hear; and, unless I could steal one of the church acousticons from some other deaf worshiper, which form of petty larceny I constantly committed, most of the service was lost to me. How grateful I was to that acousticon! How well I remember my delight over the first sermon that came pouring into my ear through it! That was good — but still, as I say, Fairy Godmother did not consider it good enough; so not much above a month ago she waved a magic wand, and with an 'Open Sesame' tossed into my lap a new device for hearing, which, making a clever detour around the diseased portion of the ear, fetches the sound in at another point. Now, like the Messenger who called upon Humpty Dumpty, I have become very stiff and proud, and constantly say, 'You need n't shout so loud.'

Upstairs in my own room I tried the thing out first. If it was not going to be a success — and probably it was n't — I preferred to be alone with my disappointment. I put it on. I heard the clock tick — farther, and farther, and farther away, I heard it — all across the room! And that when with my unaided ears I can barely hear it at the distance of an inch. Oh, joy! Still wearing the device, I ventured downstairs into the family circle, and said to my two kinsmen: 'Look at me — do you notice anything?' They looked me all over from head to foot, and then, doing their masculine best, offered hopefully, 'Why, you have on a new dress.' And this a garment I had worn all winter. Joy again! The little thing was so inconspicuous that no one's conversation was to be dried at the roots by the terrifying sight of an ear trumpet.

Next I sallied forth to call upon a dear relative. We fell into conversation, and I said airily, 'Don't speak so loud, please.' With some surprise, and no doubt much inner relief, she took a tuck in her voice, and proceeded in a lower tone. But again I murmured gently, 'You really need n't speak so loud to me. I am afraid you are straining your voice.' Oh, how stiff and proud I felt! At that she fell into something of a panic, crying, 'But — but I'm just speaking in my normal tone!' Then I turned my head, and with a dramatic finger pointed out the little instrument where it snuggled under my hat, and proceeded to demonstrate further how well I could hear; upon which, to my touched surprise, she promptly burst into tears — tears of happiness that sound had come back to me. I left her standing upon her doorstep, still wiping her eyes, and calling herself a fool in a normal tone, *which I could hear*.

Next I went to a lecture. I had not heard a lecture for more years than I care to recall. How foolish even to hope that I might again hear one! Well, if I were to be disappointed, as almost certainly I must be, no one was to be any the wiser. Accordingly, I said nothing of my faint hope to the friends with whom I went; and they, depositing me well up in the familiar deaf circle, retired to a pleasanter distance. Could I possibly hear? With anxious fingers I adjusted the instrument. It was to be a lecture with motion pictures, which would make it all the more difficult, for with my night blindness I should not be able to see even where the lecturer stood. He would be nothing but a detached voice — oh, *of course* it would be impossible to hear him! The lights went out; the lecture went on — and I heard. I sat there in the dark, my mouth open in a fatuitous, ecstatic grin, while the whole lecture poured straight into my head — hardly a single word missed all the way through. Why describe it? Even the dullest of hearing people — and how dull they often are! — must realize what it was to have this, my ear which was dead, alive again.

And what a delightful lecture it was! And how could any past age have offered anything half so remarkable for an ear to awaken to? It was the description of a descent to the floor of the ocean in tropic waters. With my new eye I watched jellyfishes drift slowly, slowly across the screen, or beheld deep-sea anemones open their strange horrid mouths for food; while with my new ear I heard of monstrous clams weighing a ton, around which the lecturer stepped warily, for should they nip one — *whuff!* what a shell-shock!

So much for the lecture. And now I hear all sorts of small long-lost sounds — clocks ticking cosily in the room, people reading aloud, my own feet beating out little patterns on the street; and if anyone says, 'Who wants to hear clocks tick, or feet going by?' I answer with a loud shout: 'I do! And so would you if you had n't heard them!' And *now* I hear birds singing in spring gardens!

And how very nice people have been about it! They say it is human to rejoice at the misfortunes of others. Perhaps so, but it also appears to be human — dashed, I think, with the divine — to be glad when good fortune comes to others. My friends ring me up to rejoice, and come in to listen to me hearing. I am trying to recapture the lost art of listening, and hope soon to be giving the opposite to a *conversazione* — which as yet has no word, because so few listen. We deaf people certainly develop into great talkers. Since we can't hear, it is our only way of getting in on the social game, so please forgive us when we grab huge mouthfuls of the conversation, bearing it away with fierce growls. Friends tell me that I look years younger — twenty years, they even go so far as to say; and, though my New England conservativeness makes me cut that in half, still ten years of younger looks is something to be grateful for. True, in the old mythical past, if a dryad kissed you, it also made you ten years younger; but there was always a danger that the young lady might take a real fancy to you, and with repeated salutes kiss you right out of existence! Note again the crying need for fool-proof attachments to all those high-powered creatures of the past, dryads, genii, and the like.

V

Of course my instruments are not perfect, for, as I have already remarked, no machine can equal a healthy flesh-and-blood organ, so be sure to treasure yours! Still, if the God-given eyes and ears fail, one may be devoutly thankful for their man-given aids. True, also, life is somewhat complicated: I go forth strung about with as many inventions as the White Knight; it requires some concentration not to put my spectacles on my ear and my earphone on my nose, and my reaction to any situation is prefaced by the necessity for changing my glasses. I almost think, should a bandit hold me up demanding my money or my life, my automatic response would be, 'Just a moment till I get my other glasses!'

My machines at best, as I have said, are merely peepholes into life, but they are a whole world better than nothing, and how could any other age have been half so kind? Gladstone, when asked what period of history he would have chosen to live in, is said to have replied, 'The Age of Pericles.' Well, as far as I am concerned, he is welcome to it! Far be it from an insignificant person like myself to decry the Golden Age of Greece, but great heavens! how glad I am that I did not have to take my journey into the world at that period! What use, I ask you, would the healthy and beauty-loving Greeks have had for me?

I do not say that this is not a difficult period. It has its dangers and bewilderments along with its glories and possibilities, as every age has had. What I do maintain most vigorously, however, is that no time in all history was ever half so kind to the handicapped or took so much thought for their comfort as does our day. Therefore it seems to me, in the midst of all the dispraise of the present that meets us at every turn, it is high time that one, at least, out of the army of the halt, the lame, and the blind, should lift a voice in its defense and fling out banners in praise of it. Are we to receive everything and give no gratitude in return?

It is not necessary for me to look very far back into the past to realize all the benefits that we handicapped have received from the twentieth century. Not above thirty years ago I met a young Japanese woman who, with what seemed to me singular courage and high-mindedness, had come to this country to make a study of modern methods for teaching the deaf. She told me that in her country, whereas the blind were esteemed and well provided for, it was quite otherwise with the deaf. A congenitally deaf child was looked upon as a direct curse from God — a divine condemnation and a human disgrace. If such a child was born into a well-to-do family, it was hurried out of its own home and placed with anyone who was willing to be paid for its care; while, if it was born to parents in meagre circumstances, it was merely thrown out to die.

In Korea, she said, no matter what the circumstances were, such a child always perished. She was a teacher in a school for the blind, and told me she had hoped to do something for a little deaf boy who was brought there, but found it impossible to give him any instruction since he would never lift his face out of his kimono sleeves. He had been so pointed at, and so made to feel the shame and curse of his affliction, that there was nothing for him to do but hide his face forever from human sight. He never lifted it save when he was alone among the blind children who could not see him.

Through all the years since, that tragic little figure, its face buried in its sleeves, has stood in the back of my mind as the epitome of handicapped suffering. It sums up for me all that the past had to offer to physical disability. Now, however, I rejoice to say I am authoritatively informed that all that is changed; modern methods for the deaf prevail in Japan, and their condition is greatly improved. Thank God! In the light of to-day the curse is broken, and at last others like that tragic child may take their shamed faces out of their sleeves. Since he haunted me for so long, and there seemed no way in which I might help him, perhaps I may be forgiven for saying how happy it made me to be told by those interested in the welfare of the deaf that, when a delegation of Japanese gentlemen came to this country seeking further information as to our methods for the deaf, they were given, among other things, several copies of a book of mine, dealing with the human side of the subject, to take back with them to their own country.

No, with the little boy's face out of his sleeve at last, and for myself old sights and sounds given back for enjoyment, how could I fail to shout hosannas for this present time? Are there no other handicapped folk who will raise their voices with me to its honor and glory? One recalls in Barrie's play Peter Pan's famous appeal to the audience to 'wave their handkerchiefs — wave anything,' if they believe in fairies. So now if you believe, as I do, in the magic of the present period and are grateful for its benefits, won't you wave something — if it's no more than an artificial leg? And though we offer our tribute and gratitude to the Lord for all the blessings He has showered upon the world to-day with earphones and spectacles, rather than with trumpets, shawms, and instruments of ten strings, be sure that He, 'unto whom all hearts are open,' will understand that our tribute is no less sincere for that reason — perhaps all the more so!

AT HOME WITH BEATRICE AND SIDNEY WEBB

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

I

To her Diary, on July 7, 1891, a couple of months after her engagement and a year and some weeks before her marriage, Beatrice Potter confided a survey of the possibilities of what she often calls 'the firm of Webb.' Like nearly everything she writes, it is unsparingly frank, and, in the circumstances, both illuminating and characteristic.

> We are both of us second-rate minds, but we are curiously combined. I am the investigator and he the executant; between us we have a wide and varied experience of men and affairs. We have also an unearned salary. These are unique circumstances. A considerable work should result if we use our combined talents with deliberate and persistent purpose.

As an expression of opinion on the part of a woman presumably in love, — and that she was in love there is convincing ground for believing, — this is certainly unusual. As an affirmation of purpose, it is not less striking. Pleasure of a personal kind out of the new association she expected and she got; about this she says nothing. There was, in fact, no need to say anything. The point, for her, was that it, and the 'unique circumstances' that went with it, were there to be used, to produce a 'considerable work.' That was its justification and its end.

Sidney Webb, who says somewhere that he is 'not given to reflection,' — a process he distinguished with logical accuracy from ratiocination, — has confided to no one what his expectations were. They were almost certainly much simpler. He saw an enrichment of life and work through happiness such as he had never experienced. No need for him to admonish himself toward 'deliberate and persistent' action. That, with him, is native — with her, a fruit of the 'intolerable toil of thought' and the conscious discipline of a will and imagination that, even after forty years of purpose, still sometimes flash out rebellious, and justify Fabians of the more sober mental hue in feeling, under their admiration, that she is, somehow, somewhere, fundamentally 'flighty.' Did they understand or even guess how that tendency to flight into more skyey regions than he knew was just what fascinates him?

However that may be, two minds in as complete unison as it is given to human beings to know had laid down a plan of future action, and begun to work upon it, even before the deeds formally and finally constituting the 'firm of Webb' were signed and sealed.

The business of finding a home that would suit them had already been accomplished. They wanted a place that should be at once reasonably central, airy, sunny, big enough for their books and their secretary or secretaries, and within their means. About fashionable quarters and good addresses they cared not one jot. Nor did they care what anybody else thought. They had £1000 a year. It was enough; but, if it was to provide the things they thought really important, it would have to be carefully expended. High thinking must go with plain living. Unlike most people, the Webbs are parsimonious about small comforts for themselves, generous in gifts to others. Rent, for instance, was not allowed to consume too large a proportion of income.

Number 41 Grosvenor Road met their requirements. In the heart of London, the place, nevertheless, had the air of remoteness and inaccessibility that belongs to a spot conveniently reached only by walking or driving. The roadway was of course not traffic-free, even in the nineties, but in those days, before the ubiquitous motor, and above all before the motor lorry, it was relatively quiet, and at night absolutely so. They acquired a long lease, at an inclusive rental of £110, which was near enough to the tenth of income that was regarded, in those spacious days, as the proper proportion to be assigned, in a family budget, to house room. On number 41, even now that Grosvenor Road has had its identity merged in Millbank, a tablet will no doubt in due course be placed to tell succeeding ages that for well-nigh forty years the Webbs dwelt and wrought here.

Externally it is, it must be confessed, a distressingly ugly house, although the Virginia creeper has done its best to soften both its harsh color and its ill-proportioned shape. A bad specimen of an architecturally bad period, ornate outside and space-wasteful inside, it is showy without being dignified, and the lavish decoration accentuates the shoddy design. Tenants more indifferent to these aspects, however, could hardly have been found. The rent was right; the situation was right; the size was right; the number of rooms was right. They had agreeable neighbors.

II

The social side of 41 Grosvenor Road, which was to become so famous and was so important, did not come fully into play for a year or so. With skill and tact Mrs. Webb let that side develop slowly. They made no rush at people. That was not their way. Socially, as politically, the method of permeation was gradual, and carried through with the minimum of display.

It was as a workshop that they saw the house in the first instance. It was from that point of view that they rejoiced in the existence of a little room at the turn of the stairs, halfway up toward the long white-painted drawing-room. The drawing-room they furnished very simply, so that it could accommodate the maximum number of people, with plain matting on the floors, some plain chairs, and a number of by no means remarkable water colors (wedding presents, at a guess) on the walls. The little room they at once saw as the secretary's den. It was lined with bluebooks — bluebooks which, despite the annual turnout on which Mrs. Webb, as a well-trained housekeeper, insisted, flowed over into the narrow hall and got mixed up among the coats and hats there; they also lined the walls of the long narrow double room on the entrance floor, which served at once as dining room and study for the partners.

I remember, on the first occasion on which I went to dine in Grosvenor Road, wondering, since it was one of those London houses whose anatomy one perceives at a glance, where the study was, and deciding that, for greater quiet, they must have converted some airy upstairs bedroom to that purpose. It was not so. Actually, they worked on the dining-room table. There, after breakfast had been cleared, they settled down; thence, at a quarter to one, on the entry of the maid to lay lunch, they removed themselves and their papers.

To me, at the time, it seemed an intolerable arrangement. To them it was not intolerable, and for an interesting reason. He deals with letters, reports, and documents so rapidly that his desk never has any papers on it. Whereas most of us glance at an Agenda or Report, coming by the post, and lay it aside for future study, make notes and have to keep them somewhere, his eye travels at an incredible speed over written or printed matter and records what he wants to retain indelibly on his memory. So, while the waste-paper basket bulged every morning, the files were not there. He once gravely offended a most important personage who brought him a solemn document to study by handing it back after the briefest and apparently most casual inspection. He had to prove — as he easily did — that he had mastered all that was in it, and a good deal that was not, before the personage was mollified.

Over and above this trait was the fact that both of them knew all that there was to be known about how to use a secretary. *Paperasses* such as had to be retained, — the piles of separate sheets on which the perfect note-taker, according to their technique, keeps his notes; the dossiers of all sorts that recorded results of investigations, — these lived not on their table but in the files in the secretary's room. Each morning, therefore, their table was as fair and clear as that of a Minister of the Crown, or great captain of industry. The bigger the man, the fewer the papers.

A daily routine was ordered from the start. Very often, in these early days, their secretary, F. W. Galton, would arrive at Grosvenor Road for an eight-o'clock breakfast. That function rapidly dispatched, the three would sit round the fire with cigarettes while the table was being cleared, and the secretary would be instructed as to the course of the day's work — where he should go for material, whom he should see, what he should prepare for them. Often this involved journeyings into the provinces. After he had spent some time in any centre, making preliminary surveys, the partners would go down for a week-end, or longer if necessary, to complete the inquiries and see key people on the spot. As a rule, however, when Mr. Galton went off, either to his den above or to the world without, they sat down to the table.

III

Among the services for which subsequent students are in their debt is the creation of a technique of social research. That was largely worked out at this period, to be employed by them ever after. Of it they give a most illuminating account in the Preface to *Industrial Democracy* (published in 1897). At this stage they were themselves doing most of the research underlying their two great books on Trade Unionism: taking the notes, studying the documents, making the interviews, which, for later books, were largely prepared by secretaries. Certainly no picture of their life at this or any other period can begin to be truthful which does not put work — hard, unremitting, regular, sustained, and often dull — in the forefront. No work of their kind but includes great stretches of sheer drudgery. Companionship sweetened this, but it was there; they faced it, and carried it through, day after day, week after week, year after year. The structures that they reared may be criticized from many points of view — never from that of shoddiness.

Work occupied every morning. In any work jointly done, there is an element of mystery; and perhaps the question, 'How exactly do you divide it?' is one that cannot be answered — least of all when between joint workers there is a complete sympathy. But on a normal morning, after their secretary had left them, they would together read the notes of interviews and visits, and the précis of documents, already made — made either by one of themselves or by the secretary. They read and discussed them. At a certain stage her eyes would light up. She would spring to her feet and pace up and down, waving her cigarette. 'That implies . . .' She would then start off on a chain of argument, he swiftly writing the while, using his matchless power of finding appropriate and exactly fitting words for what she was sketching out in broad and vivid outline. Any idea or general view thus struck out by either was subjected to an intensive mutual testing. Then, after thoroughly threshing it out together, they took it to be tried on others.

Among those others, Bernard Shaw and Graham Wallas came first. Far from breaking up any of Mr. Webb's old friendships, Mrs. Webb accepted them; and in the Fabian Quartette, Sydney Olivier having gone to Jamaica, she took his place, and the new four were well-nigh as inseparable as the old. Shaw, in particular, during the years between 1892 and his own marriage in 1898, spent practically every holiday with them, and was also constantly at Grosvenor Road. Shaw and Wallas read the proofs of *Trade Unionism*, when it had reached that stage; to Shaw, 'our oldest friend and comrade,' they express gratitude for doing a like service with regard to *The Decay of Capitalist Civilisation*, in 1923, 'in the midst of a general election in which we were otherside engaged.' At every stage, long before that, these two were taken into counsel, for argument, discussion, the most thorough sifting and testing of every view and point. So were many others, on specific points.

It is in an atmosphere of friendliness, of frequent cheerful open talk, of impassioned and never dreary preoccupation with their chosen piece of work, that one must see them, if one is to see them at all, in the early days at Grosvenor Road — and indeed throughout their lives. They took their work with them wherever they went, just as they talked about it, trying out their ideas, with everyone they met. When they left London for the country — generally Surrey — in the summer months, they changed the scene but not the occupation.

Of the life they lived when thus withdrawn, an amusing vignette is given by Shaw in a letter to Ellen Terry. He writes from Dorking, in May 1897, when he, his future wife (Miss Payne-Townshend), and Miss Beatrice Creighton (daughter of the Bishop for whom, while he lived, as for his widow afterward, Mrs. Webb had a particular admiration) were sharing a house there: —

> I wonder what you would think of our life — our eternal political shop; our mornings of dogged writing, all in our separate rooms; our ravenous plain meal; our bicycling; the Webbs' incorrigible spooning over their industrial and political science.

Bicycling was one of their great recreations in those days. They all bicycled ardently in the country; Mrs. Webb used also to ride in Battersea

Park, in company with Charles Trevelyan and other active young politicians. It was apropos of this bicycling that, according to one of their intimates, Sidney was seen for the first time to be thoroughly flustered. Beatrice had a slight accident when thus riding, and was brought home in a cab, her blouse bespattered with blood. Then, for a moment, if only for a moment, he 'went off the deep end.'

Shaw tells another story to prove that, unlike most of the ladies of his acquaintance, Beatrice was never in love with him. They were all three staying somewhere in the country, and in a shed attached to the house he discovered an authentic velocipede, such as he had never ridden. He brought it forth in triumph, Beatrice looking on, and tried to make it go, without success. At last he was driven to taking advantage of the fact that the lawn was arranged in a series of sharply sloping terraces. On the down grade the thing did go, only to collapse again on the flat, throwing him violently and suddenly to the ground, and bringing him, so he says, to within an ace of departure from this mortal scene at each essay. She, however, instead of sympathizing or showing any concern, laughed with delighted amusement. The sounds brought Sidney to the window; he looked out, inquired what was going on, and came running forth, intent on trying what his skill could effect. Whereupon Beatrice cried with insistent passion, 'No, no, Sidney, you must n't!' From which moment G. B. S. realized the bitter truth — or so he says.

Nevertheless, with native nobility, Shaw continued at the opening of each bicycling season to get out Sidney's bicycle, as well as his own, and see that it was in order — an operation which his friend was incapable of performing for himself. Skill with his hands is no part of Mr. Webb's equipment. Nor do most of those who know him believe that he is speaking the whole truth when, in *Who's Who*, he puts down 'walking' as his recreation. He does walk — but his walking is part of the regimen of the regulated life.

IV

Of that regulated life, so definitely accepted and determinedly followed, the shape, in these early days, has a fairly simple outline. The mornings were devoted to common work. Lunch, more often than not, produced somebody, or several somebodies, — the number very soon grew, — to whom they wanted to talk, on whom they wanted to try out some idea connected with their work. Then, on five afternoons of the week for nine months of the year, he trotted off to the London County Council, of which he was a most active member for eighteen years.

She occupied herself variously. Perhaps some hours were devoted to that Diary she has kept all her life — the Diary which supplies the most vivid portions of *My Apprenticeship* and will, when it is published in full, be one of the great books. She went out to see her friends, or they came to see her. She might be rather too fond of trying to 'arrange' the lives of her friends; but her attachments were genuine, warm, and lasting.

If, as time went on, they tended to see more and more of the people who could be 'useful,' that was part of the price of the 'life according to plan,' to which they were committed. That plan, in its turn, gave to their existence so much of a uniform texture that one may well, here, try to see it as it was to be, in broad outline, throughout the best part of forty years.

So far as work went, they began as

they meant to go on, and did go on. Their standard of work is tremendous. For forty years they have worked with a passion and at a pace that are a standing reproach to slackness, and influence, to some degree, everyone who comes in contact with them. In this there is no change between 1892 and 1933.

As time went on, the portion of their non-working hours devoted to a thoroughly planned sociability sensibly increased. Thus, if many of their later visitors would be hard put to it to give any picture, however rough, of the first-floor drawing-room, that is because it was likely to be too full of people for any of its non-human features to be discerned, and of people so varied and often so remarkable that no other impression but of them, and of the noise they made, could be registered. People met each other there who had never met before, and often never met again. From some point of view, or for some purpose, they were, at the moment, 'key people.' Some of them might be, to all appearance, unimportant; others were visibly terribly important — there they all were.

Everybody who is anybody in any of the multitudinous worlds that make up London (with the possible exception of the merely social) has been to the Webbs', at some time or other. Mrs. Webb, says Mr. Wells, in that portrait which would be so much more brilliant if it were more accurate and less malicious, 'got together all sorts of interesting people in or about the public service, she mixed the obscurely efficient with the ill-instructed famous and the rudderless rich, got together in one room more of the factors in our strange jumble of a public life than had ever easily met before. She fed them with a shameless austerity that kept the conversation brilliant, on a soup, a plain fish, and mutton or boiled fowl and milk pudding, with nothing to drink but whiskey and soda, and hot and cold water, and milk and lemonade. Everybody was very glad indeed to come to that.' They certainly were. And why not, one might ask.

At the same time, this point about the food deserves a word, since many visitors to number 41 did undoubtedly come away with the impression that they had not had enough to eat. Perhaps they had not, in those days when, by our slimmer standards, so many people ate too much. There also were stages when she was trying some new diet fad, and, of course, imposed it. That she knows better than other people what is good for them is the conviction of hers that has caused more trouble than any other. In general the food was very plain, and you took what was offered; there were no choices. Food undoubtedly figured in the chapter of economies. But my own impression is that, if there was nothing specially tempting either to eye or to palate about the table, the food was there. After all, Mrs. Webb retained the same two maids almost throughout her married life, and maids do not stay where there is not enough to eat.

Part, at any rate, of the reason why visitors felt hungry is that not only does she herself eat extraordinarily little (there are friends to-day who hold that, partly out of sheer ascetism, she starves herself), but both host and hostess eat extraordinarily fast, even when they are talking; so it often happened that plates were being cleared away before slower jaws had emptied them.

The time actually spent at table was cut to a minimum. They both wanted to be talking; that, rather than eating, was what meals were for. And the talk was not of the kind to assist digestion for the ordinary mortal.

V

It was good talk, no question about that; much better talk than is generally achieved when numbers of distinguished persons are assembled. It was about interesting topics, and had a strong feel of reality and central importance; something might even 'come of it.' Mrs. Webb in particular, if a poor listener, not only talks with keenness, freshness, a brightly personal approach, and, every now and then, a sudden swoop of positive intellectual brilliance, but she has a rare faculty for gathering a conversation together, bringing it to a point. If it failed of being the best kind of talk, the reason perhaps was that this 'point' was a little too obvious. It was all *for* something — not, as is the best talk, for itself.

The mere play of mind on mind is not one of their pleasures; nor was talk at their house, even when the company was intimate, of the kind to evoke those long pauses in which ideas, feelings, even aspirations, reverberate, and set up sympathetic echoes. They talk, as they walk, for a purpose. They collected people and talked to them. They tried out ideas on them. Sensitive interlocutors at times had the feeling that, their opinions or reactions once extracted, they were 'placed,' and, placed, were done with. To discover what they were like, in themselves, was no concern or interest of their host and hostess. They had got them classified; they 'knew where they were'; as mere individuals, they did not signify. They were put down in a certain tabular column, and that was that. 'People,' she once remarked, 'are really quite simple.' Whether or no, they do not, as a rule, care to be thought so, or to feel themselves assigned to a category.

She, it is true, can at times talk nonsense, of a kind, and delights in gossip — mere gossip, stories about people. With a kind of ironic and slightly contemptuous interest, she keeps in touch with the follies of the world of Society, with a big S, the world she so definitely left. She also has a very strong feeling about conduct — a Puritan outlook on more things than mere eating and drinking; and gossip feeds this. Even here, however, an extrinsic interest can be sensed, behind her easy narrative flow: the stories are being arranged, like the people and the facts, into materials for judgment and classification; the thing, even at its apparent lightest, has an ulterior motive. 'Deliberate and persistent purpose' has, in fact, entered into their blood.

It is perhaps because this ulterior motive is too easy to perceive that the Webbs are not always as successful in conversion as, with their combined talents, they ought to be. But it is also the case that they are never out to 'catch' people unawares. Of course they did, again and again, impress their views on their colleagues and associates in common enterprises; for example, in 1894, Sidney was writing the Minority Report of the Labor Commission, presented over the names of Tom Mann and his associates, just as he was, in 1909, to write the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission, to cite only two cases out of a long series. They not only talked with friends and allies; they talked with any and every possible or actual adversary who could be, at best, converted into an ally, or deflected from opposition, or, at worst, 'sized up.'

Year in, year out, they gathered the bright young men, and, to a slightly less degree, the bright young women, just down from the universities or doing something interesting in some field or other in the Provinces or in London, or anywhere on the face of the globe.

They gathered them in, mixed them, and 'permeated' them, in so far as they were capable of sustaining that operation. But entice them blindly into the Socialist fold they never did. On the contrary, at a certain point, they invariably put before the acolyte every difficulty — social, professional, and personal — that he might be going to meet. What did his wife think? Had he realized what such a step might mean professionally? Was his faith strong enough to sustain being laughed at? Through key people they certainly have, over the years, exercised a far-reaching influence, impossible to measure or assess; the point to be made is that there is nothing Machiavellian about the process. It is, on the contrary, almost shamelessly open.

VI

Not only do they reënforce one another in an almost total incapacity to be bored either by people or by things with any bearing on their preoccupation; they are alike in an utter absence of secretiveness about it. This last quality — rare enough in writers and not common among politicians — is one of their outstanding characteristics. Neither can ever have known what it is to be afraid of testing an opinion by the utmost openness of discussion, nor has either ever had any impulse to keep hidden anything of public interest.

When they were on Trade Unionism, John Burns, Tom Mann, Ben Tillett, and a whole host of Trade Union leaders were constantly about the house; every point at issue was put to them. Employers and economists, so far as they could be got at, were treated in the same way. The book, when it came out, held neither surprises nor shocks for anyone concerned with its subject matter. It has been the same throughout their career. On Education, on the Poor Law, or Local Government, — as, much later, on Russia, — they never had anything 'up their sleeves.' All their results have always been presented, and designed to be presented, to the public.

Sometimes, it is true, public presentation is made by — and public thanks, if any, given to — somebody else. That never troubles them. They are as generous in giving as in taking. In all their work, they meet friend and enemy in the open, from the start. They read the manuscripts of other people, and they get other people to read theirs. They revel in critics on the hearth. Shyness, of any kind, is not in them. The one odd result is that they have been freely stigmatized as arch-plotters, simply because so many people have always known about their 'plots,' as when they were 'working' anything or anybody, or 'getting at' anyone.

Actually, they are planners rather than plotters, but the planned life is rare enough to seem to most people almost like a plot. That is, perhaps, the smallest among the sacrifices it exacts. Any form of life exacts some; of this, the major compensation was that it gave them the sort of freedom they valued. Have they not defined personal liberty as 'the practical opportunity of exercising our faculties and fulfilling our desires'? They saw order, regulation, plan, in a word, as the road to this end for themselves. By adhering to their plan, they have worked 'wonders,' and do not wonder at them. They are not a marvel to themselves, and would not greatly care to be a marvel to others.

Immune, too, are they to many of the distractions which defeat the average worker in his striving for steady concentration. No inclination, with either, to sit too long over mere food and drink; no perilous questionings from the merely sensual man; no insistent calls from the purely æsthetic. By unnerving response to the simply beautiful they can rarely have been troubled; when the morning sun poured in at the windows of Grosvenor Road, making the water dance and the sky sparkle, they felt little nausea of the desk, no call to the open road. These immunities must have helped to make discipline lighter and easier. Yet no reader of *My Apprenticeship* can doubt that, in her case, some sacrifice was involved in accepting it, even as an act of deliberate choice.

Part of the price that had to be paid in accepting and sustaining their routine may be more obvious to their friends than to themselves. The things they have not got, which made it relatively easy for them to do it, have been cleverly pointed out again and again. Countless caricaturists, in word and in line, have made them, for our generation, the classic exemplars of a monumental industry purchased at the price of human charm. Although this cleverness is really too easy, its excuse is that they share certain common peculiarities; and that, as a couple, especially in days when they were younger, there was something about their aspect and their approach that can only be called funny.

This element leaped to life for the reader of a rhapsodic description, which must have deeply displeased them, made in the heyday of the Poor Law campaign by Alfred Ollivant. He spoke, there, of 'the Darkling Lady and her little Lord.' The visible contrast between Beatrice — handsome, flashing, dominant, aggressively vital; swift and masterful in gesture both of mind and of body; an eagle among human birds — and Sidney — tiny, unassuming, soft, husky, and slightly lisping in utterance, glasses never secure on nose yet never taken off, a mere modest sparrow — this contrast could seem absurd did not the observer suddenly catch, in Sidney's eye, a glint suggesting that he, too, sees what the observer is thinking: sees, and does not in the least mind. This fact, swiftly redressing the balance, makes the observer slightly hot under the collar.

VII

Set, as they have now been for so many years, against a chosen background of such strenuous and constant endeavor as is a challenge to average inconstancy of aim and slackness of action, they provoke those whom they thus shame. The easy retort has been to say that they have no souls. At some stage or other, the ascetic does paradoxically rouse the hedonist to such an accusation. Can it be sustained, in their case, except by leaving out most of the facts? That was, of course, the trick employed by Mr. Wells, and his *New Machiavelli*, written in 1911, not long after he had flounced out of the Fabian Society in a pet, is the one picture of the partnership that is familiar to the common reader. But Mr. Wells is here indulging a weakness for caricature; he leaves out the two major premises that have made the life according to plan possible and successful.

The first is the simple fact of mutual attachment. That the Webbs are, as are few, happy — this is the most obvious fact about them for anyone who knows them. Something deeper than cheerfulness and warmer than optimism surrounds them. Its warmth is its unmistakable note. Nonsense like E. T. Raymond's 'two typewriters clicking as one' could only have been invented from reading. Here is not comradeship only, here is loving comradeship; and it is sheer blindness to refuse to see it merely because its form is odd.

When they were younger, what Shaw calls their 'spooning' embarrassed some of their friends; but behind it was a stuff which has securely stood the test of time. The one thing either of them really dreads is the possibility of separation. Could Sidney compound with the Deity, he would, so he has said more than once, gladly give up his one year of juniority in return for an assurance that when death comes to either it may come to both. They have their own quaint ways of expressing this close affection. Once, when they had as guests a young couple to whom they are much attached, they took them out for a walk. Sidney and the husband got on ahead. He looked back at the other two.

'I can tell you what Beatrice is saying to your wife.'

'Yes?'

'She is telling her that we call marriage the waste-paper basket of the emotions.'

They waited for the ladies to join them. When they came up, they were asked what they had been talking about.

'I was telling her,' said Beatrice, 'that we call marriage the waste-paper basket of the emotions.'

With this premise of mutual affection, the second condition of success is closely associated. They are Socialists who have, with set intention, devoted their lives to the furtherance of their belief. They have a view of happiness radically connected with it. Take any view you like of the service actually rendered to humanity by the Webbs, it is yet impossible to deny that to render such service has been their steady, unswerving, and disinterested aim throughout. In its course they have had to meet the normal share of misunderstanding, of criticism, even of ridicule. Against resentment, against bitterness, against all the myriad forms of uncharitableness private and public, they have been protected by the integrity of their will to serve, and by the secure possession of their private talisman of affection. They do not mind what anyone says. They just go on with their work.

VIII

Cole once said, in a moment of not uncommon exasperation, 'The worst of Webb is that he is permanent.' Permanent, and in a sense not only a permanent challenge to hedonism, but a permanent question mark to the mind. For the plan does exact its price; something there is that is lacking. What is it? Partly, of course, all that is lumped together, vaguely and loosely, under the general vague head of 'æsthetic values.' A largish compartment of human experience, this — to some the most vital, that which gives significance to the rest. For them, in any serious sense, it is not there.

And there is something else, too, harder to get into words. When Mr. Wells's egregious hero comes out of the house in Chambers Street, which is blatantly a picture of 41 Grosvenor Road, and leaves its 'administrative fizzle' to pass out into the London night, he is intensely aware, emotionally, of a quality in its obscure and deep pulsations that eludes the Webb thermometer — some element, irrational and yet passionate, in human creatures and in human existence which it does not register and cannot account for. Those who do leave it out may find living easier, yet they are ignorant of something the complete man must know.

One interrogates the story of the Webbs in an effort to track this blind spot down. The things left out, so far as one can give them names, are mainly painful. Neither has known either poverty or the grinding economic anxiety and strain that undermine confidence, as they undermine health. Since they discovered one another, neither has known any acute emotional stress, shock, or loss. Neither has any acquaintance with the acrid taste of failure, in the world's esteem or in their own. Toil, sweetened by companionship, has been made easy by success. They have, throughout, been able to go their own way in freedom. Is it, perhaps, this relative ease of circumstances and of accommodation, this feeling one gets that the world's woes, hard as they work to redress them, do not keep them awake at night, and that its more searching and tormenting problems remain largely unplumbed — is it this that gives to their touch a distinct flavor of dry unreality, and makes it natural for them to see people in categories and express them in institutions?

To define what is left out is as difficult as not to be aware of it. It is the standing puzzle about them, who are, otherwise, the least puzzling people in the world.

TUTOR TO THE TSAREVITCH

BY PIERRE GILLIARD

I

For eight years I had been professor of French to the four Grand Duchesses, daughters of the Tsar Nicholas II, when, in the autumn of 1913, I was appointed tutor to the Grand Duke Alexis Nikolaievich, heir to the throne, and came to live in the imperial palace. From that moment I shared intimately the life of my pupils. With them I lived through the sad war years and the tragic hours of the revolution in March 1917. I shared their captivity, first at Tsarskoe Selo, then at Tobolsk in Siberia. Finally I accompanied them to Ekaterinburg, where I was separated from them by the Bolsheviks six weeks before their death. Thus circumstances made me the witness of one of the most horrible tragedies in history, and I am to-day one of the very few survivors of that little group of intimates who followed the imperial family on their road to martyrdom.

In their relations with me the Tsar and Tsarina were simply the father and mother of the boy they had entrusted to my care, and I for my part regarded them as human beings like the rest of us. It was not the prestige of their imperial rank, but rather their moral courage in the face of sufferings and disaster, which made me admire them. And when I recall the terrible death of their children, the brutal massacre at Ekaterinburg where those five children died, the eldest but twenty-two and the youngest fourteen, I suffer even to-day a feeling of horror and revolt that the lapse of years has not softened.

Was there ever a more tragic destiny than that of this family? Does not the relentless fatality which for twenty-two years, from the panic and stampede at the coronation ceremonies to the Ekaterinburg massacre, untiringly pursued the last of the Romanovs remind one of the ἀνάγκη of Greek tragedy? The crime at Ekaterinburg was in fact an inevitable fulfillment, the climax of one of the most moving tragedies that humanity has known.

Though few suspected it, for the family tried to keep it a secret of state, the illness of the Tsarevitch was one of the principal elements of the tragedy. It is thus of vital importance from the historical point of view. That illness casts its shadow over the whole of the concluding part of the reign of Tsar Nicholas II, and alone can explain it. Without appearing to be so, it was one of the main causes of his fall, for it made possible the evil domination of Rasputin, and resulted in the fatal isolation of the sovereigns, who came to live more and more in a world apart, wholly absorbed in an anxiety that had to be concealed from all eyes.

II

When the Russian Revolution broke out in March 1917, I had been for three years tutor to the Tsarevitch. He was then twelve years old, and rather tall for his age. He had a long, finely chiseled face, large blue-gray eyes, and regular features. His hair was auburn, with a coppery glint in it that he must have inherited from his mother's English ancestors (she was a granddaughter of Queen Victoria). His expression was very mobile, and reflected at once all the feelings and emotions of his delicate and sensitive nature. But he was not a dreamer; he was, on the contrary, an extremely lively and even boisterous child, and we often found it hard to restrain his exuberance.

Although an intelligent lad, he had been held back in his physical development and in his studies by the terrible disease, hæmophilia, from which he was suffering.[1] It was a perpetual menace to his life, a sword of Damocles hanging over his head. The slightest wound might cause his death. Suppose he should slip while he was playing, and his head should hit against the floor — a fatal hemorrhage might ensue. His mother knew this so well that I never saw her leave her child, even for a few minutes, without kissing him tenderly as if she were wondering whether she would find him alive again.

The Tsarina had long known the terrible disease; an uncle, one of her brothers, and two of her nephews had died of it. From her childhood she had heard it spoken of as a dreadful and mysterious thing against which men were powerless. And now her only son, the child she loved above all on earth, was affected! Death would watch him, follow him at every step, and carry him off one day as it already had so many boys in his family! Her life was henceforth but a long agony. Everything within human power was attempted, every kind of treatment was tried, in vain. Her only hope now was that God would perform a miracle. Such was the origin of her mysticism, which was to assume such proportions as the years passed; it put the Tsarina under Rasputin's sway, and thus finally led to disaster.

By order of his doctors, Alexis Nikolaievich had been given two former sailors of the imperial yacht as his bodyguards and personal attendants. They had strict orders never to leave him by himself. They looked after him in rotation, watching over him closely to prevent casualties. Little accidents, however, were inevitable; and occasionally bad mishaps would occur, when the child, weakened and made anæmic by the blood he had lost, would lie inactive for weeks, sometimes months, without being able to resume his studies. Fortunately, Alexis Nikolaievich had an abundant reserve of gayety; as soon as he was well again, he would forget all he had suffered, and live the careless life of a happy twelve-year-old boy.

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[1] Hæmophilia is a hereditary disease which, in certain families, is transmitted from generation to generation by the women to their male children. Only males are affected. The tissue of the arteries and veins is so frail that any blow or shock may rupture the blood vessel. The blood has not the power of coagulating like that of a normal individual, so that it is almost impossible to stop a hemorrhage. A fall, a cut, a nosebleed, may prove fatal. — AUTHOR

III

I found it very hard at first to obtain authority over my pupil, for on account of his illness he had been very much spoiled. In his eyes I was an enemy, the first person who had ever been appointed to extract work and attention from him. However, since he was a sensitive and affectionate child, he soon became attached to me, and I also began to feel the charm of his personality. I called him by his Christian name and patronymic, as is the habit in Russia, and our relations were free of all constraint. He soon became accustomed to seeing in me during lesson times an exacting professor, at other times a great friend who did not think it below his dignity to arrange complicated battles with toy dreadnoughts, cruisers, and torpedo boats.

One of my first cares had been to obtain some alleviation of the constant supervision to which he was subjected by his two bodyguards. A measure of freedom was an absolute necessity if he were not to become a moral invalid. I thus assumed a terrible responsibility, but the Tsar and Tsarina said they were ready to accept all the risks of an experiment which they well knew might seriously endanger the life of their child. It was very seldom indeed that the Tsarevitch was allowed to play with boys of his own age, whose roughness might very easily have been the cause of some accident. In consequence he would have been extremely lonely had he not had his sisters, of whom he was very fond, to play with.

Olga, the eldest, was twenty-one at the time. She had remarkable gifts, but her unusual intelligence had not been able to come to full flower in this narrowing environment. Her spirit revealed itself in spontaneity and frankness. Tatiana, nineteen years old, was very pretty. She was more sensitive than Olga, but much less intelligent. The two younger sisters — Marie, seventeen, and Anastasia, fifteen — brought much charm, freshness, and gayety into our monotonous and solitary life.

Alexis Nikolaievich was the centre of this united family, the focus of all its hopes and affections. His sisters worshiped him, and he was his parents' pride and joy. When he was well, the palace was bathed in sunshine. What impressed me most, from the day I arrived, was to see how simple was their private life, how devoid of pomp. Their greatest joy was to be together, for they were self-sufficient. There were seldom any guests at dinner, and they had formed the habit of spending their evenings together in the Tsarina's sitting room or on the large terrace that stretched along one side of the palace.

After the disorders of 1905, Tsar Nicholas II had left Petrograd and come to live with his family at Tsarskoe Selo, a little town twenty kilometres from the capital. He had chosen as his new residence the Alexander Palace, built by Catherine II for her grandson, the Grand Duke Alexander, at the end of the eighteenth century. The house was surrounded by a large park, and its simplicity was in marked contrast to the splendors of the other imperial palaces. Its seclusion suited the quiet life of the sovereigns. The imperial family used only one wing of the palace, the Tsar and Tsarina occupying the ground floor and the children the floor above. First came the apartments of the Grand Duchesses, then a large playroom, the bedroom of Alexis Nikolaievich, his schoolroom, and finally my own study.

IV

The Tsarina, her four daughters, and the Tsarevitch were at the Alexander Palace when the Revolution broke out. The Tsar had left them unwillingly several days before to return to General Headquarters at Mohilev. He had spent the months of January and February with them at Tsarskoe Selo while attending to state affairs which he had neglected during his long stay with the army. He felt that the political situation was more and more strained, but he had not yet lost all hope. The country was suffering; it was tired of the war and anxiously longing for peace. The opposition was growing from day to day, and the storm was threatening, but in spite of everything the Tsar's faith in the army was unshaken. He was certain that it would be ready in the spring to join in a great offensive of the Allies that would deal Germany her deathblow and thus save Russia. The Tsar hesitated, however, to leave Tsarskoe Selo, such was his anxiety about the political situation and about his family. On the other hand, he considered that his departure could not be deferred much longer, and that it was his duty to return to General Headquarters, where he was wanted by General Alexeiev, the first Quartermaster-General of the Russian armies. He ultimately left for Mohilev on Thursday, March 8, arriving there the next morning.

His departure was a great blow to the Tsarina, for to the fears that she always felt when he was away from her had now been added anxiety about her son, who had been in bed with the measles for several days. His condition had been aggravated by various complications, and, to crown all, three of the Grand Duchesses also fell ill with the measles.

It was under such circumstances that the Revolution overtook us. The Tsar had hardly left Tsarskoe Selo when the first symptoms of insurrection broke out in the working-class quarters of Petrograd. This may have been a mere coincidence, though one cannot help wondering whether the revolutionists did not make the most of the Tsar's absence to touch off the fire.

Here are a few short extracts from my journal: —

Saturday, March 10. — Grave disorders have broken out at Petrograd. The police have had to fire, many insurgents have been killed, troops had to be called.

Sunday, March 11. — The situation became very critical in the night. The mob has made its way to the centre of the town. The troops are offering but slight resistance. . . . Alexis Nikolaievich is worse again; his fever is higher — morning, 103.5; noon, 104; night, 105.

Monday, March 12. — The insurgents have taken possession of the arsenal. Mr. Gibbs [English tutor to the Tsarevitch] telephoned to me this morning from Petrograd that several regiments have joined the insurgents. The Tsarina is extremely anxious and realizes that the peril is imminent. She spends all her time with her sick children, going from the Grand Duchesses' bedsides to that of the Tsarevitch, doing her utmost to conceal her torturing anxiety from the invalids.

Tuesday, March 13. — As I entered the Tsarevitch's room at half-past nine this morning, the Tsarina beckoned to me to follow her into an adjoining room. She told me that the capital was actually in the hands of the revolutionaries and that the Duma had just set up a Provisional Government with Rodzianko at its head [Rodzianko was the President of the Duma]. She had just received a telegram from the Tsar, saying that he would be here at six to-morrow morning. He wants us to leave for Gatchina [another imperial residence, twelve miles from Tsarskoe Selo], or else go to meet him. We must make all arrangements in case we should leave. I could see how worried the Tsarina was, how much she feared the journey for her sick children. Her face expressed extreme weariness, terrible doubt and hesitation. . . . I saw her again in the afternoon. She said she informed Rodzianko of the serious condition of the Tsarevitch and the Grand Duchesses, but he replied: 'When a house is burning, the invalids are the first to be taken out!'

At four o'clock, Dr. Deverenko [the Tsarevitch's doctor] came back from the hospital and told us that Petrograd was in the hands of the revolutionaries. Communications are entirely cut off! Consequently we cannot leave, and there is very little chance of the Tsar's being able to reach us. We can only wait now and submit to our fate.

About nine in the evening, Baroness Buxhoeveden [lady-in-waiting to the Tsarina] came into my study. She had just heard that the garrison at Tsarskoe Selo had mutinied and that there was fighting in the streets. We tried to find the Tsarina and met her in the hall as she came out of the room of the Grand Duchesses. The Baroness told her how things stood. We then went to the windows and, in the dim twilight of the courtyard, watched the approach of the officers and soldiers who are still faithful to us. General Reissine is in command; his men have taken position outside the palace, ready to fire.

At that moment we heard on the telephone that the rebels had just killed a sentry outside the Grand Palace, about five hundred yards from here, and that they were coming in our direction. We could hear a few isolated shots and the shouts of the oncoming mob. The distracted Tsarina went out with her daughter Marie; she begged the men to parley with the rebels and do all in their power to avoid a fight. Our hearts almost stopped beating with suspense, for we were conscious that a single rash word, a single mistake, could have irreparable consequences. A few officers stepped out to meet the rebels. They appealed to their sense of compassion, telling them that in the palace were only a woman and her children, four of whom were in a serious condition. They also said that they could enter the palace only over the dead bodies of their officers and of those of their comrades who were still loyal: did they want to shed the blood of their comrades? The revolutionaries hesitated, wavered, and a parley began.

About midnight most of the mob retired, shooting at random about the streets. The danger seemed to have passed. . . . I went up to Alexis Nikolaievich, and found him asleep. Neither he nor his sisters had heard anything, thanks to the heavy curtains and the double windows.

At two o'clock the town was quiet again. The Tsarina and Marie Nikolaievna have retired to their rooms.

. . . We are all dead with fatigue and anxiety.

Wednesday, March 14. — The Tsar did not arrive this morning. Neither have we heard from him. . . . The Provisional Government has asserted its authority over the garrison of Tsarskoe Selo, and has given strict orders to prevent the renewal of last night's disorders.

Thursday, March 15. — At half-past three this morning, one of the members of the Provisional Government called the doctor on the telephone to ask for news of Alexis Nikolaievich, for a report of his death had been circulating in Petrograd. Fortunately he has been much better since yesterday; he has hardly any fever now. To give him more air, he has just been carried in his bed to the big playroom, which is occasionally lighted up by the pale March sunshine. He is still ignorant of all that has passed. Since he is very weak, his only pleasure is to have me read aloud from one of his favorite books. His sisters' condition is stationary, and, to crown all, Marie Nikolaievna, the only one of the Grand Duchesses who was not an invalid, has fallen ill too. She also has the measles, but the doctors are afraid of pneumonia, for she caught cold when she went out with the Tsarina in the night — she was even then not feeling well. With admirable courage, the seventeen-year-old girl stayed by her mother until she herself broke down. . . .

Still no news from the Tsar. Where is he? What is happening? The events of the last five days make us feel that we are being carried away by a hurricane, which nothing can withstand.

V

Before going on with my journal, let us see what had become of the Tsar.

He had left Tsarskoe Selo on Thursday, March 8, and reached Mohilev on the ninth. The next day he received alarming news from Petrograd, but once more he was deceived by the most influential members of his suite, who tried to conceal as much of the truth as they dared, and to allay his anxieties by minimizing the import of what they could not hide from him. General Alexeiev, Professor Feodorov, and a few others tried to open his eyes to the gravity of the situation; they did their best to persuade him to go back to Tsarskoe Selo and grant the liberties the nation demanded. The Tsar hesitated between the opposing courses that were open to him, and finally decided to follow the counsel of his established advisers. He thus lost two priceless days.

By the twelfth the situation had become so ominous that the Tsar at last realized that extraordinary measures were required, and decided to return to Tsarskoe Selo at once. The imperial train left Mohilev on the night of the twelfth, but when the Tsar arrived at a small station near Petrograd, some twenty-four hours later, it was ascertained that the next station was in the hands of the insurgents and that it was impossible to get to Tsarskoe Selo.

The Tsar decided to go to Pskov to General Russky, the Commander in Chief of the Northern Front. He arrived there on the evening of the fourteenth. When the General had described the latest developments in Petrograd, the Tsar instructed him to inform Rodzianko by telephone that he was ready to make every concession if the Duma thought it would save the nation. The reply came a few minutes later: 'It is too late.' The Tsar was downcast. The reply of the Duma left him with the alternative of abdicating or marching on Petrograd with the troops which remained faithful to him. But could he shed Russian blood while the country was in need of all its forces to fight a formidable enemy? He spent the night tortured by anguish and doubt.

On the morning of the fifteenth, the Tsar had made up his mind. He handed General Russky a telegram informing the President of the Duma that he intended to abdicate in favor of his son.

A few hours later, however, he changed his mind. He thought of his son's ill health, of the insuperable difficulties that the boy would have to contend with, and he hesitated to pass on to him the heavy crown under whose weight he himself was succumbing. He summoned Professor Feodorov to his car and said to him: 'Tell me frankly, Sergius Petrovich, is Alexis's malady incurable?'

Professor Feodorov, fully realizing the importance of what he had to say, answered: 'Science teaches us, sire, that it is an incurable disease. Yet those who are afflicted with it sometimes reach ripe old age. Still, Alexis Nikolaievich is at the mercy of an accident.'

The Tsar hung his head and sadly murmured: 'That is just what the Tsarina told me. Well, since it is so, since Alexis can never serve his country as I should like him to, we have the right to keep him ourselves.'

His mind was now definitely made up, and on that very evening, when the representatives of the Duma were introduced, he handed them the Act of Abdication in which he renounced for himself and his son the throne of Russia in favor of his brother, the Grand Duke Michael.

VI

ALEXANDER PALACE, *Friday, March* 16. — For three days we have had no news from the Tsar. Where can he be? What is happening in Petrograd? We are almost entirely ignorant of the events that are taking place around us. The day passes in painful suspense. . . .

At the end of the afternoon, Sergius [my servant] suddenly entered my room. The soldiers of the guard had just told him that the Tsar had abdicated. As I tried to procure more information, I saw General Reissine enter the Tsarina's room crying. When, a few minutes later, he came out again, he confirmed the abdication of the Tsar. He said, however, that the Tsarina still refuses to believe it: she asserts that the news is false. Soon afterward the Grand Duke Paul arrived from Petrograd with the special editions of the newspapers. Her Majesty must yield to the evidence. . . .

The Tsarina's despair almost defies imagination. Her great courage, however, has not deserted her. I saw her again this evening in Alexis Nikolaievich's room. Her face was terrible to see, but, with almost superhuman strength of will, she had forced herself to come to the children's rooms as usual, so that the young invalids, who knew nothing of what had passed, should suspect nothing.

Late at night we heard that the Grand Duke Michael had renounced the throne and that the fate of Russia was to be settled by the Constituent Assembly.

Saturday, March 17. — I saw the Tsarina this morning in Alexis Nikolaievich's room. She was calm, but very pale. She has aged and wasted away frightfully in the course of the last few days.

Wednesday, March 21. — Nothing unusual has happened in the last three days. This morning, however, the Tsarina sent for me at half-past ten. She had just been informed by the Provisional Government that the Tsar and she herself are now under arrest.

All those who do not wish to be kept in close confinement must leave the palace before four o'clock. She asked what I wanted to do. I replied that I had decided to stay with them. She thanked me, and added: 'The Tsar is coming back to-morrow. Alexis must be told everything. Will you do it? I am going to tell the girls myself.' It is easy to see how much she suffers when she thinks of the terrible shock she is going to inflict upon her sick children when she tells them that their father has abdicated.

We went back to the children's rooms, and, while the Tsarina entered the apartment of the Grand Duchesses, I went to the big playroom where Alexis Nikolaievich was lying. I entered the room, which was but dimly lighted; the curtains had been drawn, for the boy's eyes have been hurting him for the last few days. I walked up to the bed where he was lying with his red, swollen eyelids half closed. When he saw me, he smiled faintly. I sat down, and we began to talk. After a few moments he spoke of G. H. Q. and said he would be glad to go there with his father as soon as he was well again. I improved the opportunity by saying: —

'Do you know, Alexis Nikolaievich, the Tsar is coming back to-morrow morning!'

His face lighted up, for he loves his father tenderly.

'For how long?'

'He'll stay at Tsarskoe Selo. He's not going back to Mohilev.'

'Why not?'

'Because your father does not want to be Commander in Chief any more.'

He was greatly moved at this, for he was very fond of going to G. H. Q., where he did not have so many lessons as at Tsarskoe Selo.

After a moment or two I added, 'You know, Alexis Nikolaievich, your father does not want to be Tsar any more.'

He looked at me in astonishment, trying to read in my face what had happened. He was so excited that he sat up in his bed.

'What! Why?'

'Because your father is very tired. He's had a lot of trouble lately.'

'Oh yes! Mother says the Socialists stopped his train when he wanted to come here a few days ago. But won't Papa be Tsar again afterward?'

I explained that the Tsar had abdicated in favor of the Grand Duke Michael, who, however, had also renounced the throne while waiting for the final decision.

'But who's going to be Tsar, then?'

'I don't know. Nobody just now.'

Not a word about himself. Not a single allusion to his rights as heir to the crown. He was very red and agitated.

There was a silence, and then he said: 'But if there is n't any Tsar, who's going to govern Russia?'

I explained that a Provisional Government has been formed and that it will govern the state until the Constituent Assembly meets, when his uncle Michael will perhaps mount the throne.

For a few minutes he did not speak. He was doubtless thinking of all the difficulties that his father has had to meet, of all the restrictions imposed upon himself as heir to the throne, of the obligation for them to live so much at Tsarskoe Selo, away from his beloved Crimea, for suddenly he exclaimed: —

'Well, if Uncle Michael is Tsar, Papa will be free, and when the war is over we can live in the Crimea all the time.'

Still not the slightest allusion to his rights as the heir, not the slightest regret that the crown has passed on to his uncle.

We remained some time without speaking. He was lying down again in his bed and seemed to dream. What was he thinking of? Does he perhaps now feel some pangs of regret that he is no longer the heir, or, on the contrary, does he realize that, ill as he is, it would indeed have been difficult for him to be Tsar?

Suddenly I heard a door open. I turned round and saw the Tsarina coming out of the Grand Duchesses' room. Her eyes were very red and her face was distorted with grief. She came up to Alexis Nikolaievich's bed and bent over to kiss him. I withdrew softly to leave the mother alone with the child.

An hour later I returned to Alexis Nikolaievich's room, and as soon as he saw me he exclaimed: 'You know, monsieur, Papa will be Tsar again as soon as the Revolution is over!'

But he said it without conviction, like a lesson learned by heart. Undoubtedly he was repeating the words of his mother, and I understood that the Tsarina still believed in a restoration, a return of the Tsar to the throne which he had just given up.[2]

At four o'clock the doors of the palace were closed. We are prisoners! The regiment of the guard has been relieved by a regiment from the garrison of Tsarskoe Selo, and the soldiers on sentry duty are not there to protect us, but to keep guard over us.

Thursday, March 22. — The Tsar returned this morning at half-past eleven. He immediately went upstairs with the Tsarina to see the children.

After lunch, he came to Alexis Nikolaievich's room when I was there. He spoke to me with his usual simplicity and kindness. But I could tell by his pale, worn face that he too had suffered terribly during these tragic days.

VII

In spite of the circumstances, the Tsar's return marked a day of unspeakable joy to his family. It was a great comfort to be all together in such times of trial. It seemed as if it made their trouble less unbearable, and as if their boundless love for each other were strong enough to enable them to face any degree of suffering.

Thus began the long captivity which was to be continued in Siberia and end sixteen months later at Ekaterinburg.

Ekaterinburg! It was the last stage in their long martyrdom, before the supreme deliverance. And then Death came. But Death refused to separate those whom life had so closely bound together, and took them all seven, united in one faith and one love.

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[2] She must indeed have believed in it unto her dying day, for in our imprisonment at Tobolsk she showed me several times that she still hoped to see the Tsar return to the throne of his ancestors. — AUTHOR

THE SONG

BY ANN BRIDGE

I

When the Buddicombs took Netherfield Greys, that ancient house, and settled down there, they did so with an unspoken sense of usurpation and intrusion that was not wholly warranted by the facts. It was true that Mr. Buddicomb had spent most of his life in the City, like his father before him, adding by respected and steady industry to the already considerable fortune left to him; always in London, he had never been a squire. But his mother had been a Hamilton, a distant cousin of the family who had lived at Netherfield Greys ever since a De Grey built the Manor House in Henry VII's time.

It was the impoverished Hamilton-Greys themselves, stressing the relationship, who first suggested that their rich kinsman might care to buy the house when the discovery of death-watch beetles in the timbers of the roof made an immediate outlay imperative. Seven thousand pounds, the architect said, must be spent, and spent at once, if the whole richly tinted mass of gables, dormers, chimneys, and carved leaden gutter tops was not to come crashing down, involving the house in its fall. This was the last straw. Up till and through the war, the family had held on somehow, living in fewer and fewer rooms, with smaller and smaller fires, and ever fewer and more incompetent servants — putting away more and more silver, and themselves polishing the glorious furniture, bought as it was made by ten generations of good taste, which glowed richly against the paneling in the low rooms. They drank cider instead of wine, and then water instead of cider; with their own hands they dug and weeded in the long terraced borders overlooking the river, and clipped the living green arches and battlements of the great yew hedges that were the glory of the sundial garden; while, instead of the four or five respectful gardeners of earlier days, an ancient man, an ancient pony, and a callow, whistling boy mowed away through the hot summer days, trying to preserve the shaven turf which stretched down in sunshine to the river, and led the feet so softly into the deep shadow of the yew walks.

Early and late, harder than any wage earners, they worked — in a voluntary servitude, a proud and anxious devotion to that lovely entity, the house, at once the shelter and symbol of themselves as they most realized themselves — a family in a place where they belonged. Townsmen and dwellers in new countries can hardly understand the depth and spontaneity of this feeling: not that a place belongs to you, but that you belong — how profoundly and lovingly! — to it. But it was a losing fight, and the architect's report merely precipitated the inevitable end. Seven thousand pounds were simply not there. Faced with the alternatives of seeing the beloved house crumble over their heads or of parting with it to those who could preserve its beauty, they chose the latter course, and approached Mr. Buddicomb.

It was characteristic of this gentleman that he refused to buy the house. He never explained fully to anyone the reasons which moved him, not even to his daughter Monica, who enjoyed more of his diffident and difficult confidence than anyone else. He was retiring from business, and, like all retiring Englishmen, he sought the land. We cannot help it — it is in our blood. Why is it that, his work over, the Englishman turns for his rest to the quiet fields, the gentle muddy simplicity of his green countryside? I cannot say — but he does; and generally, if he can afford it, he buys.

But when Netherfield Greys was offered to Mr. Buddicomb he would not buy it. He took a long lease; he agreed to restore the roof, and voluntarily undertook to leave the rest much as it was; rather shyly, he suggested taking the house more or less furnished. The disposition of that vast accumulation of period pieces, so at home in the quiet rooms where they had shone for generations, had been a source of much anxiety to the family. Sadly, but with relief, they accepted the offer; gratefully they took the extra rent which a furnished house implies. Then, sighing, they moved out; and the Buddicombs, presently, moved in.

To his wife, who had wished to live in a house she owned, and was disappointed, Mr. Buddicomb, jingling his keys, said, 'Oh well, my dear . . .' To Monica, as they stood gazing from the churchyard gate at the warm pink brickwork of the south front, he observed suddenly: 'Pretty place — pretty place. I'm glad I did n't buy it. You — well, you never know.'

II

Monica was pretty sure from the outset that she knew what it was that you never know. More even than her father, unable, as she guessed him to be, to take a step which would part the place irrevocably from its real owners, she felt that she was there on sufferance. She too was in a way glad that the house had not been bought; and yet, if it *had* been theirs, their very own, it would, she felt, have done something rather important for her. It would have given a focus to her capacity for devotedness, supplied an anchor for those unexpressed emotions which, in her life, were something of a surplus. The unmarried daughter at home is generally left with a good deal of surplus of one sort or another — often time, frequently interest, nearly always emotion. For ten years now Monica had been filling up her life with things — the flowers, the dogs, calls, notes for her mother, new novels. All the spaces left vacant by her music and her feeling for her father she had diligently filled with occupations extraneous to herself — as one stuffs a doll with all sorts of rags, she thought sometimes, impatiently.

It was her own fault, more or less. When she was nineteen, and prettier than she would ever be again, she had refused Robert. Just then it did n't seem possible to marry. Her elder sister was newly married and gone, her mother ill; the idea of leaving her father to cope with an invalid and endure a solitary table and the housekeeping of servants was impossible. Or it had seemed so. She had n't meant it, in her heart, to be a permanent refusal. She had always expected that Robert's regiment, and Robert with it, would return from India some day, and then . . .

On empty foggy afternoons, in Lancaster Gate, she used to imagine the heavy door of the drawing-room opening and Bridgeman saying, 'Captain Shadforth, Miss.' It seemed to fill those afternoons, bring them alive, to imagine that — especially when her mother recovered, and became again her active and not too contented self. But when, four years later, the regiment did return, Robert did not come to Lancaster Gate; she read in the papers of his engagement, and then of his marriage, to a lovely creature. Monica had never been a lovely creature, and she knew in her heart that no one would come now in Robert's place. He had been her one golden chance — a gift, a bright jewel which life in a moment of caprice had held out to her. She had not taken the gift, and that was that.

All the same, she found it impossible not to love the house, even if she had not the right to serve it as did those others, on whom it laid a claim stronger than its beauty and its grace. With something of a sense of stewardship, Monica and her father delighted together in bringing the place back, slowly and carefully, to the perfection which they felt to be its due. The roof mended, they set to work on the interior. With infinite confabulation and care they chose fresh rugs for the great parlor, with its wide open hearth and carved chimney piece, and appropriate curtains for the many deep-set windows. Five gardeners returned to clip, sweep, trim, and shave, while the Buddicombs pored over garden catalogues, to bring color into the long borders and the terrace walk.

All this Monica enjoyed. The process of filling up was, quite definitely, easier and nicer in the country than in London. The dogs' exercise took place, not in crowded streets, but in elm-shaded lanes and paths across open pasture and ploughland; and bit by bit she discovered, in consultation with the Vicar, quite a number of village good works lying ready to her hand. Any contact with the villagers embarrassed her dreadfully at first — she felt that they must regard her with hatred as an intruder. But, if they did, they were very polite about it; and the Vicar, so long as *someone* would deliver his Parish Magazines, lead out his Cubs on a Saturday, and provide flowers for the altar in church, did not, apparently, care a hoot *who* did these things.

Most of all Monica liked doing things in and about the church. It lay close to the house, enfolded in the same loop of river, only a low wall of soft rose-red brick separating the churchyard, with its cypresses and tombstones, from the garden; and by a little private gate she could enter it at any time, unobserved. The church was full of Grey monuments. There was a Crusader earlier than the house. The ruffed builder of it and his wife knelt face to face, with their minute ruffed offspring tailing off behind them, five sons and three daughters. There were later Hamilton-Greys, extravagantly mourned by the flamboyant marble angels of the eighteenth century; and there was the pitifully recent tablet to Guy and Nigel, one killed in 1914 and the other in 1918.

But the memorial which most caught Monica's fancy was a small graceful white urn, in low relief on a gray marble tablet, with a simple inscription, 'Sabina Grey. A Deare Daughter' — and then the dates. Sabina died in 1601, aged thirty. Monica, as she emptied the altar vases, rinsed them, and put in fresh flowers, stepping to and fro in the empty echoing church, wondered whether Sabina had sometimes done the same, rustling there in her stiff dress. 'A deare daughter'! Would the Elizabethans have called *her* that, too? Sabina had not married — had she too had a Robert, and put him aside to tend her parents' needs, and then filled empty afternoons for ten years?

Monica found the thought soothing; in some curious way it gave her a sense of companionship. Her own second name was Sabina. Sabina had been her grandmother's name, that Hamilton kinswoman who was their one real link with the place. Had Sabina gone to Court, or lived always in the old pink-red house — not so old then, but relatively new and modern? She must have been there when the Queen came to stay, the year after the Armada, and slept in the great south bedroom, in the huge four-poster which still had the crowned 'E' carved in the central panel. The frail hangings of that bed, with their clear faded colors, had been in position then — it was all got for the occasion, so the Hamilton-Greys said. Essex had come in the Queen's train, and a crowd of others. Was it then that Life had held out to that other Sabina a jewel she did not take? Because everyone married in those days, Monica thought, sighing a little.

III

While Monica and her father devoted themselves to the house and garden, Mrs. Buddicomb turned her attention to the neighborhood. Called upon, she returned the calls promptly and imposingly. Such hospitality as she received she returned in double measure, giving lunches for teas, and dinners, as far as possible, for lunches. Mrs. Buddicomb had a great belief in what she called 'bringing people together'; she delighted in a throng; she liked to see her staircase a mass of people, struggling to get up. But she was rather clever with her entertaining; she would not attempt a throng without a lure. To her annoyance the house was not ready (owing to Monica and Mr. Buddicomb's intolerable fussiness over fabrics) for either a strawberry party or a raspberry party — that summer was wasted. It was autumn before her first large entertainment took place.

Actually she owed the lure for this particular gathering to one of those musical friends of Monica's of whom she so much disapproved, because they had no style and were, as she said, 'no use.' This young man was of less use than anyone imaginable, being barely twenty-four, shabby and extremely poor. But, like so many of the very young nowadays, he knew an immense amount about his subject — it was really intolerable, Mrs. Buddicomb thought, how learned the very young now were. When Monica had mentioned his name in Lord Dreadmouth's hearing — a thing Mrs. Buddicomb would never have done — the old gentleman spoke of him positively with reverence, as *the* authority in his own line.

His line was harpsichords; and on one of his visits he had pounced upon an ancient harpsichord which stood in a little-used room along the great upper corridor, crying out that it was an early — something, Mrs. Buddicomb could n't remember the tiresome name — a treasure and a wonder. But when he went on to say that Olivia Pettigrew ought to, indeed simply must, come and sing contemporary Elizabethan songs to it, in costume, accompanying herself as she alone could, Mrs. Buddicomb at once saw possibilities in the idea. A rare harpsichord in the great parlor, a rare singer in Elizabethan dress, in that marvelous contemporary setting — here was just the lure she required for her first party at Netherfield Greys. With unusual cordiality she inquired of the young man how one could get hold of Miss Pettigrew, whereupon he said carelessly that he could bring her; when she further inquired if he knew what her fee was, he thought, even more carelessly, that it was thirty guineas. The sum seemed reassuringly large to Mrs. Buddicomb, for one afternoon; and with the help of the styleless young man the matter was put in train.

Monica accepted the party with her usual resignation. She wanted to hear Olivia Pettigrew sing with the harpsichord, but this singing in costume, to a crowd of people, seemed to her bound to combine the maximum of tiresomeness with the minimum of pleasure. Nevertheless, she and the young man arranged the harpsichord down by the great fireplace, and ransacked the house till they found the appropriate seat, a low-backed thing, contemporary, with faint traces of gilding, to place in front of the old instrument

IV

When Miss Pettigrew actually arrived, Monica had something of a shock. She was a smallish, smart, bouncing woman, very much made up, with a slight but unmistakable cockney accent. Monica led her to the small boudoir which had been turned into an improvised greenroom, where the singer unpacked her clothes, talking volubly all the time. She complained sharply of the bad light at the toilet table, and asked for innumerable things, including a glass of port, till Monica was reduced to feeling it an absolute profanation that such a person should sing in the house at all. When at last she left her and slid quietly into the great parlor, it was already full of the solid befurred and silken shapes of the neighborhood in its best winter clothes. During the pause which ensued, while the audience chattered and rustled their programmes, she sat wishing it was all over. And then the door opened, and the young man ushered Olivia Pettigrew to the harpsichord.

Monica almost gasped — and a little breathing sound of wonder and pleasure passed through the room. A golden figure in Elizabethan dress — jeweled cap, puffed looped sleeves, wide lace collar, and square-toed shoes — stood for a moment outlined against the dark paneling before moving with slow stateliness to the instrument. In that marvelous dress Miss Pettigrew had gained height and dignity; Monica was swiftly aware that her appearance was no longer a profanation, but exquisitely in harmony with the great room. She sat with bent head, in an attitude of composed grace, while the young man spoke, introducing her; as he finished, she began to play. Her beautiful hands — Monica had noticed their beauty in the boudoir — ran over the keys, making the harpsichord send out its faint, rather touching tinkling in a small accompaniment; and then she sang.

Before the first verse came to an end, Monica realized that the party was justified. The voice was lovely, a true mezzo-soprano, with just that touch of burr in the lower register, and boyishness in the upper, that was perfectly suited to the curious masculinity of sixteenth-century English music. But even more, as the song proceeded, she felt herself to be in the presence of a real artist. The 'attack' was perfect: with exquisite rightness the singer just emphasized the curious difficult beat of the words against the accompaniment, and yet allowed the emotion of the song to breathe through, lightly, lightly — like a little flutter of heartbeats through the graceful artificiality of some formal minuet. And she brought out, too, as she proceeded through the first group, the peculiar quality of Elizabethan songs — the sense of youth, of a generation young as no generation ever was before or since, held in a formal convention; of ardors and ecstasies under the stiff and stately dress of some prodigious masquerade.

A singer herself, Monica knew how desperately difficult it is, for this very reason, to sing those songs as they should be sung; her sense of this quality about them had increased of late. Curious about the Elizabethan Sabina, she had gone to the contemporary song writers — Campion, Dowland, and the rest — for illumination, and had found herself hearing their words with quite a new sense of what lay behind them, the background and the life. And here was Olivia Pettigrew, the irritable person with a cockney accent, pouring out their songs in an interpretation so right and true and sure that it seemed suddenly to Monica as if the room itself sang. Yes, it was that — the fancy, having once slipped into her head, stuck there: it was as if the great room were somehow repeating its own past, in the notes of that golden figure before the ancient instrument. Had Sabina sat and listened, as she now did, to some renowned singer of her day?

How silly she was, Monica said to herself. Lost in her fancies, she had practically missed the end of the first group.

V

Now, after an interval, in which she felt sure Olivia was drinking more port, the songs began again. But the moment they did, she had once more that curious sense of the past opening before her, of the room giving up something which it held. Really absurd! Oh, but she must listen to this — she loved this! She knew the opening accompaniment — it was from Campion's *Third Book of Ayres;* and, glancing at her programme, she read the words again, which she so loved for their curious haunted quality, the half-bitter invocation of magic summoned to the aid of the deserted heart: —

Thrice tosse these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute, in this enchanted chair;
And thrice three times tye up this true-love's knot,
And murmur soft, 'She will, or she will not.'

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar;
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave;
That all thy fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

Now Olivia was singing it — faultlessly! The passion, the suspense, the sort of horror of the amateur magician, rose in the room as her voice filled it. Monica shut her eyes. But at the close of the first verse she opened them again with a start. The singer had altered the words — she sang, '*He* will, or he will not.' Now why had she done that? Monica listened again, with closer attention; she might have been mistaken. No — definite and clear, in the final verse, the voice sang: —

'Melt *his* hard heart with your melodious sound!'

And then, with the slower cadence of melancholy: —

'In vain are all the charms I can devise:
He hath an art to break them with *his* eyes.'

The last words were sung quite low, the very breathing of reminiscent joy and present sadness — precisely, oh precisely so had she herself felt when Robert's face, Robert's eyes, had become a lost sweetness, edged with an intolerable regret. Her own memories invaded her, evoked by the music.

But gradually her curiosity revived. Why should Miss Pettigrew have changed the words of that song? With a curious urgency Monica felt that she must find out, and when the music was over, and the company was moving — as slowly and congestedly as even Mrs. Buddicomb could have wished — down the broad staircase toward tea, she went into the boudoir. The singer was three-parts changed. Her costume and music lay scattered about; she was touching up her eyes and lips before the dim mirror. Monica praised the singing, warmly and sincerely, and Miss Pettigrew thawed at her evident knowledge and appreciation. Then she praised the rendering of that particular song, and at last, 'But why,' she said, touching the verses on the programme, 'did you change the words?'

'What do you mean — change the words? I never do such a thing,' said Miss Pettigrew, whipping round briskly from the toilet table. 'Here — let me see.'

Monica held out the paper. 'Here — and here. You sang, "*He* hath an art to break them with *his* eyes," and all of it, as if it were a woman singing.'

Miss Pettigrew, scanning the page, said: 'Sorry to contradict, but really, I did no such thing. You can't have heard properly. I sang the words as they are written there. Really, Miss Buddicomb —'

Monica, soothing Olivia's rising wrath, leading her down to tea, talking civilly to the guests, carried about within her an exciting puzzle, which she would examine later. She was quite sure she had *not* been mistaken. She had heard distinctly the words Miss Pettigrew sang; she was equally convinced that the singer, in spite of her temper, was honestly not aware of having deviated from the text. Then what? Then what? Turning it over in her mind afterward, she remembered her strange fancy during the recital — that the room itself was, in the music, uttering some secret of its own past. The idea was fantastic, but in spite of its absurdity she was left with a curious feeling that something had happened.

VI

They left the harpsichord in the great parlor after the party. Mrs. Buddicomb liked to tell people about it, and Monica was learning to play on it. They left the curious gilt chair, too, though Monica actually used a music stool when she was practising.

She was sitting there one day, a week or so after the recital, working at the accompaniment of that song of Campion's and humming the words softly as she played. It was a gusty afternoon, and presently a great puff of wind came down the chimney, blowing out a cloud of smoke and scattering fine ashes into the room from the open hearth. Coughing a little, Monica played on. But when another and another puff came, she got up and went over to the hearth, and with the tongs rearranged the great oak logs which were smouldering there, to see if that would improve matters.

As she stood up again, a little dizzy from stooping, she saw a woman sitting in the gilded chair, between the harpsichord and the window. The first thing Monica noticed was the face. It was a girl's face, staring with a most strange tensity of expression, half-longing and half-horrified — indeed, the whole figure had a curious strained rigidity about it, as of a person waiting for something. And now she saw that the girl was dressed in some dark red stuff, full below and slender above, so that the body sprang like a flower stalk from the spreading skirts. On the narrow bosom a jewel gleamed, — Monica saw it clearly against the dark dress, — a circle of moonstones, with a heart-shaped moonstone drop below it. The circle enclosed a faint tracery of some sort, like a monogram, but what it was she could not see.

Too astonished for fear, Monica stood by the hearth, staring. As her senses came back to her she was aware of two feelings — an intense curiosity, which told her that she must notice and remember *everything*, and a great compassion for the strained longing in the girl's face. What was she waiting for, sitting so still in that chair?

Another puff of wind came down the chimney; it caught Monica full as she stood on the hearth, smothering her with ashes, choking her with the sharp smoke. She sneezed violently. Wiping her stinging eyes, she looked again toward the chair. The figure had gone.

Monica sat down on the music stool, and, gazing at the empty chair, tried to collect herself. She *must* remember — everything! But she found she could not remember much. The red dress, the jewel, the slenderness; the face — dark-haired, rather pretty. But when she recalled the face, though she thought she remembered a cap of some sort, she could really only see the half-horrified longing of the expression. So strange, this; even more than wondering who the girl was, she wondered why she looked like that. Presently she closed the harpsichord and put away her music; folding the sheets together, she hummed absently the words of the song she had been singing when the fire puffed out. And suddenly, with the sharp clear impact of a knock on a door, the thought struck her: Had *she*, the girl in the red dress, been using some such invocation? Had she sat there so still, waiting for the evocation of some image, some reality, even?

Monica presently became very firm with herself. She did not doubt what she had seen, but she determined not to let her fancies run away with her — to be sternly scientific. Of course she wanted the girl with the jewel to be Sabina, but just for that reason she must be on the watch with herself. She thought of hunting up the family history — the Vicar was an antiquarian, and knew all about the place. But some instinct restrained her. The proper way was to wait and see more, if possible, first.

VII

She waited nearly a month — long enough for the impression to have lost its first clearness, so that she almost began to doubt its reality. One afternoon she was down at the church, doing the flowers for All Saints next day. The old sexton was at work, making a huge bonfire outside the churchyard wall; he had been trimming the brambles which sprawled over it, and clearing up the débris of a cypress bough which had come down in a gale the week before. He chattered to Monica, taking the dead flowers from her to add to his fire. A general clear-up he was having, he said, 'afore All Saints. 'T is then the dead should have their garden tidy,' he said, with an aged grin, and Monica marveled at the way the Shakespearean tradition still lingers in the English countryside. Down in that corner the deadly nightshade grew 'something terrible,' he told her, but he had 'grubbed 'em all out to-day'; and he showed her with pride an owl's nest that he had pulled out of the belfry, a vast untidy agglomeration of rubbish, full of feathers, which now awaited its turn on the bonfire. Monica was sorry for the owls; she loved their desolate voices on still nights, and the wheezy breathing sound they made when they sat in the belfry. Her task finished, she bade old Jenkins good afternoon, and started back to the house, her basket on her arm.

She decided to go round through the yew walks, to enjoy the last splendor of the chrysanthemums, and to see if she could find a late blossom or two in the rose garden. She turned into the broad walk, where the turf spread right up to the walls of yew. The smoke from Jenkins's bonfire was drifting across the garden, and she knew that he must have put on the owl's nest, for she could smell the salt, acrid odor of burning feathers. Suddenly, to her surprise, she saw a woman come into the walk from under the arch which led to the sundial garden, and move toward her with a rapid masculine stride.

It was a stranger. Monica had never seen that long pale face before, and never before had she seen a woman so angry — she was clenching her white hands as she walked, her thin lips moved and her eyes were terrifying. Half-frightened, Monica stepped aside as the woman strode past; she almost expected a blow from those clenched fists, on which she noticed a blaze of rings. Then, wondering who it could be, she turned to look after the receding figure. Was the hair really that strange chestnut red? But, though she could see the woman striding away, she could not see the hair, for an odd erection of lace rising from the shoulders, like a screen, eclipsed the head. And now, no longer concentrated on that furious face, she noticed the stiff rich skirts, square at the hips, and the narrow bodice, before the figure turned out of the walk and disappeared.

When it had gone, Monica walked slowly forward. Most strange! It was not the girl in the red dress, though obviously someone of the same period. In fact, Elizabethan! And with the word a conjecture almost too wild to be believed darted into her mind. No — impossible! That was surely a living woman, a living anger! Half-puzzled, she turned through another arch into the walk where the chrysanthemums were. The smoke was thicker here, making a blue haze among the brilliant reds and bronzes of the flowers which stood in groups in front of the dark yew hedges, leaving only a strip of turf between.

But there was something else among the flowers, too. Slowly, moving to and fro, up and down the borders as though they also were a path, were innumerable people, men and women, all dressed in clothes like those Olivia Pettigrew had worn at the party — as various, as brilliant as the flowers they so incredibly ignored. And suddenly that one circumstance brought Monica to a realization of what she was seeing. For them, the borders were not there. They trod a turf coeval with themselves, which stretched from hedge to hedge; for them, the chrysanthemums were only phantasms of the future, as insubstantial as the phantasms of the past. Only for her was the curtain of space and time incredibly rolled up, so that past and present were visible together.

Suddenly she could not bear it — suddenly it was frightening. She felt that she could not endure this smiling, unconscious, bejeweled company among the flowers. Forgetting her determination to be scientific, Monica ran. Her scissors dropped from her basket, but she never heeded them. She turned through the farther arch into the sundial garden and came to a dead stop. For there, standing in one of the rose beds, among the late blooms she had meant to pick, was the girl in the red dress, a young man with her. Oh, and life was holding out a jewel to her!

The thought came involuntarily. For the young man had an arm about the girl's shoulders, protectingly, and though there were tears on her face, she was looking up into his with that security and rapture about which there is no mistake. A rush of sympathy took away Monica's fear. Now with a white hand he was stroking the girl's head like a child's. . . .

Oh, but she had no right to see, to spy on them! Softly, as if her step on the soft turf could have disturbed them, Monica tiptoed to the next opening in the square of clipped hedge. From it she looked back, just to be sure she was not mistaken. There among the roses, which for them did not exist, the pair stood, and now, in spite of a protesting movement of her hand, the young man slipped something over the girl's head, with a reassuring gesture. Monica saw the gleam of moonstones on the girl's breast, before he enfolded her in an embrace.

Monica turned quickly away, and crossed the open lawn. She looked back, when she reached the house, at the dark shapes of the yew hedges, with a sort of awe for what they concealed. The smoke from the churchyard bonfire was still drifting over and through them, bluer still as the late afternoon light deepened; sniffing, she could still smell burning feathers. She went slowly into the house.

VIII

It was a day or two before Monica recovered sufficiently from the strangeness of this experience to begin to take stock of it. A whole gardenful of ghosts *was* rather overwhelming, she told herself, determined again now to be scientific. She had been rather ashamed when she went the next morning to recover her flower scissors and found them, rust-stained with dew, on the walk between the chrysanthemums.

By daylight, she went and studied the print of a famous contemporary portrait of Queen Elizabeth which hung in the dining room. Oh well, those old prints told you very little — certainly the dress was the same, with that immense lace collar as high as the top of the head; and the long face with thin lips was not unlike the angry face of the woman she had met in the grass walk. The next time she was in London she went to the National Portrait Gallery, and studied the picture there. Well, that *was* very like, certainly. Thinking it over, she was pretty sure about Elizabeth.

But mostly Monica's curiosity centred on the identity of the girl in the red dress. Now she tackled the Vicar, on the grounds that it was time she knew more about the history of the place. He gave her books, told her what he knew from one source and another, and showed her his notes on the family. The De Grey of Elizabeth's time had two sons, one of whom succeeded him, and one daughter — that Sabina whose urn was in the church. The son who succeeded had only married in 1594, five years after the date of Elizabeth's visit; the other son died, unmarried, on the Spanish Main.

Still, Monica felt, she was not much further on. There was no certainty that the girl in the red dress was Sabina; she might have been the eldest son's wife, come in Elizabeth's train. And yet she had a curious instinct that it *was* Sabina. This gave a certain personal, almost tender interest to her researches. She felt that she knew, from sympathy, from instinct, more about Sabina than books and records could tell. And more and more, as time went on, and autumn deepened into winter, she became convinced that the red girl was not a mere visitor to the house, but had been there a long time. She was there so much, still!

One day when Monica came in from a ride, her father was out on the lawn, with his spud, and she rode her horse right across the broad gravel sweep to speak to him, so that from where they stood she could see the south front of the house. Some chance made her look up, and there, leaning from a window, was the girl, craning out expectantly; one hand held the stone mullion, so that the looped red sleeve was clear against the gray stone. Monica said nothing to her father; but afterward, by counting the windows, she identified the room — a small spare room, never used, because it had no fireplace.

And presently she found that the sound of horses' hoofs would almost always bring the girl to that window. One day in January, hounds met at Netherfield Greys — greatly to Mrs. Buddicomb's joy; but Monica slipped round to the south front to glance up, and there, sure enough, she was. Poor child, poor child! Oh yes, she had been there a long time — filling empty afternoons, running to the window at the sound of a horse's hoofs, waiting for someone who never came; using, Monica felt secretly convinced, some piteous incantation like that in the song to bring him back.

IX

At last Monica decided, so little did her inquiries yield, to apply to the Hamilton-Greys for information. She wrote, asking to be allowed to see them, was bidden to lunch, and went. It was a pleasant flat in London. Old Mrs. Hamilton-Grey and a widowed daughter entertained her. Monica, in a renewal of her embarrassment, spoke about indifferent matters till lunch was done; then, over coffee, she broached the subject. Had they, she asked rather timidly, ever *seen* anything in the grass walks, in the great parlor?

The old lady laughed out. 'Ghosts, do you mean? My dear Miss Buddicomb, someone is hoaxing you. Our great sorrow at Netherfield was always that it had no ghost! So incomplete, for a house of that age.'

'Then who,' said Monica nervously, 'is the girl in the red dress?'

They had no idea. They asked her to describe the girl, politely, but a little derisively, Monica felt. She had meant to tell them of the song, of the angry woman in the broad walk, and the jeweled company among the chrysanthemums; but now, feeling snubbed, she merely described the girl and her dress, rather minutely. 'And,' she added, 'she wears an odd jewel — a circle of moonstones, with a heart-shaped drop below it, and something in the middle.'

She saw their faces change, startlingly, at that. The old lady got up and went to a small glass case, unlocked it, and took something out. Then she put into Monica's hands the very jewel she had seen on the breast of the girl in red. Monica looked eagerly at the cipher. An 'R' and an 'E' were intertwined within the circle of moonstones. The very same! Eagerly she begged them to tell her whose it was, and its history.

In a very different manner, now, they told her. It was always called the Queen's Jewel, and was supposed to have been a gift either from Essex to Elizabeth or Elizabeth to Essex — 'You know his name was Robert.' But, oddly enough, they never had known exactly how it came into the family. 'Of course they stayed at Netherfield, some time before his marriage, which made her so angry when she found it out; and it has always been supposed that then, or later, she gave this to some member of the family.' Was it known, Monica asked, if Sabina was at home then? Oh yes, Sabina had been at home. The Queen gave her a pair of gloves the day she arrived, and here they were, also in the glass case. And the daughter-in-law — was she there then? Oh no, they were clear about that; she was a Wiltshire girl, and Guy de Grey only met her when he went to stay at Wilton, a few months before his marriage.

Now, in their turn, they questioned her — with interest, almost with respect. Monica felt herself under a sort of obligation to tell them what she had seen, and did so. After all, they were *their* ghosts! They listened, thoughtfully. 'Of course, that would explain Guy's losing his place at Court that year,' said the widow, 'if there was some trouble over Essex.' 'Exactly,' said the old lady. Monica was amused at their tone, which was that of those who discuss current family affairs. When she left, the old lady bade her good-bye with a certain warmth. 'You have added a footnote to our history, my dear,' she said.

X

On her way home, Monica decided that this was something she must share with her father. He might think her fanciful, but she must risk that. The Queen's Jewel was good evidence, and he loved the house so much it would certainly interest him. There were people at dinner that night, but the next day she spoke to him. They were sitting together in the great parlor, between lunch and tea. It was a dark rainy February afternoon. Monica found herself curiously at a loss how to begin. At last, 'Father, I've seen a ghost here,' she blurted out.

'D'you mean that poor girl in red?' said Mr. Buddicomb, tapping out his pipe on the logs of the hearth. 'I often see her. Is that what you went to see the Greys about?'

Wonderful Dad! How much he saw, how little he said! Now, contentedly, they compared notes. He had never seen Sabina — they called her Sabina, fearlessly, after a time — except in the parlor and at the window; but in those places he had seen her repeatedly. 'Poor thing, she does n't give a rap for motors,' said Mr. Buddicomb. 'I've been to see, several times.' He heard Monica's story, and such confirmation as the Greys had been able to give, with the deepest interest. She even ventured to tell him about the song, and the ingredients of Jenkins's bonfire. Happily, they pieced it all out together.

At length Mr. Buddicomb said whimsically, 'Well, people would say it was fanciful, but then, ghosts are fanciful things!' 'It's funny, though, that *they* never saw anything.' Monica knew that 'they' meant the Hamilton-Greys. 'In a way, you know, it makes one feel — oh well . . .'

Monica also knew what it made one feel — she felt it herself. They were not intruders any more; to them the old house had yielded a secret withheld from its real owners. Sitting there, in the dusk and firelight, they felt at last very much at home.

But at the last her father gave Monica perhaps the greatest surprise of her life. 'It's *all* funny, you know,' Mr. Buddicomb said, ruminatively. 'Robert, too.' He paused. 'Kiss me, my dear — you're a great comfort to me.' Trembling all over, Monica rose and kissed her father. He put his arm round her. 'You're a dear daughter,' said Mr. Buddicomb.

ARE FOREIGN MISSIONS DONE FOR?

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES FISKE

I

WILL the churches soon be forced to abandon missionary work — more especially foreign missionary work? Are they actually on the verge of such abandonment now? Missionary effort must be based chiefly, if not solely, upon evangelism — the carrying of the Gospel to those who have not yet received it. Is it not a fair question, then, to ask whether or not evangelism is passing, as other things pass in this changing world? It does seem incredible that so vast a world movement, which began with Saint Paul's mission to the non-Jewish world, should be approaching its end. But it may be so. It *will* be so unless the churches come to a more definite faith than they now exhibit, and — though this may seem a contradiction — unless certain types of missionaries leave the Orient and return to Main Street.

This puts me in the happy position of hitting out with two hands at offenders on both sides. Let me explain. No one can read the now famous report on *Re-thinking Missions* without both rejoicing and misgiving. Mr. P. K. Mok's protest in the August *Atlantic* against the 'typical missionary's' attitude gives one furiously to think, especially as the Laymen's Report would seem to indicate that the investigators had met a very considerable number of the sort of Christian evangelists whose heads Mr. Mok will not spare, though he has nothing but praise for their sincerity of purpose. The missionary he knows is a sloppy thinker, as Mr. George Ade would say, but he has a good heart.

And yet — what does either Mr. Mok or the lay investigator offer as an alternative? Must we have a missionary whose aim is to erect a Pantheon for the gods and set his own Master in the midst? Is that the only substitute for the other, who has never outgrown the stage where he sees only the heathen in his blindness bowing down to wood and stone? I plead for the men on the middle ground. Certainly the missionaries whom I know are gentlemen who offer their gifts of grace with 'good manners.' At the same time, though their approach toward the ancient religions of the East is sympathetic, they believe with all their hearts that the Christ they wish to make known is more than one of a company of religious teachers whose portraits adorn the sanctuary. Theirs is not a creedless gospel; they have a gospel creed.

If anybody in the world needs a creed — *must* have one — it is the missionary. Unless he has a real body of beliefs which he considers of such infinite worth as to lay upon him the need of sharing his treasure with others, the missionary is 'done for.' And he is doubly 'done for' unless there is behind him a body of fellow believers so convinced of the value of their faith that they will give gladly and generously for its propagation.

It is quite the fashion now to decry dogma. One of my friends recently held an eight-day preaching mission in a small town in Pennsylvania. The services drew many people from other congregations and some who had no church affiliation whatever. The sermons must have been more than acceptable, for at the close of the mission one woman was heard to declare, most earnestly, 'Well, I don't believe in havin' no creed; but if I was n't a Free Will Baptist and did believe in havin' a creed, that man's creed is the kind I would like to have.'

The extraordinary thing about the woman's statement was that she stood solidly upon dogmas, though denying that she had any. Of course, if she was a Free Will Baptist, she had a very definite confession of faith. I hardly know a more definite one, unless it be that of the Two Seed in the Spirit Predestinarians. Hardly less significant, however, is the fact that in her confusion, while abhorring creeds, she was really longing for some more reasonable and acceptable statement of assured beliefs; she felt drawn to the man who evidently knew what he believed and why he believed it.

Men are hungry for a definite religion. They want to know whether or not we have it. They look, searchingly, to discover its fruits. Mere conventional decency of life is not a strong enough force to convert the doubter or overcome evil. An easy-going, half-believing, half-hearted acceptance of religion, with no real faith and no strong sense of duty, is not enough to stabilize society. We are a decent people, most of us in America, in spite of political grafters, money-mad speculators, conscienceless bankers, gangsters, racketeers, and an army of lawbreakers; we are decent, but we could not, even by the wildest flight of the imagination, be called ardent Christians. What we need in missionary service is a glowing faith in combination with a reasonable and intelligent faith — but faith we *must* have.

The trouble with all churches in America to-day is that faith in God, a personal God with whom we may have fellowship and communion, seems to be succumbing to a hazy speculation about God. I talked recently with a learned college president who felt that he had fully vindicated his religious position when he said that he believed in 'an abstract principle of truth and right with which we should be ready and willing to coöperate.' Plain folk far outside the circle of the intelligentsia breathe the same religious mist. It is a poor substitute for the clear and freshening air breathed by the Christian believer. Men will never worship a Philosophical Abstraction. They need sure faith, and they will welcome gladly the church or the minister who makes such a faith reasonable and appealing.

Please do not misunderstand. No reasonably sane person wants the old-time elaborations of belief which were made confessions of faith in Reformation days. Nor does anyone want stiff theological outlines, dead dogmas of dull teachers; they ask for simple instructions in Christian doctrine as applied to Christian living — warm, vital, moving, appealing. Few of us are interested in mere denominational differences. Of course, we want our creed stated in simple terms. Moreover, there must be an effort to restate the Christian faith in terms of to-day, with special reference to modern difficulties. The ancient creeds were so phrased in days of philosophic thought. Our task is to meet the new thought of a new day. To quote a wise and reverent contemporary writer, Dr. Leonard Hodgson: 'It took four and a half centuries to think out the problem in terms of ancient philosophy. It may take as long in terms of modern. But "he that believeth shall not make haste."'

II

One suspects that the chief trouble about foreign missionary effort springs out of the question of creed or no creed. It arises from the fact that the churches have been attempting, apparently, to preach one Gospel at home and to reserve another for export. Here at home we have leaders who are trying to march abreast of modern thought. They have discarded the idea of the Bible as an infallible book, inerrant in every statement, covering every subject, an inspired manual of science and a divinely dictated handbook of history, as well as the story of an evolution in manners and morals and above all a guide to faith. They are much less concerned about meticulous exactness in stating their doctrine than they are in its social implications. They are faced with the troubled questionings which arise out of our new knowledge of the immensity of the universe and the relatively insignificant place man seems to have in the scheme of things; this creates new difficulties about prayer; it raises new doubts about an overruling Providence; it demands new effort to realize God at all. Necessarily this means, also, a different approach to the problem of sin. Morality for a machine world, for example, must be set forth in terms quite unlike the moral teaching of a century, or half a century, ago. Moralists must find new methods of approach and former mistakes must be corrected if the minister is not to be regarded as a pessimistic complainer, painting in deep black the sins he himself either is not tempted to commit or is a bit afraid to venture upon.

Meantime, perhaps, while struggling with such problems in our several churches here, the Laymen's Report implies that we have been sending men and women to the East with the very Gospel which the ministers at home are no longer presenting with appealing power. It is a repetition of the separation we find at our doors. Here we have Modernists holding the strong city pulpits, Fundamentalists in control of the rural parts. The latter voice ignorant prejudices against the guiding light of modern knowledge, contending for the faith, but confusing it with outworn explanations of it. The former, in their revolt against the crudities of the 'Bible Belt' religion, reduce Christianity to a man-made system; they rob it of all mystery, explaining, correcting, or apologizing until little is left but a badly cracked shell of humanistic goodwill. Few, on either side, seek a middle ground, where faith may still be found and yet be reasonable.

Presumably, the Commission representing various Protestant communions, whose conclusions are given in the report entitled *Re-thinking Missions*, hoped to arrive at some constructive conclusions by which these two seemingly contradictory convictions might be brought into concord. In this they did not succeed. Mr. Mok is more moving in his thesis. He touches, it seems to me, at the real heart of the matter and suggests ideas about which the rest of us have been timidly silent, fearful of hurting some of the weaker brothers and sisters, unwilling to ally ourselves with their hostile critics, decently considerate in refraining from attack upon the work of churches which we do not regard as being as forward-looking as our own.

The time has come to speak out. Why not admit that Mr. Mok is to a large extent right in his analysis and confess that we have been trying to give the Orient a Western Christ? (Just as we insist on 'carpenter Gothic' churches.) Why not go further and express penitence at the errors of those who have been evangels of Americanism rather than of Christianity? Why not acknowledge that there are all sorts of queer fanatics in some of the absurd sects which have gone to China? Why not confess that, where fanaticism is absent, knowledge is not necessarily present, and that ignorant and stupid missionaries have done infinite harm to the cause of Christ? Why not be more specific in pointing out just who these churches and missionaries are? Certainly the missionaries of my own church with whom I come into contact at home have not failed here, whatever may have been done by the Bible School graduates of many strange sects. They have caught the spirit of Saint Paul, who on Mars Hill began his address: 'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are very religious.' The best of the modern missionaries always say that; not, 'Ye are too superstitious,' as we once quoted Saint Paul. They do not begin with scornful attacks on the old religions; they have sympathetic appreciation of all that is good in them. Just as the Old Testament was, for the Jews, a schoolmaster to lead them to Christ, so they feel that the religions of the Eastern nations may be regarded as *their* Old Testament; they treat them as a preparation for the fuller truth they bring.

III

Of course the missionary's one aim, if he is sincere, is to win men to a religion which means so much to him that he cannot be content until he shares it with others who need it. Presumably he goes to the Orient because there the need seems to him overwhelmingly great. Of course, therefore, his first desire is to 'win souls.' The Commission advances some excellent criticisms of the unfortunate results of overemphasis on the gaining of converts. These discoveries, however, are not startlingly new. The best missionaries learned long ago not to count success by membership lists; they have repeatedly declared that it is a great error to measure the effect of Christian missions by the number of full converts due directly to missionary effort. The East has absorbed the Christian elements into its religions to a degree always evident and sometimes amazing. That very fact speaks much for the maligned missionary. It is the real test of missionary success. I wonder if Mr. Mok could not turn aside from the path of criticism — much as criticism may be necessary — to look for other types of missionaries? Would he not find in this test of missionary success the expression of his own germ of belief in Christ as the fulfillment of religious aspirations? Would he not find this Teacher so far above other teachers as to suggest that only the traditional faith of Christendom explains His greatness?

Having stated a self-evident fact about overzealous effort to gain converts, the Commission goes on to a most remarkable conclusion. It declares: —

'The ideal missionary method would have been for the missionaries to present to the races among whom they came the vital principles of Christianity, those truths and ideals of life which constitute the eternal aspects of it, and to have let this direct spiritual impact upon the Oriental peoples produce, in its own fresh form, its peculiar type of organization and its unique modes of corporate development. If that could have happened those who responded to the message which the missionaries brought and who felt the attractive power of the Christ whom these missionaries interpreted would slowly have found their place as living members of what may be called the universal church. Instead of a rigid institution, it would have been a group or a fellowship of believers and seekers of many names and types.'

In other words, the Church (for them) is merely a convenient organization for gathering like-minded people into a society. Christians may therefore be disciples unattached. The 'ideal' method, so it appears, would be to have as many 'churches' as various groups might feel disposed to organize, with varied forms of government, different beliefs, and a kaleidoscopic worship. How extraordinary, when we consider the present passion for Christian unity and realize that the tragedies and absurdities of our unhappy divisions have so hindered the work of foreign missions as to imprint upon the consciences of those most consecrated in service the need of healing the wounds in Christ's Body the Church and restoring its Oneness! The longing for Christian unity is, indeed, a by-product of foreign missions. From the mission field came the call to peace. Later its echo came from the overchurched villages and towns in the domestic field. If we in America are ashamed of producing so many hundreds of sects, some of them wildly fantastic, why urge Oriental converts to employ their talents in framing more sectarian organizations different from any yet conceived in the fertile brains of 'original' thinkers among the Christians of America?

Certainly Christianity was from the beginning a corporate thing. It was such for Saint Paul, whose method the writer of this report thinks he finds embodied in his sketch of the ideal plan in missionary service. The great Apostle to the Gentiles did indeed bring to the cities he visited 'a new inspiration, a new sense of the certainty of God, a new redemptive power, and a transforming spirit' — but he did not stop there; he sought to knit together the individuals who had caught this spirit into a society which he called 'the Body of Christ.' Nor can it be said of him that he had 'no fixed and finished system of doctrine.' The fact is that he could not touch upon any matter of morals, or of discipline, in the informal letters which he sent to inquirers, without basing everything on a definite faith. 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought God-equality no prize to be grasped, but emptied himself.'

Perhaps the traditional Catholic idea of the Church, had it ever been presented to him instead of the curious sect ideas by which he was repelled, might have helped Mr. Mok. A mystical Body of Christ might have an appeal to the Oriental mind quite as strong as the mystical in the individual who wishes to tread his own path in his search for God. Perhaps the mystery of the Blessed Sacrament as the Church's great act of sacrificial worship would fit in with his thinking. Somehow one feels, however, that his teachers would be *compelled* to show him that Christianity, if in many things *like* his older faith, is in many ways different.

Does the Laymen's Commission think clearly here? One of its members, at the meeting last November of the directors and sponsors of the inquiry, told of a visit with four hundred Indian women to a Hindu temple where the sacred birds were to be fed. 'Then at the end of the ceremony, those Hindu priests said, "Will all orthodox Hindus come forward and receive the sacred food?" I had not realized that they had a ceremony so much like our own Sacrament, and there was a moment of terrific suspense, and then a woman from the back of the group said, "There are no such distinctions here. We are all one and either we all come forward or no one will come forward." And the Mohammedan woman who stood next to me said, "I am going forward; are you?" I said, "I had not thought of it. I don't know whether we shall be welcome." She said, "That does not matter. I believe we should share in these religious experiences." And so in a few minutes, after a consultation of those Hindu priests on that altar rock, the priest came down among us and offered to us their sacred food — to Hindu, to orthodox, to outcaste, to Mohammedan, and to Christian they offered the Hindu food.'

No doubt this will please many sentimental people. Some of the more soft-hearted women will doubtless feel the tears filling their eyes, while throats are choked with emotion. But get back to hard facts: Was it a loyal exhibition of Christian faith? Is this the attitude that best expresses the Christian faith of the Commission? Is it a true expression of the faith they would have accepted back home? If it *is* accepted, will any real motive for missions remain? Has it already been accepted, indeed, in the more sophisticated congregations, and does that mean that the problem as to whether or not foreign missions are 'done for' is a problem as to whether or not Christianity has been quietly rejected and set aside at home?

IV

All of which brings us back to the beginning. It is conceivable that good men and women, however hazy in belief, may, nevertheless, find in the teachings of Jesus the 'best thought' of God and perhaps go to the trouble and expense of winning others to the same belief. It is conceivable, also, that with the loosening of authority and custom in the Far East, Christianity may be regarded as the only force which can be counted upon to maintain a social order. It is conceivable, even though we go no further, that some might feel the need of contributing of our best to the emergence of a general world culture when changes in the East have gone further. We may believe 'the best' to be the larger ideas of God and of the world, developed partly within and partly outside the Christian society.

But is it conceivable that motives such as these — cool and unemotional — can renew the fires which keep the missionary spirit warm, in the real sense of the name? One wonders whether some of China's troubles today may not be due to contributions which missionary-minded folk of the more ignorant type have 'tossed into the pot.' One wonders, also, whether they have not been overzealous in inoculating the Oriental with their own conceptions of Western culture. One wonders how much real admiration they have for a civilization different from our own. But one also wonders whether, when the Commission has dispelled this ignorance of foolish men, we shall not find in the hearts of the Liberalists the same confusion of thought. One-hundred-per-cent Americans are not confined to those whom Mr. Mencken elegantly names 'Boobs of the Bible Belt.' As for myself, I dislike, quite as intensely as Mr. Mok, the thought of a remodeled Orient, built upon approved Western patterns.

Has the Commission of Inquiry any idea more appealing? Honest as its work is, it does seem to be an example of vagueness and haziness in religious thinking. Its inferential conclusions are wrong. If they are accepted, they will turn Christian missions into a social-welfare enterprise. Social service, surely, must be rendered. But its place is secondary; it is the expression of the faith the missionary preaches; it makes real and concrete the love he comes to proclaim. How many people will be anxious to contribute toward promulgating a hundred-per-cent American philosophy and manner of life for China and Japan? Who then will pay the bills? That is a question which ought to be laid on the Commission's neatly swept doorstep.

The missionary motive is very definite — obedience to the command of Christ to 'go into all the world.' Its compulsive call is heard by those whose desire is to make known everywhere the Lord and Master who means so much to themselves. When missions lose that call and cease to regard as binding the command of Christ, missions will die. They cannot live in a faith that is but a morning mist. They will not be supported by Christians who have only a 'vague, dreamy, diffused sense of duty.'

Without such definiteness of faith and purpose, indeed, missions do not deserve support. We cannot go to China to build schools if we must sign a pledge not to speak of Christianity in the schools we have built. We cannot go to Japan to erect hospitals if we are compelled to confine our work to research, diagnosis, and scientific treatment of disease. Surely we must do what Christ did in healing the diseased bodies of those who appealed to Him; we may be permitted to show equal interest with Him in diseased souls. We do not go to India with a new philosophy for the Brahmins or the Untouchables; we go to give them the religion of Jesus Christ. At least, so we had always supposed. But what says the Commission? It would secularize the missionary schools, making them purely educational rather than distinctly Christian — which would mean taxing American Christians for a secular school system in China and Japan when many of us are no longer enamoured of secularized education at home. It would also have a sort of missionary chest, like our community chests, out of which the colleges of all denominations would be supported, again with a secularized atmosphere. One can hardly imagine a wave of enthusiastic support from church members in America, especially from parents whose sons and daughters have attended some of our American institutions of higher learning.

Once more, the Commission would eliminate doctrinal teaching and return to the 'simplicity of the Gospel' and be 'unfettered by any historical system' — although they are not asking for a return to the simplicity of medical and educational methods of early days, however unfettered.

On one page the members object to using Christian hospitals in evangelizing patients, on the plea that it is taking undue advantage of their helplessness; on another, they ask for workers in agricultural parts who can teach modern agricultural methods and at the same time have an opportunity for evangelism which has just been denied hospital workers. Does anyone remember Christ's ever teaching about agricultural methods, however vivid may be some of His parables about the fields, the woods, the wind, the weather? Did He ever allow His willingness to help in sickness and suffering to obscure His one absorbing desire — to restore into harmony with the beautiful nature that lay around about them the sick souls as well as the diseased bodies of those who came to Him for help?

Here we come to the parting of the ways. The Commission is right, Mr. Mok is right, as to the crudities of some of the missionaries. They want to be divorced from them on the ground of incompatibility and mental cruelty.

They are right in declaring that at their best the religions of the East to-day may lead men to Christ. But Mr. Mok would find refined specimens of *Homo Americanus* among the membership of the Commission whose desire to bring Western civilization to the East could not be less annoying to him than are the ministers who insisted on immersing his mother in baptism in midwinter, although he might be less troubled over the union of Jesus the Christ and Gautama the Buddha in a sacramental feast.

Is there any hope of muzzling both elements, while the solid middle-of-the-road people prove that they can develop enthusiasm without losing their common sense? In such will lie the hope for missions — in men who have a definite faith and with it an affectionate (though not a soft) heart; who believe in Christ without damning all who do not; who recognize goodness, beauty, and truth wherever they appear, are sure that the supreme revelation is in Christ, and are earnest enough in their own discipleship to carry to others what does so much for themselves.

V

I have never volunteered for foreign service because I have been everlastingly busy trying to make a little dent here and there on the consciences of some beneficiaries of a supposed Christian civilization in America. I could not go on were I not sure that I have found the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. I understand and sympathize with those who have not found what I possess. There was a time when I was not any too sure myself. There were times, indeed, when I could not possibly have said, 'I believe.' There have been times, since, when I say it tremblingly. I was born with a skeptical mind.

But every time I read the Gospels — putting aside, for the moment, all critical questions, all doubts about miracles, all prejudices and preconceptions — every time I read I find there 'the shining mystery of Jesus,' as Douglas Edwards calls it. I cannot understand how anyone who has found that can keep it to himself. I am frank to say that there would not be much temptation for me to do any prophesying, preaching, or plain straight talking if this faith were not mine. It is a dogmatic faith — a faith expressed in doctrine. The doctrines of Christianity seem to me to be but the logical exponents of its facts. The prejudice against dogma dates back to the time when men framed 'articles of religion' or 'confessions of faith' which dealt meticulously with careful definitions of many minor doctrines. One can heartily dispense with all such 'creeds'; acceptance of a creed which deals only with a dozen foundation facts and truths is quite a different matter. I believe — and in believing find that belief influences life.

And I believe Jesus Christ is the only hope of the world to-day. There are many things in His teaching which now have new meaning for us. We are discovering what have been called the 'unappropriated treasures' of Christ. We are discovering, for example, out of the long depression, that individuals must learn the law of service, or society will perish. 'No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.' We are beginning to learn that nations also exist for service, not for self-aggrandizement. We live in a world so interdependent that there is a practical compulsion to coöperate for the common good. In statecraft (and even in everyday politics) we have been discovering that the conception of society as made up of individuals each free to serve his own ends, while the devil takes the hindmost, is as faulty from the point of view of economic realism as Christianity has always told us that it is from the point of view of spiritual idealism.

All this supplies the incentive for missions. Some such convictions linger in the minds of those who have lost the ancient faith. To me the creeds are compelling, because the teaching of Jesus rests back upon my belief that, when He speaks, He speaks with divine authority. If I believe that, then I believe I have more than man's 'best thoughts' about God; I have a revelation about God, a wonderful message for all of His children. I cannot keep it to myself. The Commission which has been 're-thinking missions' falls back upon motives far less compelling. I doubt whether their enthusiasm for propagating a sort of Christian *Kultur* will inspire to gifts of money or of self. With all due respect, their report is a signpost pointing toward a road of retreat.

When men have faith, missions necessarily follow. The point of this paper is that, if the faith goes, missions will go, too. Will the men who have been 're-thinking' please dispel suspicions by telling us what their faith is? What least common multiple their research has left uninjured and secure? It is important that we should know, for in substance the report would seem to say: 'We have been exporting a Gospel which we no longer accept at home. We must begin to export the same Gospel we are offering for home consumption. There is weakening faith at home; no matter, let's try it.'

The real questions are: Is the new Gospel worth so much of pains, care, and cost? Are the Eastern races likely to be enamoured of it? Will Mr. Mok find the common people hearing it gladly? Are the people back home likely to be so vitally concerned about its propagation as to give generously for the cause? Is the new Gospel a triumphant progress toward a larger faith, or is it a halfway house on the road to agnosticism? Are the objects of our zealous attention apt to respond to a message which says that they need Western enlightenment, Western progress, Western efficiency, and a diluted belief which is all that the West can offer? Or do they need the message which says, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'? And is it not our present task to use every ounce of heart and brain in the effort to gain a new grip on the faith of Christianity, a new appreciation of its real significance, while yet conserving the values of all honest endeavor to give fresh interpretation of it and a more liberal and more sweetly charitable presentation of it?

Then — if only the *Atlantic* were willing to open its pages to the theologians — some of us might give a record of the experiences and the arguments which hold us to the faith of our fathers, even though it be seen in new forms through the open eyes of their sons. The question of missions truly presses home questions as to whether we are building a constructive faith in America. How many of the church members at home are really convinced Christian believers? Do they think of the life of Jesus as an unveiling of the heart of Deity? Do they see His cross as a great light streaming backward and forward to show the cost at which human redemption is won? Do they see in His resurrection a certain pledge of immortality? Do they regard His plan of life as practical and realizable?[1]

It is not a question of missions only. If this were a sermon, my text would be: 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?'

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[1] The *Atlantic* is 'willing to open its pages to the theologians,' and we hope that Bishop Fiske himself will prepare a further paper dealing with the questions he raises here. — EDITOR

THE REVIVAL

BY REBECCA CUSHMAN

I

DONALD SHIPP is the kind of man
That you wish everybody could know,
And this story properly begins with Don Shipp
Because of the way he answered a question.

It was twilight in the valley. The mountains,
Dimly purple, melted into mystery by the dusk,
Rested in a great repose, a poignant awareness
That seemed to reach out, to close around,
To gird with a barrier of peace the human consciousness.

The small cabin that the congregation had rented
After their church burned was almost hid
From sight; tucked in at the foot of two steep
Wooded slopes. The little house, too,
Seemed wrapped in a living stillness
As if it might be waiting for something.
An early star appeared, and a near-by whippoorwill
Began to stab the dew-soaked quietness
With his provocative call.

We followed
Those ahead and stood as a man unloosed
The heavy iron chain that was holding the door.
It slipped through the roughly made gash in the wood
And rattled to the floor with a sound suggestive
Of prisons and keepers. The door swung back,
And I saw in the half-light an altar —
A splash of white like faith in the shadows.
There seemed, too, to be candles on the altar.
Quickly the man opened the batten shutters,
And enough of the daylight was left to prove the altar
A goods box with a towel thrown over it
And the candles not candles at all
But gladiolus in a milk bottle.

It was their reading desk. Over it
Part of the ceiling had been torn away,
Leaving the bare pine rafters.
There were ten wooden benches and four kerosene lamps.
The man stood on the benches and lighted the lamps
With a carefully sheltered match, lifting
Each smoky chimney only high enough
To turn the wick, which gave a little dry squeak
When it was waked up — a surprised protest
When he said, as it were, 'Time to get up
And let your light shine!'

The light
Revealed shortcomings as it often does —
Whitewashed slabs and boards, once partly covered
With newspaper, now peeling off in hanging strips.
There was a lingering suggestion of boiled cabbage
In the remembering boards, mercifully modified
By the summer air.

As the congregation gathered,
The cabbage competed with soap and homemade starch,
Onions and cheap perfume and the perspiration
Of honest ploughing. There were a few young girls
With rouged cheeks. Most of the men were collarless
And in overalls, and most of the women carried fat infants
Or small children. They all strayed in, the women
Hanging behind in solemn, awkward self-consciousness.
A boy of five walked with the delighted importance
Of complete unrestraint up and down the benches,
Stepping over the backs from bench to bench.
Wheels rattled outside, and there swept up to the door,
With a chariot-like swoop and sudden shuddering stop,
A strange vehicle. It was the platform
Of a battered motor truck on which perched confidently
The wooden body of an old covered wagon.
The hoops that used to hold the sheltering canvas
Now rode upon the engine's power
Without responsibility, enjoying an unhampered view
As they arched naïvely over the occupants
Who were sitting in rather uncertain chairs.
The mother held a baby in her arms, the father
A small child, while three larger children
Sat flat in the straw of the wagon bed.
From the front seat climbed down two men and a woman.
They all filed into the cabin, leaving the pulseless truck
Deserted out under the gathering stars.

II

Just then Don Shipp walked in. He was dressed
Much as the others, but he brought a new thing
Into the room: an easy energy in his walk,
A flash from his smile — something that gave the gathering
An instant coherence.
When Don Shipp was born
He must have come trailing a little of Space behind him.
His father — grandson of a German cabin boy
Who came over with a merchant crew —
(They changed his German name to Shipp in honor of the voyage)
Had been a pioneer; had built his log cabin
Without a single nail, and had moved his furniture to it
By felling a small oak tree,
Chaining a yoke of oxen to its heavy end,
Nestling the mattress in its branches
And piling the furniture on the mattress,
Then zigzagging through the trails that he had cleared
Along the tops and sides of the ridges.
So Don had an inheritance.
'There's Mr. Shipp,'
Said Sid Reeves. Sid had gold teeth
And a heavy lock of straight brown hair
That kept falling over his forehead, and he wore
A bright plaid tie. He looked as though
He might be something of a dandy with the girls.
Bud Summers was sitting with him, and they
Had evidently struck a live topic.
'Hey, Don,
I jest ast Bud who was the two chief publicans
Mentioned in the New Testiment.'
'Hold on,' said Bud, not willing to give up.
'Lemme study a minute. Matthew was one, —
Wait, hold on, — Zacchæus was th' other'n.'
The nut was cracked and Bud subdued his satisfaction
With a jerk of his head. 'I knowed in reason I knowed 'em.
Say, Don, what was it you said a-Sunday
About the parable of the talents?'
Don held
The Adult Bible Class. 'What did you say
That one talent was?'
Don's deep blue eyes
Lighted with the zest of a teacher in his field of ease.
He turned to me in half apology.
'I'm an illiteral man,' he said simply,
'But this is the way hit seems to me to be.
The one talent is our chanst at salvation.

We all have a chanst to begin somewhurs.
We all have that to start with.
Ef we use it, hit increases five er ten.'

The room had filled up, and the preacher had come in,
Sleek of hair and cheek and looking too young,
But his confidence bespoke experience.
'Brothers an' sisters, le's all join in singin'
"Sin Is to Blame."'
                                        The little organ began its attempt
To master the tune. As the singing got under way,
Buck Nevins appeared suddenly in the door.
His powerful shoulders, heavy long black beard,
And almost fierce brown eyes
Suggested the physical force of a storm-cloud.
He paused, then made his way with a deliberate stride
To an empty place on the front seat.
Everybody knew that more than any man in the settlement
Buck Nevins was the slave of drink.
He beat his wife, terrorized his daughters,
And made his home so dangerous when sprees took him
That the neighbors always stood ready for their defense.

The singing finally crackled out like burning brush.
The preacher read from the Scriptures and then gave out his text:
'On such the second death hath no power.'
A baby began to wail disconsolately
As though he felt that he had been deceived.
The preacher, ignoring the impertinence of the protest,
Worked rather gradually toward more fervor
Until the 'Amens' and 'Lord save us'
Began to come satisfactorily from the floor,
Varied by shuddering sobs and groans.
'An' the lake of fire and brimstone, which is the second death,
Where the wicked shall burn for ever an' ever . . .'

Mose Billings said it was a powerful meetin'.
The preacher jumped so high he nearly hit the ceiling.
So ended the first night of the revival.

During the protracted meeting which followed
For seven days, Buck Nevins sat
On the front seat, trying to receive the spirit
Whereby he could be called to a profession of faith.
One after another the brethren prayed with him —
And his mother, his wife, his daughters.
He sat, his elbows on his knees, his head
Buried in his hands, stubbornly holding out,
Yet waiting with a miserable hope for the light to break.

On the sixth day, young Willowby Martin,
Who had spent his summers since boyhood
On the side of the mountain near Deep Creek
And had caught many a rainbow trout in the company
Of Buck Nevins, dropped in on his way for groceries
To see how the revival was progressing.
He slid into the back seat near the door
And meant to slip as quietly out within five minutes,
But the preacher spied him, and, coming down,
Leaned across the bench. 'Brother Martin,
Won't you come up and pray with Brother Nevins?'

Willowby knew he could n't have won a higher tribute
Than being regarded as one of them — a reward
That only unaffected genuineness can claim.
He followed the preacher up the aisle and sat down
Beside Buck, putting his arm around his shoulders.
'Buck,' he said gently with the utter simplicity
That made him what he was, and therefore loved,
'You know you want to be a better man,
And you know God can help you to do that.'

The next afternoon, the seventh day of the revival,
Just as the sinking sun was painting the sky
A smeared and brilliant saffron, and Willowby
Was staking his tomato plants, he looked up
To see Sid Reeves riding across the sunset,
His horse at a trot. He turned down the lane
And Willowby scented news on the breeze.
Sid reined in his horse abruptly
And the animal flourished to a sudden standstill,
His hoofs cutting into the soft ground.
'Buck Nevins has professed!' called Sid excitedly.

Two years later I was talking to Don Shipp
Out on the edge of his cornfield.
He had dropped the plough in the furrow and come forward,
Hand outstretched, with that rare smile of his
To welcome me, his small son stumbling over the ruts
With three-year-old determination, close behind.
We plunged into real things before we knew it.
Don is that kind of person.
'What about Buck Nevins?'
I asked. 'Did he stay sober?'
'Has n't drunk
A drop since. As good citizen as you'll find.
Yes — seein' the light's a real thing.
But — well, you know — you can't tell it to folks.'

'What do you think it is that does it?' I asked.
'The preacher — well — it is n't what he says, is it?'

Donald looked at me for a moment, a bright,
Clear, steady look. He was weighing something.
Then a wave of integrity swept through his face,
Flushing it pink to the roots of his thick hair,
And I knew I was going to get an answer
That came from a very deep well.

'Hit's the Word of God. Hit's that that does it.'

(More than his name leads me to think
That there's something of the Covenanter in Don too!)

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

I

HAGGERTY reluctantly turned his eyes from the chic lines of his new sedan. Well, not exactly his, but it would be as soon as the formality of note signing was over. Hitherto, Haggerty had been an eccentric buyer: he had always paid cash. So, in spite of his hurry, he read the installment papers with more than casual interest. Something slowed him up. He read again. 'Ah,' he said, 'no interest to pay? How's that, Britton?'

The manager explained. The time-payment price, he said, included 'carrying charges.'

'And how much,' asked Haggerty, 'might those charges be?'

The manager, looking a little bored, handed Mr. Haggerty a printed card. There was a cash price, a time price, and a monthly installment charge; but there was nothing about interest.

At the top of the card, however, printed in large type, was the legend: 'Our Rates Are Lower.' Haggerty read it thoughtfully.

'Britton,' he said to the impatient manager, 'you know that blank I signed, telling all about my job, the mortgage on my house, what I owe, and how much insurance I carry. I made a mistake in filling that out, brother. It just came to me. Maybe I'd better fix it now. It is a small matter, but I want to be just as much on the up-and-up as you are.'

'Sure,' said Britton, heartily. He wondered, with some amusement, if Haggerty had misstated his age. Whatever the mistake was, it took only a second to correct it. Smiling, Britton started to return the application blank to the file. Suddenly he checked like a pointer. 'Hey! What's this?'

'What's what?'

'You've inked out "Salary, $200 a month" and written in "My salary is higher." Higher than what?'

Haggerty yawned. 'How should I know? Higher than it would be if it were lower, maybe. Or maybe just higher than whatever it is your rates are lower than.'

'Now listen, Haggerty . . .'

'Listen yourself,' snapped his customer. 'Your rates are none of *my* business. Fine! Then my salary is none of yours. You make me hire a statistician to find out how much interest you charge. All right, hire yourself a detective to find out how many dollars I earn.'

II

No, Haggerty's full name and address will not be mailed on request. There are reasons. In the first place, Haggerty is averse to publicity. In the second place, Mrs. Haggerty, who belongs to the same bridge club as Mrs. Britton, would be embarrassed. And, in the third place, the incident never happened.

I do not describe it in the hope that some day it *may* happen; but, like the mother who told her children not to stuff beans up their noses, I do suggest certain possibilities.

These possibilities come not only to buyers of cars on installments, but also to buyers of refrigerators and encyclopædias and what not.

For instance, a prospective installment purchaser who had just taken his third salary cut might write on his credit application blank: 'Salary — grossly inadequate.' Or, if the purchaser was a secretary who did most of the work of the boss, she could write: 'Salary — about one tenth of what he owes me, the big loafer!' All sorts of interesting variations on this theme will occur to any purchaser who gives his mind to it.

Conceivably, the objection might be raised by dealers that such information affords no basis for the evaluation of credit risks. But 'Our rates are lower,' or 'Our rates are reasonable,' gives practically the same basis for comparison of credit charges. And if the automobile dealer or even the dealer in amazing encyclopædias felt an urge to know the buyer's resources, someone could be sent around to third-degree his employer. At first the sellers might resent this attitude on the part of buyers. Sellers might not take kindly to being told to find out the customers' resources the best way they could. But when it was pointed out to them that this is what prospective buyers are now forced to do about rates, they would see the merits of the plan. After all, it costs less to hire an industrious detective than it does to hire a competent statistician.

This interesting game of 'Now I'll tell one' can be played also with firms which sell furniture or radios or trips to Europe for a 'carrying charge' of '6 per cent.' It can even be played with banks which lend money to consumers, repayable in monthly installments, at an advertised rate of '6 per cent.'

In the case of the bank loan, the procedure might be as follows. The applicant for a loan earns, let us say, $1000 a year. After 'Annual salary' on the blank he should write '$2000.' At the next interview he should take a jocular attitude. 'Misrepresent!' he should exclaim, slapping the cross-examining vice president jovially on the back. 'Quit your joking. You did n't expect me to tell you my *real* salary, did you? Anyway, your rates are three times what you say they are. All *I* did was multiply my salary by two!'

Possibly the applicant would not get the loan; but at least the banker would get some insight into the meaning of Job's words: 'Now it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled.'

III

When a man buys goods on time, he is asked to make a complete statement of his income. This statement is duly checked. If an annual salary, stated as $2000, turned out on investigation to be an annual salary of $1000, the applicant for credit would be invited to explain. If he replied, naïvely, that he always thought of salary in terms of two years instead of one year, and that on this basis his statement was correct, he would be told, in no uncertain terms, that when a credit man says 'annual' he *means* 'annual.' Yet the same credit man, when he says '6 per cent,' does not mean 6 per cent per annum. He does not mean 6 per cent on the unpaid balance: he means 6 per cent on the original balance. If the original balance is $500, the average unpaid balance is approximately $250; the true annual rate on actual unpaid balances is therefore about 12 per cent.

If the applicant for credit who misstated his salary should explain that he made the misstatement, not to deceive, but to put his salary in terms more agreeable to the merchant or the banker, he would be regarded as a good candidate for psychopathic treatment, but not for credit extension. Yet many credit men, asked to explain 6 per cent which is not 6 per cent, reply blandly that buyers 'are used to 6 per cent.'

If the salary prevaricator, pressed further for a reason for his peculiar conduct, replied, 'Well, I said $2000 because, if I said only $1000, you would think my salary was too low,' that would be considered further proof that the prospective buyer was mentally down and out. Yet when the credit man, pressed for a reason for his evasion, says, in effect, 'If I stated our credit charge as 12 per cent, you would think it was too high,' he is considered, at least by his employer, as mentally up and coming.

Or, if the prospective purchaser pleaded that a man who stated his salary correctly might be arrested, the credit man, if he were as inquisitive as he is reputed to be, would want to know under what law. Yet the same credit man assures us that he is unable to state his terms correctly, lest his firm be convicted of usury; and it does not occur to us to ask under what statute this could occur. As a matter of fact, installment sellers could charge anywhere from 30 to 200 per cent — and state the terms correctly and openly — and still be safe from conviction for usury. For installment sellers, rightly or wrongly, operate under a law entirely different from that which covers other lenders of money. They may sell goods 'on whatever terms as to time and mode of payment' they choose; and under the law these terms, 'however unconscionable, shall not be construed as usurious.'

IV

The modern business man is not ruled by the slogan, 'Every man for himself and the bankruptcy court take the hindmost.' Because of a personal bias toward honesty for its own sake, or because of group pressure, the merchant is an honest man — at least, as long as he sticks to selling merchandise. The moment he starts selling the use of money, however, he sometimes descends, with breathtaking abandon, into the very pit from which he has laboriously climbed. He reverts to the otherwise outmoded doctrine of 'letting the buyer beware.'

He seems to regard reticence about rates, not as a mean attempt to keep borrowers in the dark, but as a benevolent device to save them pain. Not only has he a thousand ways of evading questions about rates, but he has another thousand ways of rationalizing the evasions.

If the merchant offered his pretty fables about rates as pure symbolism, there might be no objection to them. In fact, his attempt to keep us children as long as possible, and to protect us from the harsh realities of adult consumer-credit life, would be rather touching. If the '6 per cent carrying charge' on a refrigerator were offered in the same spirit as is the stork which adorns the infants' department and the Santa Claus who strolls among the Christmas toys, we might smile appreciatively. But when the merchant insists that a 6 per cent loan really brings electric refrigeration, he is carrying symbolism too far.

Well, 'what's to do about it?' — as the radio blithely inquires. We might do what the song just as blithely advises: 'Put out the lights and go to sleep.'

On the other hand, we might find it money in our pockets to wake up to one basic fact: 6 per cent installment credit is a myth, pure and simple. No merchant makes small loans, repayable in monthly installments, for 6 per cent. Moreover, until merchants can obtain capital for next to nothing, and hire bookkeepers and collectors at approximately the same rate, there is no reason why they should be expected to make 6 per cent loans. The case against installment sellers is not their failure to lend money at impossible rates. It is their pretense that they do achieve the impossible.

This pretense will continue as long as installment sellers fancy that it takes an exceptional mind to comprehend the necessary spread between retail and wholesale credit prices. Already merchants are aware that shoppers endure, without flinching, the knowledge that a few yards of silk at Gimbel's cost more per yard than a thousand yards of silk at Cheney Brothers' factory; but merchants do not believe that shoppers could bear, with equal fortitude, the news that a loan of $100 at Gluckstein's Department Store, repayable in ten monthly installments, costs more per dollar than a loan of $100,000 at the First National Bank, repayable in full at maturity. As consumers, our only hope of getting the truth about installment rates is to convince merchants that we are made of stern enough stuff to face the truth, and that we are fed up with '6 per cent,' 'lower,' and 'reasonable' substitutes.

If insistence on the bald facts necessarily results in a collapse of installment selling, the sooner the collapse occurs the better. If it results in a drop in the volume of installment loans, it might be a wholesome drop. The volume of stocks and bonds sold under the new *caveat venditor* law may not be as large as it was when 'to the best of our knowledge and belief' constituted a blanket release from responsibility for misstatement. But neither will the volume of losses of gullible investors be as large. The stopping of any abuse cuts down somebody's profits. But that is no reason for perpetuating the abuse.

As a matter of fact, an exact statement of credit rates would hurt only those merchants whose carrying charges are now trade scandals. Installment sellers as a group would find, as have the personal finance companies operating under the Small Loan Law, that to be truthful is not only self-respecting, but also profitable.

The Small Loan Law was drafted

primarily for the benefit of borrowers. The Russell Sage Foundation knew, however, that no law is beneficial to one group which is oppressive to another. Therefore, it proposed that lenders charge enough above operating costs to make a reasonable profit. In return, it demanded an equally frank admission of the borrower's right to know, at the outset, that small loans are more costly than large loans, and exactly how much more. As far as interest rates are concerned, the Small Loan Law allows about as much privacy to money lenders as a Times Square show window provides for the pretty girls who make cigarettes.

Lenders must state their maximum rates of 3½ per cent a month on actual unpaid balances. They may not charge an investigation fee. They may not make a charge for delinquencies. They may not deduct interest in advance. Yet apparently the personal finance companies, operating under this law in twenty-seven states and making an annual volume of loans of about $350,000,000, do not find this law oppressive.

Possibly installment charges need not be restricted by law, but certainly they should be stated openly, in monthly terms on actual unpaid balances. The installment principal changes monthly; an annual rate is therefore misleading. Nobody can compare 'lower,' or 'reasonable,' with '6 per cent.' But everybody knows the difference between 1 per cent and 2 per cent a month. What is more important, everybody knows the difference between 2 per cent a month and the 6 per cent a month which is often collected by installment booksellers, sewing-machine companies, and irresponsible agents of responsible financing corporations.

V

Why, after all, should merchants state the price of goods openly and resort to all sorts of subterfuges to conceal the price of money? Possibly the answer lies in the history of merchandising. In the beginning, the merchant was frankly a 'chiseler.' He used claws and fangs to get ahead. In his 'dickering' stage, he took the same pride in getting the better of a buyer that a prize fighter takes in throwing his opponent. As he advanced through the 'trade' stage to his present conception of 'service,' he accepted honesty as a policy. He has never accepted it as a principle, and he is still self-conscious about it even as a policy. He has a lingering suspicion that fairness to purchasers is a sign of weakness rather than of strength. To compensate for this 'weakness,' he is as hard-boiled in his buying as he fears himself to be soft in his selling. And whenever the opportunity arises in selling, he tends to revert to his old methods. Installment selling was a fine opportunity for such backsliding. So was the merchandising of securities by banks.

This will to conceal facts, for the sake of a supposed advantage, is a hangover of merchandising itself. It has nothing to do with the personal ethics of individual merchants. If sellers once got an old-fashioned Calvinistic 'conviction of sin,' they might be ready to throw the whole business of installment rates out into the light. Sunshine is the only therapy that is needed.

WIMPOLE STREET AND WHITECHAPEL

Flush: A Biography. III

BY VIRGINIA WOOLF

I

'THIS morning Arabel and I, and he with us,' Miss Barrett writes, 'went in a cab to Vere Street where we had a little business, and he followed us as usual into a shop and out of it again, and was at my heels when I stepped up into the carriage. Having turned, I said "Flush," and Arabel looked round for Flush — there was no Flush! He had been caught up in that moment, from *under* the wheels, do you understand?' Mr. Browning understood perfectly well. Miss Barrett had forgotten the chain; therefore Flush was stolen. Such, in the year 1846, was the law of Wimpole Street and its neighborhood.

Nothing, it is true, could exceed the apparent solidity and security of Wimpole Street itself. As far as an invalid could walk or a Bath chair could trundle, nothing met the eye but an agreeable prospect of four-storied houses, plate-glass windows, and mahogany doors. Even a carriage and pair, in the course of an afternoon's airing, need not, if the coachman were discreet, leave the limits of decorum and respectability. But if you were not an invalid, if you did not possess a carriage and pair, if you were — and many people were — active and able-bodied and fond of walking, then you might see sights and hear language and smell smells not a stone's throw from Wimpole Street that threw doubts upon the solidity even of Wimpole Street itself.

So Mr. Thomas Beames found when about this time he took it into his head to go walking about London. He was surprised; indeed he was shocked. Splendid buildings raised themselves in Westminster, yet just behind them were ruined sheds in which human beings lived herded together above herds of cows — 'two in each seven feet of space.' How could one describe politely a bedroom in which two or three families lived above a cowshed, when the cowshed had no ventilation, when the cows were milked and killed and eaten under the bedroom? That was a task, as Mr. Beames found when he came to attempt it, that taxed all the resources of the English language. And yet he felt that he ought to describe what he had seen in the course of an afternoon's walk through some of the most aristocratic parishes in London. The risk of typhus was so great. The rich could not know what dangers they were running. He could not altogether hold his tongue when he found what he did find in Westminster and Paddington and Marylebone.

For instance, here was an old mansion formerly belonging to some great nobleman. Relics of marble mantelpieces remained. The rooms were paneled and the banisters were carved, and yet the floors were rotten, the walls dripped with filth; hordes of half-naked men and women had taken up their lodging in the old banqueting halls. Then he walked on. Here an enterprising builder had pulled down the old family mansion. He had run up a jerry-built tenement house in its place. The rain dripped through the roof, and the wind blew through the walls. He saw a child dipping a can into a bright green stream and asked if they drank that water. Yes, and washed in it too, for the landlord only allowed water to be turned on twice a week. Such sights were the more surprising because one might come upon them in the most sedate and civilized quarters of London — 'the most aristocratic parishes have their share.'

Behind Miss Barrett's bedroom, for instance, was one of the worst slums in London. Mixed up with that respectability was this filth. But there were certain quarters, of course, which had long been given over to the poor and were left undisturbed. In Whitechapel, or in a triangular space of ground at the bottom of the Tottenham Court Road, poverty, vice, and misery had bred and seethed and propagated their kind for centuries without interference. A dense mass of aged buildings in St. Giles's was 'well-nigh a penal settlement, a pauper metropolis in itself.' Aptly enough, where the poor conglomerated thus, the settlement was called a Rookery. For there human beings swarmed on top of each other as rooks swarm on tree tops. Only the buildings here were not trees; they were hardly any longer buildings. They were cells of brick intersected by lanes which ran with filth.

All day the lanes buzzed with half-dressed human beings; at night there poured back again into the stream the thieves, beggars, and prostitutes who had been plying their trade in the West End. The police could do nothing. No single wayfarer could do anything except hurry through as fast as he could and perhaps drop a hint, as Mr. Beames did, with many quotations, evasions, and euphemisms, that all was not quite as it should be. Cholera would inevitably come, and perhaps the hint that cholera would give would not be quite so evasive.

II

But in the summer of 1846 that hint had not yet been given, and the only safe course for those who lived in Wimpole Street and its neighborhood was to keep strictly within the respectable area and to lead your dog on a chain. If one forgot, as Miss Barrett forgot, one paid the penalty, as Miss Barrett was now to pay it. The terms upon which Wimpole Street lived cheek by jowl with St. Giles's were laid down. St. Giles's stole what St. Giles's could; Wimpole Street paid what Wimpole Street must. Thus Arabel at once 'began to comfort me by showing how certain it was that I should recover him for ten pounds at most.' Ten pounds, it was reckoned, was about the price that Mr. Taylor would ask for a cocker spaniel.

Mr. Taylor was the head of the gang. As soon as a lady in Wimpole Street lost her dog she went to Mr. Taylor; he named his price, and it was paid; or, if not, a brown paper parcel was delivered in Wimpole Street a few days later containing the head and paws of the dog. Such, at least, had been the experience of a lady in the neighborhood who had tried to make terms with Mr. Taylor.

But Miss Barrett, of course, intended to pay. Therefore when she got home she told her brother Henry, and Henry went to see Mr. Taylor that afternoon. He found him 'smoking a cigar in a room with pictures' — Mr. Taylor was said to make an income of two or three thousand a year out of the dogs of Wimpole Street — and Mr. Taylor promised that he would confer with his 'Society' and that the dog would be returned next day. Vexatious as it was, and especially annoying at a moment when Miss Barrett needed all her money, such were the inevitable consequences of forgetting in 1846 to keep one's dog on a chain.

III

But for Flush things were very different. Flush, Miss Barrett reflected, 'does n't know that we can recover him'; Flush had never mastered the principles of human society. 'All this night he will howl and lament, I know perfectly,' Miss Barrett wrote to Mr. Browning on the afternoon of Tuesday, September the first.

But while Miss Barrett wrote to Mr. Browning Flush was going through the most terrible experience of his life. He was bewildered in the extreme. One moment he was in Vere Street, among ribbons and laces; the next he was tumbled head over heels into a bag, jolted rapidly across streets, and at length was tumbled out — here.

He found himself in complete darkness. He found himself in chillness and dampness. As his giddiness left him he made out a few shapes in a low dark room — broken chairs, a tumbled mattress. Then he was seized and tied tightly by the leg to some obstacle. Something sprawled on the floor — whether beast or human being he could not tell. Great boots and draggled skirts kept stumbling in and out. Flies buzzed on scraps of old meat that were decaying on the floor. Children crawled out from dark corners and pinched his ears.

He whined, and a heavy hand beat him over the head. He cowered down on the few inches of damp brick against the wall. Now he could see that the floor was crowded with animals of different kinds. Dogs tore and worried a festering bone that they had got between them. Their ribs stood out from their coats, — they were half-famished, dirty, diseased, uncombed, unbrushed, — yet all of them, Flush could see, were dogs of the highest breeding, chained dogs, footmen's dogs, like himself.

He lay, not daring even to whimper, hour after hour. Thirst was his worst suffering; but one sip of the thick greenish water that stood in a pail near him disgusted him; he would rather die than drink another. Yet a majestic greyhound was drinking greedily. Whenever the door was kicked open he looked up. Miss Barrett — was it Miss Barrett? Had she come at last? But it was only a hairy ruffian, who kicked them all aside and stumbled to a broken chair upon which he flung himself.

Then gradually the darkness thickened. He could scarcely make out what shapes those were, on the floor, on the mattress, on the broken chairs. A stump of candle was stuck on the ledge over the fireplace. A flare burnt in the gutter outside. By its flickering, coarse light Flush could see terrible faces passing outside, leering at the window. Then in they came, until the small crowded room became so crowded that he had to shrink back and lie even closer against the wall. These horrible monsters — some were ragged, others were flaring with paint and feathers — squatted on the floor, hunched themselves over the table. They began to drink, they cursed and struck each other. Out tumbled, from the bags that were dropped on the floor, more dogs — lap dogs, setters, pointers with their collars still on them; and a giant cockatoo that flustered and dashed its way from corner to corner shrieking 'Pretty Poll, Pretty Poll,' but with an accent that would have terrified its mistress, a widow in Maida Vale.

Then the women's bags were opened, and out were tossed on to the table bracelets and rings and brooches such as Flush had seen Miss Barrett wear, and Miss Henrietta. The demons pawed and clawed them; cursed and quarreled over them. The dogs barked. The children shrieked and the splendid cockatoo — such a bird as Flush had often seen pendent in a Wimpole Street window — shrieked 'Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!' faster and faster until a slipper was thrown and struck it on the head and it flapped its great yellow-stained dove-gray wings in frenzy. Then the candle toppled over and fell. The room was dark. It grew steadily hotter and hotter; the smell, the heat, were unbearable. Flush's nose burnt; his coat twitched. And still Miss Barrett did not come.

Lying on her sofa in Wimpole Street, Miss Barrett thought of Flush with concern, but she was not seriously alarmed. Of course Flush would suffer; he would whine and bark all night; but it was only a question of a few hours. Mr. Taylor would name his sum; she would pay it; Flush would be returned.

IV

The morning of Wednesday, September the second, dawned in the rookeries of Whitechapel. The broken windows gradually became smeared with gray. Light fell upon the hairy faces of ruffians lying sprawled upon the floor. Flush woke from a trance that had veiled his eyes, and once more realized the truth. This was now the truth — this room, these ruffians, these whining, snapping, tightly tethered dogs, this murk, this dampness. Could it be true that he had been in a shop, with ladies, among ribbons, only yesterday? Was there such a place as Wimpole Street? Was there a room where fresh water sparkled in a purple jar; had he lain on cushions; had he been given a chicken's wing nicely roasted; and had he been torn with rage and jealousy and bitten a man with yellow gloves? The whole of that life, and its emotions, now floated away into the furthest mist.

Here, as the dusty light filtered in, a woman heaved herself off a sack and staggered out to fetch beer. The drinking and the cursing began again. A fat woman held him up by his ears and pinched his ribs and some odious joke was made about him — there was a roar of laughter as she threw him on the floor again.

The door was kicked open and banged to. Whenever that happened he looked up. Was it Wilson? Could it possibly be Mr. Browning? Or Miss Barrett? But no — it was only another thief, another murderer; he cowered back at the mere sight of those draggled skirts, of those hard, heavy boots. Once he tried to gnaw a bone that was hurled his way. But his teeth could not meet in stony flesh, and the rank smell disgusted him. His thirst increased and he was forced to lap a little of the green water that had been spilt from the pail.

But as Wednesday wore on and he became hotter and more parched and still more sore, lying on the broken boards, one thing merged in another. He scarcely noticed what was happening. It was only when the door opened that he raised his head and looked. No, it was not Miss Barrett.

Miss Barrett, lying on the sofa in Wimpole Street, was becoming anxious. There was some hitch in the proceedings. Taylor had promised that he would go down to Whitechapel on

Wednesday afternoon and confer with 'the Society.' Yet Wednesday afternoon, Wednesday evening, passed and still Taylor did not come. This could only mean, she supposed, that the price was going to be raised — which was inconvenient enough at the moment. Still, of course, she would have to pay it. 'I must have my Flush, you know,' she wrote to Mr. Browning. 'I can't run any risk and bargain and haggle.' So she lay on the sofa writing to Mr. Browning and listening for a knock at the door. But Wilson came up with the letters; Wilson came up with the hot water. It was time for bed and Flush had not come.

V

Thursday, the third of September, dawned in Whitechapel. The door opened and shut. The red setter who had been whining all night beside Flush on the floor was hauled off by a ruffian in a moleskin vest — to what fate? Was it better to be killed or to stay here? Which was worse — this life or that death? The racket, the hunger and the thirst, the reeking smells of the place, — and once, Flush remembered, he had detested the scent of eau de Cologne, — were fast obliterating any clear image, any single desire.

Fragments of old memories began turning in his head. Was that the voice of old Dr. Mitford shouting in the field? Was that Kerenhappoch gossiping with the baker at the door? There was a rustling in the room, and he thought he heard Miss Mitford tying up a bunch of geraniums. But it was only the wind — for it was stormy to-day — battering at the brown paper in the broken windowpane. It was only some drunken voice raving in the gutter. It was only the old hag in the corner mumbling on and on and on as she fried a herring in a pan over a fire. He had been forgotten and deserted. No help was coming. No voice spoke to him — the parrots cried, 'Pretty Poll, Pretty Poll,' and the canaries kept up their senseless cheeping and chirping.

Then again evening darkened the room; the candle was stuck in its saucer; the coarse light flared outside; hordes of sinister men with bags on their backs, and garish women with painted faces, began to shuffle in at the door and to fling themselves down on the broken beds and tables. Another night had folded its blackness over Whitechapel. And the rain dripped steadily through a hole in the roof and drummed into a pail that had been stood to catch it. Miss Barrett had not come.

VI

Thursday dawned in Wimpole Street. There was no sign of Flush — no message from Taylor. Miss Barrett was very much alarmed. She made inquiries. She summoned her brother Henry, and cross-examined him. She found out that he had tricked her. 'The archfiend' Taylor had come the night before. He had stated his terms — six guineas for the Society and half a guinea for himself. But Henry, instead of telling her, had told Mr. Barrett, with the result, of course, that Mr. Barrett had ordered him not to pay, and to conceal the visit from his sister.

Miss Barrett was 'very vexed and angry.' She bade her brother go at once to Mr. Taylor and pay the money. Henry refused and 'talked of Papa.' But it was no use talking of Papa, she protested. While they talked of Papa, Flush would be killed. She made up her mind. If Henry would not go, she would go herself. 'If people won't do as I choose, I shall go down to-morrow morning, and bring Flush back with me,' she wrote to Mr. Browning.

But Miss Barrett now found that it was easier to say this than to do it. It was almost as difficult for her to go to Flush as for Flush to go to her. All Wimpole Street was against her. The news that Flush was stolen and that Taylor demanded a ransom was now public property. Wimpole Street was determined to make a stand against Whitechapel. Blind Mr. Boyd sent word that in his opinion it would be 'an awful sin' to pay the ransom. Her father and her brother were in league against her and were capable of any treachery in the interests of their class.

But worst of all — far the worst — Mr. Browning himself threw all his weight, all his eloquence, all his learning, all his logic, on the side of Wimpole Street and against Flush. If Miss Barrett gave way to Taylor, he wrote, she was giving way to tyranny; she was giving way to blackmailers; she was increasing the power of evil over right, of wickedness over innocence. If she gave Taylor his ten pounds, 'how will the poor owners fare who have not money enough for their dogs' redemption?' His imagination took fire; he imagined what he would say if Taylor asked him even for five shillings; he would say, '*You* are responsible for the proceedings of your gang, and *you* I mark — don't talk nonsense to me about cutting off heads or paws. Be as sure as that I stand here and tell you, I will spend my whole life in putting you down, the nuisance you declare yourself — and by every imaginable means I will be the death of you and as many of your accomplices as I can discover — but *you* I have discovered and will never lose sight of. . . .'

So Mr. Browning would have answered Taylor if he had had the good fortune to meet that gentleman. For indeed, he went on, catching a later post with a second letter that same Thursday afternoon, 'it is horrible to fancy how all the oppressors in their several ranks may, if they choose, twitch back to them by the heartstrings after various modes the weak and silent whose secret they have found out.' He did not blame Miss Barrett — nothing she did could be anything but perfectly right, perfectly acceptable to him. Still, he continued on Friday morning, 'I think it lamentable weakness. . . . If you encourage Taylor who steals dogs, you encourage Mr. Barnard Gregory who steals characters. Indirectly, you are responsible for all the wretches who cut their throats and fly the country because some blackmailer like Barnard Gregory takes down a directory and blasts the character even of so poor a creature as the Duke of Brunswick. But all religion, right, and justice seem implied in such a resistance to wickedness.' So Mr. Browning stormed and vociferated from New Cross twice daily.

Lying on her sofa, Miss Barrett read the letters. How easy it would have been to yield — how easy it would have been to say, 'Your good opinion is worth more to me than a hundred cocker spaniels.' How easy it would have been to sink back on her pillows and sigh, 'I am a weak woman; I know nothing of law and justice; decide for me.' She had only to refuse to pay the ransom; she had only to defy Taylor and his Society. And if Flush were killed, if the dreadful parcel came and she opened it and out dropped his head and paws, there was Robert Browning by her side to assure her that she had done right and earned his respect. But Miss Barrett was not to be intimidated. Miss Barrett took up her pen and refuted Robert Browning. It was all very well, she said, to quote Donne; to cite the case of Gregory; to invent spirited replies to Mr. Taylor — she would have done the same had Taylor struck her; had Gregory de-famed her; would that they had! But what would Mr. Browning have done if the banditti had stolen her; had her in their power; threatened to cut off her ears and send them by post to New Cross? Whatever he would have done, her mind was made up. Flush was helpless. Her duty was to him. 'But Flush, poor Flush, who has loved me so faithfully; have I a right to sacrifice *him* in his innocence, for the sake of any Mr. Taylor's guilt in the world?' Whatever Mr. Browning might say, she was going to rescue Flush, even if she went down into the jaws of Whitechapel to fetch him, even if Robert Browning despised her for doing so.

VII

On Saturday, therefore, with Mr. Browning's letter lying open on the table before her, she began to dress. She read his 'one word more — in all this, I labor against the execrable policy of the world's husbands, fathers, brothers, and domineerers in general.' So, if she went to Whitechapel she was siding against Robert Browning, and in favor of fathers, brothers, and domineerers in general. Still, she went on dressing. A dog howled in the mews. It was tied up, helpless in the power of cruel men. It seemed to her to cry, as it howled, 'Think of Flush.' She put on her shoes, her cloak, her hat. She glanced at Mr. Browning's letter once more. 'I am about to marry you,' she read. Still the dog howled. She left her room and went downstairs.

Henry Barrett met her and told her that in his opinion she might well be robbed and murdered if she did what she threatened. She told Wilson to call a cab. All trembling but submissive, Wilson obeyed. The cab came. Miss Barrett told Wilson to get in. Wilson, though convinced that death awaited her, obeyed. Miss Barrett told the cabman to drive to Manning Street, Shoreditch. She got in herself and off they drove.

Soon they were beyond plate-glass windows, the mahogany doors, and the area railings. They were in a world that Miss Barrett had never seen, had never guessed at. They were in a world where cows are herded under the bedroom floor, where whole families sleep in rooms with broken windows; in a world where water is turned on only twice a week, in a world where vice and poverty breed vice and poverty. They had come to a region unknown to respectable cab drivers. The cab stopped; the driver asked his way at a public house. Out came two or three men. 'Oh, you want to find Mr. Taylor, I dare say!' In this mysterious world a cab with two ladies could only come upon one errand, and that errand was already known. It was sinister in the extreme.

One of the men ran into a house, and came out saying that Mr. Taylor 'waan't at home! But would n't I get out?' Wilson, 'in an aside of terror, entreated me not to think of such a thing.' A gang of men and boys pressed round the cab. 'Then would n't I see Mrs. Taylor?' the man asked. Miss Barrett did not want to see Mrs. Taylor; but now an immense fat woman came out of the house, 'fat enough to have had an easy conscience all her life,' and informed Miss Barrett that her husband was out, — 'might be in in a few minutes, or in so many hours — would n't I like to get out and wait?'

Wilson tugged at her gown. Imagine waiting in the house of that woman! It was bad enough to sit in the cab with the gang of men and boys pressing round them. So Miss Barrett parleyed with the 'immense feminine bandit' from the cab. She said Mr. Taylor had her dog; Mr. Taylor had promised to restore her dog; would Mr. Taylor bring her dog back to Wimpole Street for certain that very day?

'Oh yes, certainly,' said the fat woman with the most gracious of smiles. She did believe that Taylor had left home precisely on that business. And she 'poised her head to right and left with the most easy grace.'

So the cab turned round and left Manning Street, Shoreditch. Wilson was of opinion that 'we had escaped with our lives barely.' Miss Barrett herself had been alarmed. 'Plain enough it was that the gang was strong there. The society, the "Fancy" . . . had their roots in the ground.' Her mind teemed with thoughts, her eyes were full of pictures. This, then, was what lay on the other side of Wimpole Street — these faces, these houses. She had seen more while she sat in the cab at the public house than she had seen during the five years that she had lain in the back bedroom at Wimpole Street. 'The faces of those men!' she exclaimed. They were branded on her eyeballs. They stimulated her imagination as 'the divine marble presences,' the busts on the bookcase, had never stimulated it. Here lived women like herself; while she lay on her sofa, reading, writing, they lived thus.

But the cab was now trundling along between four-storied houses again. Here were the familiar doors and windows, the avenue of pointed brick, the brass knockers, the white curtains. Here was Wimpole Street, and number fifty. Wilson sprang out — with what relief to find herself in safety can be imagined. But Miss Barrett, perhaps, hesitated a moment. She still saw 'the faces of those men.' They were to come before her again years later when she was sitting on a sunny balcony in Italy. They were to inspire the most vivid passages in *Aurora Leigh*. But now the butler had opened the door, and she went upstairs to her room again.

VIII

Saturday was the fifth day of Flush's imprisonment. Almost exhausted, almost hopeless, he lay panting in his dark corner of the teeming floor. Doors slammed and banged. Rough voices cried. Women screamed. Parrots chattered as they had chattered to widows in Maida Vale, but now evil old women merely cursed at them. Insects crawled in his fur, but he was too weak, too indifferent, to shake his coat.

All Flush's past life and its many scenes — Reading, the greenhouse, Miss Mitford, Mr. Kenyon, the bookcases, the busts, the peasants on the blind — had faded like snowflakes dissolved in a cauldron. If he still held to hope, it was to something nameless and formless; the featureless face of someone he still called 'Miss Barrett.' She still existed; all the rest of the world was gone; but she still existed, though such gulfs lay between them that it was impossible, almost, that she should reach him still. Darkness began to fall again, such darkness as seemed almost able to crush out his last hope — Miss Barrett.

In truth, the forces of Wimpole Street were still even at this last moment battling to keep Flush and Miss Barrett apart. On Saturday afternoon she lay and waited for Taylor to come, as the immensely fat woman had promised. At last he came, but he had not brought the dog. He sent up a message — let Miss Barrett pay him six guineas on the spot, and he would go straight to Whitechapel and fetch the dog 'on his word of honor.' What 'the archfiend' Taylor's word of honor might be worth, Miss Barrett could not say; but 'there seemed no other way for it'; Flush's life was at stake; she counted out the guineas and sent them down to Taylor in the passage.

But as ill luck would have it, as Taylor waited in the passage among the umbrellas, the engravings, the pile carpet, and other valuable objects, Alfred Barrett came in. The sight of the archfiend Taylor actually in the house made him lose his temper. He burst into a rage. He called him 'a swindler, and a liar and a thief.' Thereupon Mr. Taylor cursed him back. What was far worse, he swore that 'as he hoped to be saved, we should never see our dog again,' and rushed out of the house. Next morning, then, the bloodstained parcel would arrive.

Miss Barrett flung on her clothes again and rushed downstairs. Where was Wilson? Let her call a cab. She was going back to Shoreditch instantly. Her family came running to prevent her. It was getting dark. She was exhausted already. The adventure was risky enough for a man in health. For her it was madness. So they told her. Her brothers, her sisters, all came round her threatening her, dissuading her, 'crying out against me for being "quite mad" and obstinate and willful — I was called as many names as Mr. Taylor.'

But she stood her ground. At last they realized the extent of her folly. Whatever the risk might be, they must give way to her. Septimus promised if Ba would return to her room 'and be in good humor' he would go to Taylor's himself, and pay the money and bring back the dog.

IX

So the dusk of the fifth of September faded into the blackness of night in Whitechapel. The door of the room was once more kicked open. A hairy man hauled Flush by the scruff of his neck out of his corner. Looking up into the hideous face of his old enemy, Flush did not know whether he was being taken to be killed or to be freed. Save for one phantom memory, he did not care. The man stooped. What were those great fingers fumbling at his throat for? Was it a knife he felt there or a chain? Stumbling, half blinded, on legs that staggered, Flush was led out into the open air.

In Wimpole Street, Miss Barrett could not eat her dinner. Was Flush dead, or was Flush alive? She did not know. At eight o'clock there was a rap on the door; it was the usual letter from Mr. Browning. But as the door opened to admit the letter, something rushed in also: Flush. He made straight for his purple jar. It was filled three times over; and still he drank. Miss Barrett watched the dazed, bewildered, dirty dog, drinking. 'He was not so enthusiastic about seeing me as I expected,' she remarked. No, there was only one thing in the world he wanted — clean water.

After all, Miss Barrett had but glanced at the faces of those men for ten minutes from a cab and yet she remembered them all her life. Flush had lain at their mercy, in their midst, for five whole days. Now, as he lay on cushions once more, cold water was the only thing that seemed to have any reality. He drank continually.

The old gods of the bedroom — the bookcase, the wardrobe, the busts — seemed to have lost their substance. This room was no longer the whole world; it was only a shelter, a dell arched over by one trembling dock leaf in a forest where wild beasts prowled and venomous snakes coiled, where behind every tree lurked a murderer ready to pounce. As he lay dazed and exhausted on the sofa at Miss Barrett's feet the howls of tethered dogs, the screams of birds in terror, still sounded in his ears. When the door opened he started, expecting a hairy man with a knife — it was only Mr. Kenyon with a book — it was only Mr. Browning with his yellow gloves.

But he shrank away from Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Browning now. He trusted them no longer. Behind those smiling, friendly faces were treachery, cruelty, and deceit. Their caresses were hollow. He dreaded even walking with Wilson to the pillar box. He would not stir without his chain. When they said, 'Poor Flush, did the naughty men take you away?' he put up his head and moaned and yelled. A whip cracking sent him bolting down the area steps into safety.

Indoors he crept closer to Miss Barrett on the sofa. She alone had not deserted him. He still kept some faith in her. Exhausted, trembling, dirty, and very thin, he lay on the sofa at her feet.

X

As the days passed and the memory of Whitechapel grew fainter, Flush, lying close to Miss Barrett on the sofa, read her feelings more clearly than ever before. They had been parted, and now they were together. Indeed, they had never been so much akin. Every start she gave, every movement she made, passed through him too. And she seemed now to be perpetually starting and moving. The delivery of a parcel even made her jump. She opened the parcel; with trembling fingers she took out a pair of thick boots. She hid them instantly in the corner of the cupboard. Then she lay down as if nothing had happened, yet something had happened.

When they were alone, she rose and took a diamond necklace from a drawer. She took out the box that held Mr. Browning's letters. She laid the boots, the necklace, and the letters all in a carpet box together, and then — as if she heard a step on the stair — she pushed the box under the bed and lay down hastily, covering herself with her shawl again.

Such signs of secrecy and stealth must herald, Flush felt, some approaching crisis. Were they about to fly together? Were they about to escape together from this awful world of dog stealers and tyrants? Oh, that it were possible! He trembled and whined with excitement; but in her low voice Miss Barrett bade him be quiet; and instantly he was quiet. She was very quiet too. She lay perfectly still on the sofa directly any of her brothers or sisters came in; she lay and talked to Mr. Barrett as she always lay and talked to Mr. Barrett.

But on Saturday, the twelfth of September, Miss Barrett did what Flush had never known her do before. She dressed herself as if to go out directly after breakfast. Moreover, as he watched her dress, Flush knew perfectly well from the expression on her face that he was not to go with her. She was bound on secret business of her own. Her face was fixed and strange. At ten, Wilson came into the room. She also was dressed as if for a walk. They went out together; and Flush lay on the sofa and waited for their return.

An hour or so later Miss Barrett came back alone. She did not look at him; she seemed to notice nothing. She drew off her gloves and for a moment he saw a gold band shine on one of the fingers of her left hand. Then he saw her slip the ring from her hand and hide it in the darkness of a drawer. Then she laid herself down as usual on the sofa. He lay by her side scarcely daring to breathe, for whatever had happened — and something had happened — it must at all costs be concealed.

At all costs the life of the bedroom must go on as usual. Yet everything was different. The very movement of the blind as it drew in and out seemed to Flush like a signal. And as the lights and shadows passed over the busts they too seemed to be hinting and beckoning. Everything in the room seemed to be aware of change; to be prepared for some event. And yet all was silent; all was concealed. The brothers and sisters came in and out as usual; Mr. Barrett came as usual in the evening. He looked as usual to see that the chop was finished, the wine drunk. Miss Barrett talked and laughed and gave no sign when anyone was in the room that she was hiding anything. Yet when they were alone she pulled out the box from under the bed and filled it hastily, stealthily, listening as she did so. And the signs of strain were unmistakable. On Sunday the church bells were ringing. 'What bells are those?' somebody asked. 'Marylebone Church bells,' said Miss Henrietta. Miss Barrett, Flush saw, went deadly white. But nobody else noticed anything.

XI

So Monday passed, and Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday. Over them all lay a blanket of silence, of eating and talking and lying still on the sofa as usual. Flush, tossing in uneasy sleep, dreamt that they were couched together under ferns and leaves in a vast forest; then the leaves were parted and he woke. It was dark; but in the darkness he saw Wilson come stealthily into the room, and take the box from beneath the bed and quietly carry it outside. This was on Friday night, the eighteenth of September.

All Saturday morning he lay as one lies who knows that at any moment now a handkerchief may drop, a low whistle may sound and the signal will be given for death or for life. He watched Miss Barrett dress herself. At a quarter to four the door opened and Wilson came in. Then the signal was given — Miss Barrett lifted him in her arms. She rose and walked to the door. For a moment they stood looking round the room. There was the sofa, and by it Mr. Browning's armchair. There were the busts and the tables. The sun filtered through the ivy leaves, and the blind with peasants walking blew gently out. All was as usual. All seemed to expect a million more such moments to come to them; but for Miss Barrett and Flush this was the last. Very quietly Miss Barrett shut the door.

Very quietly they slipped downstairs, past the drawing-room, past the library, past the dining room. All looked as they usually looked; smelt as they usually smelt; all were quiet as if sleeping in the hot September afternoon. On the mat in the hall Catiline lay sleeping too. They gained the front door and very quietly turned the handle. A cab was waiting outside.

'To Hodgsons,' said Miss Barrett. She spoke almost in a whisper. Flush sat on her knee very still. Not for anything in the whole world would he have broken that tremendous silence.

XII

Then followed hours, days, weeks, it seemed, of darkness and rattling; of sudden lights; and then long tunnels of gloom; of being flung this way and that; of being hastily lifted out for a run and seeing Miss Barrett's face close and thin trees and lines and rails and high light-specked houses — for it was the barbarous custom of railways in those days to make dogs travel in boxes. Yet Flush was not afraid; they were escaping; they were leaving tyrants and dog stealers behind them. Rattle, grind, grind, rattle as much as you like, he murmured, as the train flung him this way and that; only let us leave Wimpole Street and Whitechapel behind us.

At last the light broadened; the rattling stopped. He heard birds singing and the sigh of trees in the wind. Or was it the rush of water? Opening his eyes at last, shaking his coat at last, he saw — the most astonishing sight conceivable. There was Miss Barrett on a rock in the midst of rushing waters. Trees bent over her. The river spread round her. She must be in peril. With one bound Flush splashed through the stream and reached her. '. . . He is baptized in Petrarch's name,' said Miss Barrett as he clambered on to the rock by her side. For they were at Vaucluse; she had perched herself upon a stone in the middle of Petrarch's fountain.

Then there was more rattling and grinding; and then again he was stood down on a stable floor; the darkness opened; light poured over him; he found himself alive, awake, bewildered, standing on reddish tiles in a vast, bare room flooded with sunshine. He ran hither and thither smelling and touching. There was no carpet, no fireplace. There were no sofas, no armchairs, no bookcases, no busts. Pungent and unfamiliar smells tickled his nostrils and made him sneeze. The light, infinitely sharp and clear, dazzled his eyes. He had never been in a room — if this were indeed a room — that was so hard, so bright, so big, so empty. Miss Barrett looked smaller than ever sitting on a chair by a table in the midst.

Then Wilson took him out of doors. He found himself almost blinded, first by the Italian sun, then by the shadow. One half of the street was burning hot; the other bitterly cold. Women went by wrapped in furs, yet they carried parasols to shade their heads. And the street was dry as bone. Though it was now the middle of November, there was neither mud nor puddle to wet his paws or clot their feathers. There were no areas and no railings. There was none of that heady confusion of smells that made a walk down Wimpole Street or Oxford Street so distracting. On the other hand the strange new smells that came from sharp stone corners, from dry yellow walls, were extraordinarily pungent and queer. Then from behind a black swinging curtain came an astonishing sweet smell, wafted in clouds; he stopped, his paws raised, to savor it; he made to follow it inside; he pushed in beneath the curtain. He had one glimpse of a booming light-sprinkled hall, very high and hollow; and then Wilson, with a cry of horror, jerked him smartly back.

They went on down the street again. The noise of the street was deafening. Everybody seemed to be shouting shrilly at the same moment. Instead of the solid and soporific hum of London there were a rattling and a crying, a jingling and a shouting, a cracking of whips and a jangling of bells. Flush leapt and jumped this way and that, and so did Wilson. They were forced on and off the pavement twenty times, to avoid a cart, a bullock, a troop of soldiers, a drove of goats. He felt younger, safer, spryer than he had done these many years.

Dazzled, yet exhilarated, he sank on the reddish tiles and slept more soundly than he had ever slept in the back bedroom at Wimpole Street upon pillows.

(*To be continued*)

CRIMINAL LAW IN ACTION

I. The Lawyers

BY JOHN BARKER WAITE

I

THOUGH the state's attorney opens a criminal trial, the defendant's counsel determines its character. For that reason, I consider first the counsel for the defense.

A young attorney freshly out of law school was defending a colored man accused of burglary. The state offered evidence to the effect that a policeman, seeing dim figures in a clothing store at night, had entered the broken rear door, had pursued the intruders out of the front door, across a bridge, and on to a slowly moving freight train, where he had succeeded in arresting one of them; that old clothes of a size to fit the arrested man had been found on the floor of the store, and that, when captured, he was wearing new clothes, with price tags still on them, which had been taken from the store. The state then rested its case. The situation looked hopeless for the defendant. The evidence was so clear that even his attorney could not pretend to the slightest doubt of his guilt. Conviction was clearly a matter of routine.

It happened, however, that not one word had appeared in the evidence to connect the defendant with the transaction. The Negro who had been arrested had committed the burglary — that was quite indisputable; and everyone knew by inference that the colored defendant was the man who had been arrested. But no witness had said, directly or indirectly, that the defendant *was* the arrested man. In the absence of such evidence, no conviction could stand. Obviously it would be improper to convict the defendant of burglary merely because the crime had been committed by some person whom the police had arrested, without any proof that he was that person.

The prosecuting attorney was oblivious of his failure to prove the case. The defense attorney, realizing the situation, was in a quandary as to his proper course of action. He could let the case go to the jury without putting his client on the witness stand, and without saying anything about the lack of evidence. The jury would undoubtedly convict. Thereafter the defendant could demand a new trial, on the ground that the evidence in the first trial had been insufficient to warrant conviction. The stenographic record of testimony would show conclusively that no one had pointed out the defendant as the burglar, and it would then be too late to add further testimony. The conviction would undoubtedly be set aside and a new trial ordered.

Perhaps nothing would be gained for the defense by handling the situation in this way. The state undoubtedly had the necessary evidence and had merely forgotten to introduce it. But a new trial would mean delay, and, during the interval, something advantageous to the defendant might occur. The arresting policeman might die, in which event the state would possibly be unable to prove its case. Certainly delay *might* profit the defendant, and it could not prejudice him.

The attorney's alternative course was to point out at once the lack of evidence, and to ask that the jury be ordered to acquit the defendant on that ground. The state would thereupon ask leave to reopen its case for the purpose of putting in its evidence. The judge would of course give the permission, the evidence would be produced, and the jury would bring in a verdict of guilty which could not be successfully attacked. After some cogitation, the young lawyer adopted this course, and his client was promptly and properly convicted.

Many years later that attorney related this experience to an older lawyer whose remarkable success in the defense of persons accused of crime had brought him considerable fame, and — what is more notable — whose reputation for probity was unimpeachable. The old lawyer's reaction was vigorous. 'Do you mean to tell me,' he said, 'that you deliberately permitted a valid conviction when you could have got a conviction that would have been reversed on appeal? That is outrageous. You should have been disbarred for breach of duty to a client!'

This, I think, is typical of the attitude of even the best criminal lawyers. Indeed, it is the attitude which a criminal lawyer must assume if he expects any income from his practice. The attorney who can save only the innocent from punishment will have few clients. Even an innocent man feels safer in the hands of a lawyer skillful enough to protect the guilty as well. But when I say that a criminal lawyer's prosperity depends on success in saving the guilty as well as the innocent, I do not say that he must necessarily be dishonest. The most successful criminal lawyer I know is also one of the most honorable of men. It is a question of philosophy as to the purpose of legal rules.

No man who disputes his guilt can properly be punished without a fair trial and an unprejudiced determination of the facts. He is entitled to an unbiased jury, to a searching examination of the truth of the state's evidence, to full presentation of everything which would tend to prove his innocence, to proper observation of those rules of evidence whose object is to prevent verdicts based upon emotion rather than upon truth. To this end he is entitled to the aid of a trained lawyer, and the law gives him the right to have his case reviewed by an appellate court, so that the fairness of his conviction may be finally established. That his own attorney may believe him guilty does not derogate from these rights. A lawyer, in this country, has the privilege of refusing to represent a client whom he believes to be guilty, but he cannot constitute himself judge and jury. Every man who desires it is entitled to trial according to the procedure established by law, and it is eminently proper, therefore, for any lawyer, whatever he thinks of his client's guilt, to see that he gets what he is entitled to.

Whether the lawyer should go so far as the law and the judges permit in evading prompt and unprejudiced determination of the truth is another matter. Is he obligated to see that society is protected as well as his client? Or should he frankly serve to the limits of the law only one master, his client? In the case I have cited, it was here that the idealist, fresh from law school, parted company with the experienced practitioner. The one sought a fair trial, an assurance that his client should not be convicted without a determination by the jury of every necessary fact. The other would have so guided events as to prevent conviction if prevention were 'legally' possible. Each was honest, each adhered to what the law, as interpreted by the judges, permits; but their ideas of duty differed. In theory, every lawyer is an officer of the court, bound to strive only for justice. But self-interest rationalizes the concept of justice, not as truth, but as mere accurate observation of rule. 'Justice' then becomes 'justice-according-to-law,' and the lawyer's duty to the court is thereby reconciled with the fullest protection of his client that the rules allow.

II

From this assumption the criminal lawyer is likely to pass by gradual stages to that indeterminate point where nominal dishonesty is condoned. Thus, I have heard it seriously and insistently asserted that anything the judge will tolerate in the way of courtroom tactics is 'legally' fair and proper, the attorney being 'justified' in relying on the judge's understanding of the law; that a jury's verdict of acquittal (but not of conviction) is necessarily 'justice,' regardless of the facts of the case, so long as it is not procured by fraud; and that, so long as there is no deceit, a strong emotional appeal to the jury, or a smothering of awkward facts by clever diversions or claims of immateriality, is not only permissible but obligatory.

Obviously, all criminal lawyers cannot be painted in the same colors, but I believe it fair to say that the great majority of those who specialize in the defense of persons accused of crime do profess essentially this philosophy.

When John Ellifor was put on trial for driving while intoxicated, his effective defense was not that he was not drunk, — that fact was tacitly though not openly admitted, — but that he was a poor man, and that the wealthy deputy sheriff who made the arrest had been unduly rough. His attorney began his preliminary statement to the jury with, 'This is a persecution — I should say, a prosecution — of Mr. Ellifor, who drives a dirt truck in an effort to earn a modest living for his wife and three children whom you see right there.' The prosecuting attorney objected, and the judge mildly informed the speaker that what he had said was improper; but the emotional coloring of the facts had already been conveyed to the jury, and that was all the defense lawyer desired.

During the trial, the evidence adduced for the defense, mostly by cross-examination, was not of the accused's sobriety, but of his poverty, of the wealth of the state's witnesses, and of the manner of the arrest. The state's attorney, who was not a capable fighter, protested feebly, and the judge said nothing. Ellifor was acquitted by the jury, who knew he was guilty but did not want him punished. Neither the defense attorney's opening statement nor the matters he brought out in evidence were permissible under the law. But what he did he did openly, the judge let him get away with it, and he considered that he had acted quite within the bounds of propriety. He had saved his client despite the fact of his legal guilt.

Many lawyers undoubtedly deprecate such methods as 'sharp practices,' but there is little evidence of real disapproval. The attorney who secured Ellifor's acquittal is held in high respect by his local confreres of the bar. In another case, the supreme court of the state pointed out, as incident to an appeal, that the defendant's attorney had tacitly and consciously misled the jury as to the source of certain written evidence he had introduced; yet neither the judges nor his fellow lawyers ever publicly reprimanded him for his action, and he is known as a leader of his bar.

III

This sense of obligation to use legal rules to protect one's client against conviction, despite the truth, is often the mark which distinguishes the American criminal lawyer from his British cousin. To illustrate the sharp contrast, let me cite an incident from an English trial. The defendant, wife of a London policeman, was charged with obtaining money from another woman under false pretenses. The total sum was close to a thousand pounds, secured at different times, under pretense that the borrower's mother, and then her brother, had died and left fortunes which were temporarily tied up in the probate court. The indictment charged the obtaining of various sums at different dates. At the defendant's request the Crown elected to rely on the particular instance of £10 6*s*. obtained on August 14. The prosecution put both mother and brother on the witness stand to testify that they were still alive and possessed no fortune to leave. When the widow who had lent the money was put on the stand, she was excited and flustered. Her little red account book shook in her hands as she fluttered its leaves. She found in it entries of sums lent to the defendant on August 10 and on August 17, but she could not find the entry of August 14, though she was sure it was there.

In an American court, matters would have been brought to an impasse by this development. Had the state attempted to change its case and rely upon either of the other dates, an American criminal lawyer would have alleged 'surprise,' and would have insisted upon a continuance to enable him to prepare to meet the altered case. But the English barrister representing the defense refused to quibble. 'We shall not insist upon the precise date,' he said. 'We contend that no money was obtained by false pretenses at any time.' The case proceeded, and the defendant, who was obviously guilty, was convicted.

Would the delay which the American practitioner would have demanded have profited his client in the long run? In the case of the People *v*. Elmer J. Cousino, the defendant was charged in the information with having embezzled $5000, given to him by the prosecuting witness for the purchase of a one-eighth interest in a patent right. During the trial the prosecuting witness testified that he had given Cousino the $5000 to purchase a one-eighth interest in a certain 'contract' right growing out of a patent. Cousino's attorney at once noted this discrepancy and asked the court to dismiss the proceedings because of the 'variance.' Instead, the court permitted the prosecutor to change the wording of the accusation to 'contract right.' Cousino's attorney then asked for an adjournment on the ground that he was 'surprised' by the change. He made this assertion despite the fact that he, during his own term as prosecuting attorney, had learned all the facts from the victim and, as defendant's attorney, had been present and had cross-examined the prosecuting witness at two preliminary hearings, at both of which it had appeared that a contract right and not a patent right had been concerned. Nevertheless, the judge granted the request, adjourned the proceedings, and discharged the jury. That was on March 9, 1928. No further proceedings were ever held. In December 1931, the prosecuting witness died, and, for lack of his testimony, the prosecution of Cousino had to be dismissed.

Had the barrister in the English case asked for delay because of the variance in the dates, he might have staved off further proceedings, as Cousino's attorney did. At least, at the second trial he would have had the advantage of knowing in advance just what the Crown's evidence would be and how best to handle it. I believe that the average American criminal lawyer would have felt himself derelict in his honest duty to his client had he let that opportunity go by.

IV

This philosophy of success, regardless of the facts, is expounded and taught in the frankest and most open way. Mr. Francis L. Wellman, in his book, *Day in Court*, gives this advice to young lawyers concerning the selection of jurors: 'If for the plaintiff, an advocate should remember that he must win the twelve; if for the defendant, he needs only one. If he is defending in a criminal case, he needs all kinds of men on his jury, old and young, rich and poor, intelligent and stupid, a German, an Irishman, a Jew, a Southerner, and a Yankee. He should mix them up all he can and let them fight it out among themselves and *agree if they can.*' Again, in *The Art of Cross-Examination*, he points out, not that truth may be established, but that 'the entire effect of the testimony of an adverse witness can sometimes be destroyed by a pleasant little passage-at-arms in which he is finally held up to ridicule before the jury, and all that he has previously said against you disappears in the laugh that accompanies him from the witness box.' Not one word in the context suggests merely protecting the innocent; it has only to do with winning the case.

The frequency and the impunity with which American criminal lawyers go beyond even this code of 'technical tactics' are appalling. After the Capone conviction in the federal court in Chicago, Judge Wilkerson declared:—

'It clearly appears from the facts and circumstances before the Court in this proceeding [against Capone's bodyguard, D'Andrea, for contempt of court] and at the trial of United States versus Capone, that this respondent's activities were linked with those of an organized body of men whose outlaw camp is at the Lexington Hotel. Of this body, defendant Capone was chief. To this camp at the Lexington were summoned witnesses who testified to the defendant Capone's losses on horse races. To that camp were summoned counsel for conferences. And from that camp, under what coercive influences we can only conjecture from what transpired in court, came that array of shocking perjury with which the court was confronted during the closing days of the trial. We had here the spectacle of witness after witness testifying in a way which was psychologically impossible, pretending to remember things which in the very nature of the human mind the witness could not have remembered if he had forgotten the things which he pretended to have forgotten. It was perjury on the face of it.'

Judge Wilkerson did not explicitly say that the lawyers for the defense connived at that perjury, but his whole statement intimates as much; the defense evidence 'was perjury on the face of it' — apparent as such to the defendant's lawyers as well as to the judge.

A flagrant instance of perjury acquiesced in by the defendant's lawyer — if not actually instigated and arranged by him — was revealed in the prosecution of one Hymie Martin for the murder in Cleveland of William Potter on February 3, 1931.[1] Martin was traced to Pittsburgh, and the Ohio authorities sought to extradite him. A Pittsburgh lawyer named Rosenberg attempted Martin's release on a writ of habeas corpus. At the hearing on this writ, Rosenberg produced witnesses to testify that Martin was *in Pittsburgh* on the night of the murder. Despite the testimony of these witnesses that Martin came into a Pittsburgh store and paid them a bill on the night of February 3, the court refused to grant the writ. Martin was then taken to Cleveland. At the trial his lawyer, the same Rosenberg, called none of the Pittsburgh witnesses whom he had used at the habeas corpus hearing, but produced other witnesses who swore on oath that Martin was in *Akron, Ohio*, on the night of February 3. Since Rosenberg did not explain to the jury this amazing contradiction in alibis, the jury decided that Martin was in truth in Cleveland, and convicted him of the murder.

But Attorney Rosenberg was not convicted of anything. I cannot find that either the court or his fellow members of the bar, either in Pittsburgh or in Cleveland, made any attempt to exclude him from the practice of the law, or to rebuke him for his vicious attitude toward criminal justice. Capone's attorneys likewise remain uncondemned for the perjury which the trial judge virtually says they connived at. After Legs Diamond's acquittal in up-state New York on the strength of an 'alibi,' prosecution of his witnesses was seriously contemplated, on the ground that their testimony was so obviously perjured that its falsity could not be doubted. Yet no group of reputable lawyers seems to have thought of investigating the possible complicity, or at least the possible gross neglect of duty to society, of Diamond's attorneys.

In the Seabury Report on conditions in the magistrates' courts of New York City, appalling improprieties and dishonesties of both magistrates and lawyers are revealed. Several magistrates are shown as having come to grief, but it is noteworthy how relatively little action was taken against the lawyers who induced, connived at, and profited by the magistrates' derelictions.

So commonplace is the expectation of perjury in criminal cases that Deputy Sheriff Nardi advised Tony Coletto to hire a lawyer and fix up an alibi.

'What do you mean, "alibi"?' asked Tony.

'A story — telling lies,' explained the Deputy Sheriff.[2]

V

On occasions the bar has taken action to purge itself of such lawyers. In some instances the action has been effective and the dishonest lawyer has been disbarred. But in other cases the action taken has not been so vigorously condemnatory of the offense as to strengthen public confidence in the good faith of lawyers. In the proceedings of the State Bar of California against E. S. Green, it appeared that Green, while acting as attorney for a client, had gone on the witness stand himself and had consciously sworn to what he knew was an untruth. Had he been prosecuted criminally for perjury, and convicted, he could have been sent to the penitentiary for from one to fourteen years, and during that time he would have been deprived of the privilege of holding any public office — such as that of an officer of the court, which a lawyer is. In this proceeding for disbarment, however, the supreme court of California stigmatized his conduct no more severely than to say that a lawyer who deliberately obstructs justice by giving false testimony under oath should be '*suspended* from the practice of law for a period of one year.'

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[1] This account is taken from an article by Leona Marie Esch in the *Panel*, for September–October 1931. — Author

[2] Report of the Cleveland Committee of Inquiry into the Coletto case. — Author

So experienced a practitioner as District Attorney Banton of New York County begins a written article with the declaration: 'It is notorious that, while perjury is on the increase, convictions therefor are not numerous.'[3] They are not numerous because convictions for perjury are peculiarly difficult to obtain, and frequent prosecutions are not practicable. No law, as law, can ever stop perjury. The only feasible way of preventing it is by reforming the attitude of lawyers. In this, as in so many other connections, the efficiency of law enforcement depends, not on the law, but upon the men who administer it. I am not referring merely to the frequency of perjury and its insufficiently vigorous repudiation, but to the whole philosophy of the criminal lawyer's duty to his client.

A change in the attitude of criminal lawyers themselves is too much to hope for, so long as their financial success, their very continuance in their profession, depend upon their ability to protect clients from conviction. It was incalculably valuable advertising for Mrs. Winnie Judd's attorney that he could say, after her conviction by the jury: 'This fight has just begun. Ninety-one persons, including Mrs. Judd, have placed their lives in my care during my career. Ninety-one of them are still alive to-night.' Clarence Darrow's failure to get even a disagreement from the racially heterogeneous jury in the Massie case would cost him thousands of dollars in prospective fees had he not already virtually retired from practice. The newspapers could speak of Mrs. Ruth Snyder's lawyers as 'two of the ablest trial lawyers in Queens County — one of them has never lost a murder case in which he has been counsel, and he has been in many — he and his partner claim a record of eleven successive acquittals in murder cases.' Gray's lawyer was damned by the faint praise that he looked impressive but had no reputation for success.

The more fortunate criminal lawyers can build up this needed reputation without dishonesty, through sheer skill, a gift of persuasive oratory, or mere good luck in the type of case that comes to them. Their less able colleagues are too often forced by the press of competition to employ dishonorable methods. Between these extremes lies a wide opportunity for conduct whose ethical character is disputable.

Just how a change in the psychology of criminal lawyers can be brought about, I do not know. It may develop through the influence of that part of the bar upon whom the necessity for success in trial practice is less oppressive. It may come through the refusal of the judiciary to countenance any practices which are not fair to both sides and which do not truly conduce to quick verdicts, based on the pertinent facts. It may come, like certain other reforms, through pressure from outside the legal profession. But change in the attitude of defense attorneys must be brought about, somehow, if criminal trials are to approximate their ideal purpose of convicting the really guilty and acquitting only the truly innocent.

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[3] The *Panel*, issue of November–December 1929. — AUTHOR

VI

Though defense counsel determines the trial as a contest or an investigation, the state's attorney is a dominant factor in the whole process of prosecution.

On the state's attorney, in this country, rests the obligation of bringing guilty men to justice, once they have been arrested. In England, prosecution is in the hands of the person injured, who may hire his own attorney, or is the duty of the police; only in rare cases of exceptional importance is it taken over by the Director of Public Prosecutions. In this country, on the contrary, private citizens are not allowed to prosecute criminal cases, and even the police lose all control over a case the moment an accused person is arrested. Under the law, they must bring him immediately before a magistrate, and from then on the power and responsibility of the police are at an end. They can neither save the accused from prosecution nor see that he is prosecuted. The responsibility and the result are in the hands of the state's attorney.

The police, in their own job of bringing criminals into court, are far from efficient, as their own reports demonstrate. The standard form of report lists both 'crimes known to the police' and 'crimes cleared by arrest,' the latter covering the number of cases in which some person has been charged with a definite crime. The Detroit record for 1931 is not worse than that of other cities, yet it shows a startling failure to discover the perpetrators of crime. The report reads as follows: —

	Crimes known	*Cleared by arrest*
Murder and manslaughter	107	81
Robbery armed..........	1347	517
Felonious assault........	528	273
Burglary...............	2229	542
Auto theft..............	5990	713

By their own estimate of their accomplishment, then, it appears that the police brought suspects before the courts in only one case out of five — an efficiency index of 20 per cent.

But that same record, in another column, points to serious inefficiency of the courts in dealing with those few whom the police do accuse.

	Persons charged by the police	*Convicted as charged*	*Convicted of lesser offense*
Murder.........	106	45	30
Robbery armed...	325	187	39
Felonious assault.	98	26	21
Burglary........	488	323	94
Auto theft.......	170	108	4
Embezzlement and fraud.........	735	433	6
Carrying concealed weapons.......	224	134	

Here, if all the men arrested were guilty, we have an apparent court efficiency of 75 per cent. And this is notably better than other courts have shown. In Chicago, according to the Illinois Crime Survey, out of 12,543 persons actually arrested and charged with major crime, only 2449 were eventually convicted. Cleveland court proceedings resulted in something over 50 per cent of convictions in 1926 and 63 per cent in 1928. But New York's court efficiency is rated by the New York Crime Commission at only 25 per cent; the figures show 4004 convictions out of 19,084 persons accused of felony. In London, during the same time, 10,732 persons were charged and 9827 were convicted.

But, since it is absurd to assume that every man accused is guilty, we have in truth no measure whatsoever of court efficiency. Not every man whom the courts refuse to convict represents a miscarriage of justice; neither are all those who go free really innocent of the charge against them. We may be sure, however, that the courts often fail to convict those who merit conviction; and to the extent that this is true, be it in greater or less degree, the state's attorney is usually responsible. This is not always so, of course. Of Detroit's 90 who escaped conviction for carrying concealed weapons, at least 36 and probably more were freed, not at all because they were innocent, but solely because of the manner in which their crimes were discovered. This was no fault of the prosecuting attorney, but a peculiarity of the judge-made law.

VII

Other cases are more dubious. John Ryan's gambling joint was raided by the police in the early morning of January 4. They gathered in 150 men and boys, all of whom were brought to trial that same day on a charge of frequenting a gambling house. All pleaded guilty, were fined $20 each, and, the newspapers said, Ryan paid the fines. Six other men, however, were charged by the police with the more serious crime of 'maintaining and operating' a gambling establishment. Two police officers, Sims and Mutter, not yet long enough on the force to have become known to gambling-house lookouts, had got into Ryan's place ahead of the raid, in the guise of patrons. They were prepared to testify that Carl Smith, Forrest Smith, Lewis Sanderson, Jack Brown, and two others had actively participated in the operation of the place. These men all had previous police records under those names.

Although the state statutes make it 'the duty of all courts and public officers . . . to bring [such matters] to a final determination without delay,' and require magistrates to order accused persons brought before them 'immediately,' and to hold preliminary examinations within ten days, the cases of these six were not brought up until January 18. At that proceeding, though the record of the testimony does not explain it, two of the men were discharged and further proceedings ordered against the other four. These four were not held in custody, however. The examining magistrate released them on their promises to appear when wanted; no cash bail, nor other security, was required. Naturally, they were in no hurry to have their own cases brought to trial.

So the matter stood for five months longer. Not until June 14 were the cases set for trial. By that time Officer Sims had left the force and disappeared, and Mutter had participated in so many more gambling raids that his memory of the particular affair would have been made ridiculous on cross-examination. The state's chance for conviction was gone, and everybody knew it. So the charges against Carl Smith, Brown, and Sanderson were dropped (as other charges against them had been dropped at other times), and Forrest Smith pleaded guilty, with the understanding that he would be given a light fine instead of imprisonment.

The police had never asked for delay in these cases, nor did they desire it. Possibly the prosecuting attorney himself could not have handled matters otherwise and was scarcely to blame. The county jail at that time was horribly overcrowded; these four men were out on bail, and he disposed of the jail cases first. But, from any point of view, it must be recognized that here was an instance in which guilty men evaded punishment because of inefficient court procedure.

The case of Mike-the-Pike Shinkman, as reported by the Cleveland Association for Criminal Justice, was an indubitable example of prosecuting incompetence. Shinkman had been arrested and charged with murder. At the preliminary hearing, where the state's case was handled by an assistant prosecuting attorney, the evidence was so ineffectively presented that 'little was proven except the inadequacy and incompetence of the prosecution.' On motion of the defense counsel, the magistrate reduced the charge against Shinkman to manslaughter, ordered a continuance, and declared that unless stronger evidence were produced at the next hearing he would discharge Shinkman altogether.

Then the Association for Criminal Justice took up the matter and insisted that the case be handled properly. At the next hearing the prosecuting attorney himself came into action, and representatives of the press were on hand to see how he behaved. This time the evidence was presented in so different a fashion that the magistrate ordered Shinkman held for grand jury proceedings on the murder charge. The grand jury indicted him and a trial jury eventually convicted him of murder. Yet, had not an outside agency become interested in the case, Shinkman would probably have evaded justice because of an assistant prosecuting attorney's incompetence.

VIII

In Chicago, 56 per cent of the persons charged with felony are freed at the preliminary hearing. In the words of the Illinois Crime Survey: —

> Either the police have been arresting too many innocent persons or more than half of the work of the police in enforcing the law in serious crimes is thus wiped out in this stage of procedure. . . . The *assistant state's attorneys* in charge in these preliminary hearings are usually drawn from the lower ranges of the salary grades in the state's attorney's office. Their salaries run from two to three hundred dollars a month. They are, therefore, the less experienced and confident members of the staff. Oftentimes, especially in the outlying branches of the court, they are selected with reference to their own political bailiwicks. . . . An examination [of some of their work] indicates that some of the assistants scarcely rise above the literacy grade. . . . About the only concern that some of them seem to have in the cases which are passing in review is to get the name of the defendant, the number of the case, and the charge on the form which is lying on the desk before him. He permits the judge to put most of the questions. He conducts very few examinations. Only occasionally does he address a question to the witness, and one is never able to feel that the real proceeding which is taking place is an inquisition of those accused of crime by the state so that the presiding judge may decide whether there is 'probable cause.' The state's attorney's position seems to be that of a clerical officer, who is merely keeping track of cases which his office may subsequently be required to prosecute. He shows no familiarity with the cases, in fact he is probably entirely ignorant of these cases until they are brought before him in this manner, and even then he shows no disposition to overcome this initial handicap of acquainting himself with the facts of the case. . . .
>
> It is not too much to say, in summing up what we have just outlined, that the presence of the assistant state's attorney in the preliminary hearing is merely perfunctory, and in actual fact there is no prosecution worthy of the name in the preliminary hearing at all.

In New York, during the recent investigation of the magistracy, John C. Weston, at one time assistant in the district attorney's office, admitted on the witness stand that he had received thousands of dollars during his tenure of office for deliberately dropping or blocking prosecution of guilty persons. Asa Keyes of Los Angeles was sent to the penitentiary for accepting bribes to drop felony cases while he was prosecuting attorney.

Nor is incompetence, indifference, or dishonesty of state's attorneys confined to the larger cities. Every practising attorney can point to instances in his own county, urban or rural, where men who should have been convicted escaped through the ineffectiveness of the county's prosecutor.

A state's attorney who is actuated by political motives, who is lazy or indifferent or dishonest, can ruin the efforts of any police force, however efficient its work. The function of the prosecutor is, in theory, not to advocate conviction and punishment, not to be partisan, but to protect the innocent while bringing the guilty to justice by presenting all the facts to jury and judge. His power, however, permits him, if he will, to cherish the guilty and oppress the innocent. He cannot proceed if suspected criminals are not brought into court, and he has no evidence save what is brought to him. To that extent the scope of his own activity depends upon and follows the efforts of others.

But concerning those who are arrested, and with the evidence that is brought to him, he can, in practice, do as he wishes. He may act vigorously, promptly, and wisely, or he may procrastinate indefinitely. He may prosecute when he believes there is no guilt, or 'nolle' a water-tight case against a political patron. He may make the best of what evidence he has, or deliberately so mishandle it as to permit an acquittal. He may save himself with both the voters and the politicians by getting convictions — which he and his backers know will be upset on appeal. Once the police have done their work, he is a highly important factor in the law's proceedings, second only to the trial judge. In short, the will and the capacity of the state's attorney mark the upper limit of the law's efficiency.

(*Next month Professor Waite will conclude his discussion of 'Criminal Law in Action' with an article on the judges*)

LETTERS OF TWO WOMEN FARMERS. II

BY EVELYN HARRIS AND CAROLINE A. HENDERSON

HOWELL'S POINT FARM
BETTERTON, MARYLAND
June 15, 1932

MY DEAR CAROLINE,

I thought of you this morning when I bought a box of Cream of Wheat at a 'reduced price' of 23 cents — just about what you are getting for a whole bushel. There is our problem in a nutshell — the difference between the farm dollar and the city dollar.

And I cannot see that the plan of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to advance money to local banks on the notes and mortgages of farmers will help us very much. In this part of the country, farm mortgages are usually not held by the local banks. When money was plentiful our bankers persuaded us to go for loans to the federal land banks, the small-town bankers preferring to use their funds for speculation. The result is that our mortgages are held by the government, and, however inefficient it may be in other matters, it demands that obligations be met when they fall due. To the remote officials who have the final word in directing the land banks, we farmers are not individuals; each of us is simply a number in a filing cabinet.

Besides, even if the pressure for repayment of the principal is relaxed, interest charges will go on just the same. Like every other farmer I know, I don't see where I am going to get the money to pay the interest on my debts.

But what can we do? Milk checks that used to average $400 a month have dropped to $100, and every item of the farmer's income has shrunk in the same way. Long ago, when the rest of the country was heady with prosperity and we as a class were being forced to curtail our purchasing, I knew that something would happen. And now it has happened. Another bonus to the ex-soldiers will do very little for the country as a whole, for most of the money will go into the pockets of automobile dealers. The only thing that will do us any good is an equalization of wages. The adjustment that is needed is one which will make an hour's work on the farm worth as much as an hour's work in the city.

I had intended to make this a long letter, but I can't go on — I am too wrought up over the injustice of present conditions.

EVELYN

WAYSIDE FARM
EVA, OKLAHOMA
June 21, 1932

MY DEAR EVELYN,

Will and I were both interested in what you wrote about farm relief. We, fortunately, have managed to keep out of debt, but otherwise the shoe pinches us in the same place it pinches you. We do not need credit so much as we need some reasonable ratio of exchange between our farm products and the things we must buy. At present, the proportions are all against us: sixteen dozen eggs for a pair of overalls, more than a bushel of wheat for a wick for the oil stove, two pounds of butter for a small felt washer for the tractor, and so on indefinitely.

I do not know how or when a fairer system of exchange can be brought about. A professor of sociology at one of our Western state universities says that it will take ten thousand years to secure any general acceptance of the idea that the good of each is dependent on the good of all. It's a long time to wait.

As a grower of pears, you may be interested to know that we have just bought two No. 10 cans of Bartlett pears raised in one of the Pacific Coast states and distributed through a wholesale house in Chicago. They were labeled: 'Below U. S. Standard. Low Quality But Not Illegal.' We were glad to be reassured on that point, and found them better than one would have expected. And the price of this inferior but much-traveled fruit? Twenty-nine cents a can, thank you.

Out here on the plains we are hedged about with such difficulties as we have never before known. We cannot see our way ahead, but still we hope. Doubtless you remember the artist's conception of Hope — blindfolded, with a broken lyre. That is a symbol of our state of mind. Our hopes may prove to be what your neighbor, Mr. Cabell, would call 'dynamic illusions,' yet they serve to spur us on to continued endeavor.

A few specific things have tended, of late, to make us more cheerful. We have once more paid our taxes, and were grateful to find, instead of the expected increase, a decrease of about 40 per cent. There has been widespread indignation throughout the West over governmental waste and official laziness, and apparently it has had some effect. In our county a citizens' petition recently brought about a saving of $12,000 in the allowance for deputies, and some of the candidates for office are promising, if elected, to do their work themselves. Taxpayers' leagues have sprung up all over the state, and they seem to be getting results.

Even more cheering than our tax receipt was the life-restoring rain. The growing season here has been unusually late because of the dry spring. On this, the longest day of the year, many of the planted fields are still bare and brown. For days two lines of Masefield had been in my mind: —

Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain when the summers parch.

And then the rain came at last, gently and graciously, and it seemed as if the earth breathed a great sigh of relief. The buffalo grass has now started in the pastures; the yard is gay with wild flowers, starred all over with brilliant, rose-colored cactus blossoms; the trumpet vine is trumpeting, and even the garden, so badly damaged by hail, has recovered more than at first seemed possible.

Our daughter Eleanor has just come home from the University where she has been combining the work of a student with that of a laboratory assistant. She tells of a plan that was carried out at Commencement time. On the south slope of the campus, overlooking a broad valley, lies a plot of ground never yet disturbed by plough or spade, green and flowering with the coming of each new spring. It was beautiful again this year with spiderwort and poppy, wild roses and geraniums, dotted about among the tall grasses. A group of the older alumnæ arranged for the dedication of this spot as 'The Prairie Acre,' and marked it with a tablet set in a block of native limestone. Through the years to come that acre will retain its untouched natural beauty — a reminder of pioneer days, whose difficult problems called for resolute action like those of our own time.

Our children still have pioneering work to do. For you and for them I pass on the parting word of the white-haired Chancellor at Commencement, a quotation from Whitman: 'Let your soul stand cool and calm.'

CAROLINE

BETTERTON, MARYLAND
July 12, 1932

MY DEAR CAROLINE,

This spring I felt really hopeful about our prospects. We had had so many bad years one after another that I thought the mere mathematical chances of a change were ground enough for optimism. But I was wrong. All summer we have had rain, rain, rain. Hardly a night has gone by without a drenching shower, followed by fog which lasts far into the morning; then the hot sun comes out and everything literally boils in its own juice. Consequently my peaches are almost a total loss. A two-day windstorm stripped much of the fruit from the trees, and when the rest was picked it was too soft for shipment and rotted overnight because of excess water.

Worse still, the combination of wet weather and hot sun has been the most favorable possible for the bugs. I have sprayed and sprayed, but the rain washes off the poison and the bugs simply thrive. Each little plantlet has its own disease and pest. My mother-in-law used to pay me a ceremonial visit every time I had a new baby, and when she looked at the little creature she always said: 'My, my, baby — the things that will have to be done for *you* before you'll amount to anything!' I have thought of that many times as I have walked around inspecting the growing plants on the farm. I have done for them everything I could think of, but I fear they won't amount to much. Is it any wonder that farmers are pugnacious? Our whole life is fight, fight, fight.

During the past month we have begun picking tomatoes, and now have our packing house running on half time. To-day there are eight automobiles parked in our front yard; they belong to unemployed men in this vicinity who are helping us in grading and wrapping green tomatoes for the city markets. But prices are so low that we shall be doing well if we get back what we spend on labor costs. Last week carload after carload of Southern tomatoes was shipped north and sold at from one to three cents a pound. The consumer, however, is paying from ten to thirteen cents a pound.

I asked the manager of one of the large chain stores why he did not cut his prices in view of what he was paying, and he said he had orders to keep retail prices up. Then I questioned a wholesale merchant who sells to the chain stores and he stated emphatically that the chain stores do not help the farmer, for they keep wholesale prices down. When they buy, they insist on a low price, with discounts for cash and for large purchases. This figure then sets the market for the day, and no grower can hope to get from any commission man a better price than the chain-store buyer has paid.

Do you wonder that my hopes are blasted?

EVELYN

EVA, OKLAHOMA
July 19, 1932

MY DEAR EVELYN,

I am sure you know enough about the uncertainties of farming not to have been unduly elated over my last more hopeful letter. It had hardly been mailed before trouble began.

One of our neighbors was trying to cut down tractor expenses by using horses to cultivate his crop. He lacked one team, so we let him have Ned and Star. Since we bought our tractor they have not had much to do, but Will has always said that the horses made for us the little we have, and that they were welcome to live out their old age in peace, helping us now and then in the lighter tasks. They worked well enough for a week, and our friend said they seemed all right when he turned them into the pasture Sunday evening. Monday morning Star lay there dead.

Some people say that animals do not suffer keenly and have no dread of death. I hope it is so, and certainly I am glad for gentle, faithful Star that there can be for her no more sweat and dust and tugging at loads the importance of which she could not understand. But horses hate to leave their homes; they know their friends; and I suppose it will always hurt me to think that perhaps Star wondered why we did n't come in her hour of need. I am afraid she will always seem a sacrifice to the demands of this cruel time.

How we should welcome a small part of your surplus rain! We have had none in a month. The extreme heat and almost constant high winds have destroyed all hope of a satisfying return from the garden. The potatoes were set back seriously by the early hail, and, though the vines grew out, they are now dying down, with little potatoes like marbles half cooked in the parched ground. Canada field peas, which we hoped would provide a late crop after the earlier peas were gone, blossomed fully, but, like the tomatoes, were blighted by the withering winds. Cowpeas and peanuts are standing the heat the best of anything, and, along with the field crops, *may* hold out until rain comes. No one knows. The cattle still have sufficient pasturage on the weeds and grasses among the ruined wheat, but the prairie grass is brown again and crackles under one's feet.

This has been another long day of wild wind and blistering heat. To-night I am quite alone — a mile and a half from anybody. The wind has gone down and the quietness makes me think of Will's memories of his old cowboy days, of silences out on the open plains so intense that one's ears would ache with listening.

Will and Eleanor, with a neighbor's boy to help them, have gone with truck, car, tractor, combine, and oil wagon to harvest a half section of wheat for some people out in the adjoining county, seventeen miles from home. Money is scarcer than ever with us, and they are taking their pay in wheat at three bushels for the acre. Whether they will make anything to compensate for their exhausting effort and for the expense and depreciation of the machinery depends on the future wheat market.

The wheat yield is disheartening all through this part of the country; there is hardly one stalk where three or four grew last year. The man for whom our folks are harvesting counted on about twelve bushels to the acre and is getting less than five. It puzzles everyone to know how to manage these poor crops. They will not pay handling expenses, but they ought to be harvested, not only to avoid the dishonor of 'willful waste,' but also to escape the later expense of getting rid of a heavy growth of volunteer wheat. Each farmer is trying in his own way to make his losses as light as possible. Many fields will not be cut at all. On three sides of our own home farm are 330 acres left for the birds — potentially something like a thousand sacks of flour poured out on the ground in a hungry world!

People still toil amazingly and make

a conscious effort to keep cheerful. But it seems to me that the effort grows more apparent. Behind the characteristic American nonchalance one detects a growing anxiety, especially about the coming winter. People speak openly of their dread of cold weather. I am told by a man who is familiar with neighborhood conditions that many farmers once regarded as well-to-do will not be able to put in another crop on their own resources. City folk talk lightly of the obvious remedy. 'Let the farmers stop producing if they can market their stuff only at a loss,' they say. But the thing is not as simple as that. When all of one's investment is in land and equipment for working it, there is nothing else to depend on for taxes, repairs, the upkeep of buildings and fences, and the maintenance and education of a family.

But it is useless to tackle that problem to-night. It is already late, and day comes soon. To-morrow I must care for the new shorthorn I found this evening when I went for the cows; look over the winter-squash vines for bugs; go around a mile and a half of fence and put in missing staples; finish hoeing and working the ground around the small trees which we are trying to save through the drought. Why do people speak of 'the monotony of farm life'?

CAROLINE

BETTERTON, MARYLAND
September 9, 1932

MY DEAR CAROLINE,

Since I last wrote I have made two trips to New York, once by train and the second time by truck.

Toward the middle of August our little packing house, which is built on to the old summer kitchen, was in full operation. Sixty men and women of the neighborhood, who would otherwise have been on the unemployed list, were busily at work there, sorting, wrapping, and packing tomatoes. But the returns from our shipments were so low and we were losing money so fast that I decided to run up to New York and see if I could find out what was wrong. So I went, but I cannot say that I learned anything, except that the bottom has fallen out of the market — which I knew already.

The big wholesale market in New York opens at eight o'clock in the evening and continues until nine in the morning. I spent a night there, strolling around and asking questions. The only explanation of the prevailing low prices that I was able to get was volunteered by one of the commission men. 'Lady,' he said, 'when we have green tomatoes they want 'em red, and when we have 'em red they want 'em green.' At all events, there they were, — row upon row of tomato crates piled high, and my shipment among them, — but buyers were scarce. Along about 3 A.M. a buyer became interested in part of my shipment, and eventually he bought half a car — each tomato wrapped in tissue paper. And what do you suppose he paid? A cent a pound. I wish I could have found his place of business and discovered what he sold them for. A cent a pound barely paid for the container, the freight, and the labor of wrapping, leaving me nothing for the tomatoes themselves and for the paper they were wrapped in. And while I was there that is all that was sold. The rest was left until the next day's market. I returned home no wiser than when I left and out of pocket the amount of my train fare.

I have just now come back from my second trip. In order to reduce freight bills and handling costs, my son Arthur bought a large truck and has been driving our produce to market. He can leave here at noon and be at the commission merchant's door in time for the opening of the market that evening. One day when we got an order for two hundred bushels of our fanciest pears for export, I decided that I would go along with Arthur and find out how such things are managed.

When a women is getting on toward fifty years of age, an expedition of two hundred miles in a heavy truck and back again is not one to be undertaken lightly. Still I am glad I went. It was a revelation to me to see the steady stream of trucks on the roads, almost all of them carrying farm stuff into the cities. No wonder the railroads are complaining about the loss of traffic!

In New York we drove directly on to the pier and pulled up beside the steamer that was to take our load of pears to Glasgow. When our fruit had been duly inspected and passed, Arthur asked several men who were standing about to help him stow the baskets as he took them from the truck, but they all said they were too busy. Then I went down to the end of the pier and asked a policeman where I could find a man for half an hour's work and what it would cost. He replied that all the men on the pier were union men, but that he could get me a 'shenanigan' for 60 cents an hour. By the time I returned to the truck with my 'shenanigan,' one of the union men had begun to help Arthur, and just then another came over and stated emphatically that 'two always works on dese jobs.' So two it was, and my man had to leave.

Within twenty-five minutes the load of two hundred baskets was on the dock. Arthur asked what the charge was, and the men said we owed them $6.00. It made my blood boil to have these fellows demand for less than half an hour's work the week's wages of a farm hand laboring ten hours a day. We simply refused to pay it, whereupon the men became very threatening. In the end we gave them $1.25, and we were warned not to come on the dock again. The very next day I read in the paper that the longshoremen had gone on a strike for shorter hours and higher pay!

So much for New York. And now my last crop is harvested and shipped out, and what do I have to show for it? As I look over my accounts I can see that I have kept more than twenty families in this immediate neighborhood from starving to death. In other neighborhoods I have helped sustain many other families that are dependent on basket and box factories, on fertilizer and bag factories, on the railroads and truck makers and the gasoline and oil companies. I have contributed to the income of longshoremen and stevedores and the men who go out to sea. All these in turn have made business for clothing manufacturers, electric-light companies, moving-picture producers, and countless others. But I, as an individual farmer, have made only a bare living, and have only managed to do that by going deeper into debt. I owe more money than I did a year ago, and have less clothing and fewer implements. I really don't know what to do.

I see in the papers that the 'farmers' holiday' is spreading throughout the West. In Iowa the highways are being picketed to prevent the marketing of food until better prices can be obtained. If such a movement were started here in the East, I am in just the mood to join it with all my heart.

EVELYN

EVA, OKLAHOMA
September 17, 1932

MY DEAR EVELYN,

You and your responsibilities have been much in my thoughts as the season's work draws to a close. All about us, in maturing seeds, in asters and goldenrod and yellowing leaves, in some indefinable, lingering, caressing quality in the sunlight, we see reminders that 'the harvest is past, the summer is ended.' And we, like you, have little enough to show for it. Judging by any standards that the world would recognize, we should have been further ahead if we could have spent the year in sleep.

The harvesting away from home was at last completed. Of the wheat received in payment we sold several loads to cover repairs and other expenses, and we have left 400 bushels, worth to-day 33 cents. Will and I gleaned by ourselves the small amount of wheat that was spared for our own harvest by the hailstorm and the cutworms. From the hundred-acre field which yielded 1800 bushels last year we salvaged about 215 bushels, most of it of poor quality.

Lest you think that we are the sole darlings of misfortune, I might mention the neighboring farmer who sold his crop from 75 acres at 30 cents and had $12 left above combining expenses to pay for his seed, for the use of his land, for the labor of preparing the ground, drilling the wheat, marketing the crop, and for board for the combine hands; or another neighbor who sold $49 worth of wheat from 250 acres and owed one fourth of it for rent. Sadder still, I might tell of the man who kept on persistently trying to raise wheat before anyone else here thought it practicable. He did at last succeed in showing that over a series of years wheat is probably our most dependable crop. But troubles in his family, some years of short crops, and the low prices of the past three seasons have broken him. He has lost his 960 acres of land and most of his stock. He is now trying desperately, and I think without much chance of success, to get a government loan to buy back a few of his cattle and start all over again — old, half-blind, almost barehanded — in a Texas valley, where, as he told us, he hopes to avoid the mistakes he has made here.

The rain for which we were hoping so eagerly when I wrote last has never come. Indeed, we have had no effective moisture since early in June. One good rain during the summer would have given us at least roughage for our stock. As it is, the sowed cane and Sudan grass died down when it was six inches high, and our crops of maize and Kafir corn are little better — hardly a start on what we shall require for winter feed. I really do not know what we shall do. Our choice seems to lie between sacrificing the cattle at the ruinous prices now prevailing — we recently sold five well-grown young steers for $122.50 — or trying in some as yet unthought-of way to get roughage for them through the winter.

The situation throughout the country is much more serious, I believe, than many people suppose. Think of the loss of homes, the decrease in land values, the idle shops and idle men, the closed banks, delinquent taxes, rents hopelessly overdue, children deprived of school privileges, thousands of young men and women roaming over the country freed from the normal restraints of orderly social conditions. A neighbor recently told us that he had counted eighty-five such wanderers on one freight train in northern Texas. Just a few days ago I talked with a merchant who was elated because, as he said, even the most destitute folk in St. Louis are making no complaints about their condition. He regarded this as a hopeful sign, but it seems to me a sign of lethargy unworthy of a people with the history and traditions of America behind them.

I, too, have been interested in the farmers' movement in Iowa, both for its own sake and because it centres around the vicinity of my girlhood home. In these days, when canned fruits and vegetables and condensed milk and supplies of all sorts can so easily be transported, if not in one way, then in several others, the farmers' holiday plan, if I understand it, seems doomed to failure as a practical measure for securing any widespread or permanent increase in prices. It may have some value in directing attention to the crisis in the farming situation in general.

If there are any definite reasons for farmers to be hopeful, they would seem to lie in their habitual capacity for keeping at work in spite of failure and loss, their lifelong training in facing hard facts, their comparative adaptability, and their opportunities under normal conditions to produce at least a great part of their own necessities of life. These are all characteristics favorable to survival. At best, however, agricultural recovery must, I think, be slow, variable in rate and method, 'here a little, there a little,' depending largely on individual planning and initiative to meet local conditions. Permanent gains will require an awakened spirit of fair play, passion for the common welfare, sympathy and coöperation, both among farmers themselves and among the American people as a whole. In creating and expressing this spirit, everyone, whether of town or country, may have a share.

As for us, you must not feel unduly anxious. We have traveled rough roads before. Many cherished plans have failed. Not only radio and telephone, but running water in the house, furnace heat, modern lighting and refrigeration, have all passed beyond our dreaming. Even the three-cent postage is a burden. Obviously the national budget had to be balanced, but I could use the new stamps more cheerfully if they would print on each one the old Scotch proverb, 'Willful waste makes woeful want.' Estimates at our state school of agriculture show that it took *ten times as much wheat* to pay the 1931 taxes as it did to pay the average tax in the years between 1916 and 1921! The road ahead seems blocked. All sense of security for our old age has vanished. But we have not given up.

In some way — I hardly see how myself — we have managed to keep out of debt. We can still eat home-ground wheat cereal. The spring pullets are beginning to lay and the fall calves to arrive. We plan to gather driftwood from the distant river and 'cow chips' from our pastures to help out on the winter's fuel supply. We take courage from thinking that, while we rarely have two good seasons together here, we have never had two as disheartening as this in direct succession. I believe that the experiences of the past two years have made us somewhat more sensitive to 'the still, sad music of humanity.' Above all, we have shining memories to brighten gloomy days, and friendships beyond our deserving.

Perhaps, in what many people would count ignoble poverty, we are rich after all.

Caroline

THE CULT OF THE REBEL

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

It is fashionable at the present time, particularly in certain intellectual circles, to admire the rebel. This admiration for defiant individuality is very clearly shown in two important activities, in the fine arts and in the new education; but it really underlies a great deal of our general attitude toward life, and may be responsible for a good deal of our trouble.

Its appearance in the fine arts is of interest, since art has always in the past been a kind of social mirror, reflecting faithfully the civilization which produced it. Historically this has been fully demonstrated and is quite accepted. The subtle-minded Greeks produced the delicate curves of the Parthenon and, later, slaughtered one another for a difference of one very little word in the creed. The legal-minded Romans introduced the 'orders' into architecture — authoritative and established schemes of decoration. The frivolous, clever, and superficial society of Louis XV produced an art as frivolous as itself. To-day, then, the fine arts should reflect, as clearly as in earlier times, the intellectual and emotional trend of modern culture. And to-day we regard a work of art as the product of an individual, as the expression of a personality, as a private creation. We think, I am afraid, of the fine arts as something quite apart from the general life, something which is of interest only to a few wealthy individuals who may amuse their leisure in the collection of pictures or of bric-a-brac.

Should we then conclude that to-day art no longer reflects our general life, as it always has done in the past? I do not think so. But it is difficult to see the mountain when you are climbing it. If we can, even partially, detach ourselves from our time, we shall find that art is still the same social mirror as before.

Yet a recent manifesto of modern art said, 'Art is a private affair, the artist produces it for himself'; and a critic, discussing the work of a modern poet, writes, 'The ordinary cultivated reader is ceasing to be able to read poetry. The poem exists, and can exist, only for an extremely limited public, equipped with special knowledge.'

According to this view, the arts have deserted our everyday life; they have taken up an attitude of separation, and, we must add, an attitude of revolt. This is a part of that revolt of the younger generation of which we have heard a good deal; those of us who revolted about forty years ago know quite well that it is no new thing.

II

Over a hundred years ago began the movement which is now known as the Romantic Movement. Its characteristics were a love of the picturesque, a love of movement and rhetoric and of strong, rather forced situations, and a very great admiration for the individual. It also had a strong tendency to produce myths, imaginary readings of history which supported its conclusions.

Rousseau is usually regarded as the prophet of romanticism, though it was certainly there before him. He denounced the hollow hypocrisies of society and upheld the virtues of the simple life. His particular myth was the 'noble savage' living a life of ideal freedom. That there never was such a savage was of little importance in this emotional revolt against the rather arid intellectualism of the eighteenth century.

The Romantic Movement spread over the civilized world; it took many forms and disguises, but through them all it shows this desire for strength and this tendency to exalt the individual. A hundred years ago, the Byronesque rebel wore a lofty brow, a flashing eye, a floating necktie, and a passionate love. To-day he is more likely to equip himself with a sophisticated scowl and a light-o'-love from the streets. He affects the cult of ugliness; writes 'realistic' novels, but despises realism in painting; and, as ever, worships strength. He is still a rebel; so far as the modern movement in art goes, we are still in the full tide of romanticism.

For, of course, the romantics love the rebel. He is the strong man who defies the outworn conventions of an effete society, who fights against tyranny and despotism. (What nice words!) He is the leader of the people against the tyrant; he is also the individual against the unthinking mob. He was, and is, always and inevitably 'I' in a striking and novel attitude. Of course he is quite sincere. The new disguise has always appeared as a new discovery, the fundamental sameness has remained unseen. Nothing annoys a 'modern' artist more than to have it suggested that he is 'romantic.' But he is.

Out of romanticism was born the modern attitude toward the artist.

Most people, when they think of the artist, think of him as a painter of pictures. He is an eccentric, Bohemian individual, of doubtful moral character, who spends his time dreaming in a disorderly studio accompanied by his favorite model, a girl of habits as abandoned as his own. This painful person is subject to fits of genius. When inspired, he will throw off masterpieces from which he never makes any profit, but which, if properly handled by a business man, will be worth thousands when the artist is dead. Such a business man is known as an 'art patron.'

Murger's famous work, *Scènes de la vie de Bohème*, did much to popularize this view of the artist. There is in it not one word of the honest craftsman engaged in making something which may be of use or may add to the value of our lives.

Many modern artists have done their best to live up to this romantic ideal. We may instance Paul Gauguin, the decorative painter, who died in 1903 after living a life of pseudo-savagery in Tahiti. He was the model romantic artist.

He was a stockbroker. He abandoned his business, he abandoned his wife and family, in order to devote himself to art. His biographer writes of him: 'His life was to be a constant struggle with the growing bourgeois civilization, the middle-class morality of the late nineteenth century. His art was to speak of a renewed world, a world where men could again walk, naked and unashamed and free, as in Eden. He was destined to break beneath the inert weight of social conventions and stupidities.'

This, in its rhetoric, is pure romanticism. Again we meet the noble savage of Rousseau. Gauguin went to Tahiti and attempted to live the free life of the noble savage. He found that the real savage was bound by conventions far stronger and more binding than those of the bourgeois society from which he fled.

To quote again from Gauguin's biography: 'He was a disillusioned cosmopolite, disgusted with the banal artifice, the blatant commercialism, the pedantic and puritanic hypocrisy of our Occidental civilization.' These are brave words, mainly in three or more syllables; but it is a little difficult to recognize in them a description of our own lives. Do we really live lives of 'pedantic and puritanic hypocrisy'?

Of course Gauguin was not a cosmopolite at all. He was a very selfish and very bad-tempered man, and he was a rebel artist. It is worth noting that he never had any systematic training or instruction. He was 'self-taught.' It is an accepted doctrine that genius can only be injured by instruction.

Yet Gauguin was a real artist and his pictures have real beauty. It is because of this that it was worth while to take him as an example. But we may well ask if his talent would not have been increased by training and discipline.

III

The attitude of revolt, of separation from the hated bourgeois, became stronger in the early years of this century. During the past thirty years France has produced a whole series of rebel organizations — futurism, cubism, symbolism, Dadaism, surrealism. And every new group has issued a long manifesto or two, setting forth its aims in metaphysical language. Art is drowning in a thin philosophy.

The Dadaists propose, very simply, to abolish everything. A passage from their manifesto reads: 'Thus was born Dada, out of a need of independence, of defiance for the community. Those who belong to us keep their freedom. We do not recognize any theory, we have had enough of cubistic and futuristic academies, laboratories of formal ideas.'

So does rebellion rebel against the rebels. This rejection of all rules and limitations is found in many writers on art to-day. Freedom from all external bonds could hardly be carried further.

Now the surrealists demand also freedom from internal bonds. The artist, they claim, is limited by all sorts of ideas learned when young, — inhibitions, phobias, repressions, and so on, — all bad. He must be freed from all this, and must write from his inner consciousness.

Surrealism in literature is described as 'pure psychic automatism . . . dictated by thought in the absence of any control exercised by reason, and without regard to any æsthetic or moral preoccupations.' We see very clearly the influence of Dr. Freud. We can now understand the admiration for the artistic efforts of young children. It is presumably uninfluenced by reason or æsthetic preoccupation.

So the author sits down, pen in hand, and writes whatever comes. The theory of direct inspiration could hardly be carried further. We should get the free and untrammeled expression of the spirit. Actually, the results are rather depressing; the spirit is at times incoherent, the expression a little driveling.

Thus, savage African art and infants' slate drawings are held up for our admiration; thus, each in his own way, writers like Gertrude Stein and James Joyce throw off the shackles of the English language.

A musical critic tells us that 'the creative mind is independent of all past experiences. . . . Tradition, so far as the work of creation goes, is merely a bunch of rubbish.' We are done with all tradition and all instruction; the creative mind is only injured by such things. As to the public who are expected to admire and to learn from the work of the artist, the accepted attitude is one of unlimited disdain.

Mr. Jacob Epstein is a sculptor of ability and power, even if one may not like his work. An admirer of his writes, 'Abuse, from the pundits and the unthinking mob alike, has been the common lot of originally creative minds.' This, of course, is quite false; we shall see presently to how great a degree 'unrecognized genius' is a myth.

Mr. Epstein himself is reported to have said that the public opinion of his work was of no importance and of no value. We recall the reported utterance of an American financier: 'The public be damned.' This attitude goes further than the fine arts — it is the artistic reflection of 'rugged individualism.'

IV

Despite the resemblance suggested by this famous financial theory, we have grown accustomed to think of the fine arts as remote from ordinary life; so, in search of the rebel, we will now turn to an activity which we have all experienced — to education. Our libraries are full of books on the 'new education.' These expound systems somewhat varied, but all infinitely superior to that dreadful system, the 'old education.'

At the outset we meet a very fine and well-developed myth, the Mid-Victorian myth. We have a Mid-Victorian papa, M. V. schoolmaster, M. V. school, and M. V. code of conduct and morals. These are hard, dry institutions — cruel, hypocritical, and stupid, engaged formerly in crushing unfortunate children into a uniform mould. We, who have been through this dreadful process, ought to be all as alike as peas. But we are not; we are all different. The great Mid-Victorian myth is just a myth, unconsciously evolved in order to give the modern reformer something to tilt against.

The new education proclaims the virtues of individuality, independence, freedom, and a breaking away from the bonds of tradition. Its bogy man is, now, not the bourgeois, but the academic mind. To quote from a modern philosopher on education: 'The academic mind is incurious, unprogressive, and reactionary; every new branch of study, every new science, can only establish itself in the teeth of opposition.'

The new education condemns the past. To quote again: 'The inherited culture of the race is nothing but the accumulated refuse of the past, a sort of secondhand-clothes shop in which are stored the mental garments which humanity has outgrown.'

The new education severely condemns all authority. To quote from a recent book on the Dalton Plan: 'Coming under authority at too early a stage seriously militates against the natural development of the child, and thus injuriously affects the acquisition of a strong personality.'

Discipline of any kind is to be avoided. It induces an 'inferiority complex,' and this is a very bad thing; it also induces 'inhibitions.' Like the new artists, the new educators have quite a new vocabulary. Yet 'inhibition,' which must be avoided, is very like the old 'conscience.' 'Suppression' closely resembles the old 'self-control'; and psychoanalysis is simply the confessional, conducted by a priest of psychology.

Perhaps it would hardly do to say that children were to be brought up without conscience or self-control, and were to confess at intervals lest they should fall into these bad habits. Yet many parents and teachers consider that no check should ever be placed upon the activities of a child. He must be free to learn or not to learn, to work or to play. Any constraint will interfere with the development of his individuality.

Now it may very soundly be argued that individuality is not a quality of childhood at all, but that it appears and grows with advancing years. The baby is most unindividual. Despite the cries of the mothers, I maintain that the younger a baby is the less individuality it shows. Boys want to be like each other. They are great hero worshipers, usually selecting the strongest, biggest, and dirtiest boy as a model. Boys do not want to be individuals — they want to be a gang. Some educators even complain of this, and actually endeavor to force 'individuality' on an unwilling small boy.

But old people tend to become individual, though they are often quite unaware of it. A certain English college was famous for its many quaint and eccentric dons. Two of these old gentlemen were overheard conversing as they crossed the quadrangle. 'Has it ever occurred to you, John,' said one, 'that we never see any of those funny old fellows about that we used to see?'

So old people tend to become individual, and we may be thankful that this often takes pleasant and lovable forms; but, alas, old people sometimes become crusty, pompous, and opinionated. They tend to develop a 'superiority complex,' and the new educators have not prepared us for this. Such are the unfortunate excesses of individuality, and possibly they sit more fittingly, if not more gracefully, upon the old than upon the young. They will at least not last quite so long. The Mid-Victorian papa certainly possessed a strong 'superiority complex'; it has also been noticed in some of our young reformers.

Now if a tinge of pompousness can thus make its appearance at twenty-five, what will it be at fifty? It would be a dreadful thing if, in our effort to raise up a generation of free, uninhibited, brave reformers, with no complexes and a full individuality, we ended by producing a generation of Mid-Victorian papas. Their children have my sincere sympathy.

V

We have discussed the individual, and his brother, the rebel in art and in education. What is the latter's place in the politics of life?

Popular admiration for the rebel is widespread. The heroes of romance are often rebels, particularly after the seventeenth century. We have Robin Hood, the outlaw, William Tell, the patriot rebel, and every land has its rebel heroes. Nor is the reason far to seek. Rebels are interesting; they have adventures and hairbreadth escapes; they are the underdog fighting the big bully. For the rebel of romance is always the moral superior of his oppressor. If history tells a different tale, history can be changed.

The William Tell incident is said to have occurred in 1296. Gessler, the tyrant governor of Uri, set his hat on a pole and ordered the people to salute it. Tell, hating tyranny and Gessler, refused, and the apple-shooting incident followed. The identical crossbow is still preserved in Zurich.

Unfortunately historical research has shown that there never was a governor called Gessler, there never was a William Tell, and the apple-shooting incident is told of at least half a dozen popular heroes long before 1296. The earlier versions of the story are not revolts against tyranny at all, but hero stories in which the hero performs a bragging feat. But, to supply the need of a hero myth among the freedom-loving Swiss people, this older myth has been turned into a complete tyrant myth.

If Robin Hood ever existed, he was an outlaw, a plain bandit. Such men were common in the Middle Ages and were a constant menace. But Robin Hood, too, has been made into a rebel against tyranny, though the story represents him as eventually owning allegiance to the king. (This dates him earlier than the nineteenth century.) To-day the moral criminal is as popular as he ever was when Robin Hood roved Sherwood and put the Sheriff of Nottingham on the spot.

The admiration for the rebel is really a trait of childhood, and, as most healthy people retain something from childhood, so, I think, many of us would confess to a liking for the rebel. But when we think we know quite well that most rebels are merely misfits, they are not heroes at all. At times they are useful; probably every community should have a few rebels to bite it and keep it awake.

To-day in national affairs we hear a great deal of certain romantic ideals, of self-sufficiency, of 'rugged individualism,' and, above all, of freedom.

It might be interesting to trace the romantic ideal of 'freedom' to its beginnings. People thought very little of it in the Middle Ages. They do not seem to have wanted it, or even to have known that it existed. Their ideal was an ordered civilization of duties and loyalties culminating in the Emperor and the Pope, vicegerents of God. This is why Robin Hood yields to the king and is himself made an earl.

Freedom, glorious freedom, seems to have been discovered some time in the eighteenth century, and at first was regarded much as we to-day regard Bolshevism, as a rending of all decent life. Rousseau and the French Revolution made it popular, along with trousers. To-day we are thinking a great deal in terms of glorious freedom; possibly we are thinking a little too much in such terms. In the name of freedom we have rebellion, separatism, and national sovereignty — all the excesses of extreme nationalism. At a time when it is urgently necessary for the people of the world to help one another and to stand together, we have this fanatic nationalism and ever higher tariff walls.

We have even, in some parts of this continent, what amounts to tariff walls between one municipality and another. If some modern politicians had their way we should, politically, return to barbarism in a generation. Individuality in the person is national sovereignty in the nation, provincial rights in the province, state rights in the state.

All this intense nationality is supported by a fine patriotic mythology in our school history books. The nation is shown defying the tyrant and fighting for freedom in all the usual mythological attitudes. When the nation has grown big, of course it cannot do this any more. It then becomes the benevolent dispenser of civilization and motor cars to more backward peoples — until, to the big chap's bewilderment, one of the more backward peoples denounces him as a tyrant, and the cycle begins over again.

Now there is something very chilly and unpleasant about pure cosmopolitanism. It is natural to love the place where one was born and bred, and that man is unfortunate who has no countryside of his own. We all think our own country the best in the world, and so it is, for each of us. The cosmopolite is a tasteless, flavorless creature.

Local customs, local speech and accent, local words and phrases; local dress, local arts and buildings; the cottages and churches of the countryside; local animals and plants and birds — these are the things in which we truly live. And, for each of us, these things are different. What a variety of good things does the world provide — some different associations, some different affections, for each of us! Here is the fullest material for individuality.

These are things so good that they cannot be sacrificed; yet so abused to-day are the once fine ideals of patriotism and nationality that we must coin a new word and call ourselves 'localists.' Localism is not inconsistent with international coöperation. As an illustration I may be allowed to point out that my own country, Scotland, has never lost its true local patriotism, though for many years it has been the partner of a neighboring people, to the advantage of both.

VI

But it is now time to say a word for the bugbears of the advanced movement, the bourgeoisie and academism.

We need not concern ourselves greatly to defend the bourgeoisie; they are very well able to take care of themselves. Almost every great movement that has ever taken place in human history has been the work of the middle classes. Most geniuses, scientific or artistic, have been bourgeois. Very little has really been contributed to our civilization by either the proletarian or the aristocrat.

All revolutions have been the work of the bourgeois. Cromwell was a country gentleman; so was George Washington. The leading figures of the French Revolution — Robespierre, Marat, and Danton — were bourgeois. Karl Marx and Lenin were bourgeois. Every stable culture which the world has known has been the work of the bourgeois.

Academism, the second bogy, is very unpopular to-day. The last reproach, the final blast of contempt, is to assert that So-and-so 'has an academic mind.' We are assured that the Royal Academy is an exhibition of mediocre pictures, Academicians are worn-out old fogies, the Paris Salon is an exhibition of skilled ineptitude, and all real ability is to be found outside their doors.

Our universities are continually being urged to discard their outworn pedantry and to get into touch with modern life. This is a little difficult, since we are also told that we university teachers are all very stupid and quite unfitted to cope with the conflicts of modern life. Perhaps, after all, it might be better if we tried our best to be academic.

For what is academism? Academism maintains that men do their best work as a community working within rules; that the greatest freedom is attained by the sacrifice of freedom; that tradition and the experience of the past have formulated the rules and are continually reformulating them; that individuality and even genius can find their fullest scope only within the discipline of tradition and the conventions of society.

The great art of the past has been

almost entirely academic, and, curiously enough, those branches of it which are most admired by the modern artists are the most academic.

The art of ancient Egypt, particularly its sculpture, has deeply influenced much modern work, yet the artists who wrought it were subject to far stricter rules and conventions than any which we should to-day suggest.

In ancient Greece, the Parthenon is an academic monument; its famous sculptures are known to be the work of a school or guild of sculptors working under Phidias. They are not the work of an individual genius.

The art of Byzantium is much admired by the most advanced artists of to-day. It was strictly academic. Every scene, every figure, every color and attitude, was prescribed by tradition and published in an authoritative book for the guidance of the artist.

The great arts of the Middle Ages — Gothic architecture and sculpture, illuminated manuscripts, and stained-glass windows — all were the work of unnamed artists working in trade-unions. Gothic art ignores the individual; it is an academic art resting on tradition.

Only with the Renaissance do we meet with the individual 'artist,' and even here his place has been very much exaggerated. The 'Old Masters' are even more recent, for they are products of the art dealer and the auction sale. We know quite well that Rubens was the head of a large picture factory and employed a staff of skilled assistants, and the same seems to be true of most of the early Italian painters.

But it would never do to advertise a picture as the work of Rubens and Company, Inc. The modern collector demands a work of individual genius, and the modern critic gives it to him.

VII

In all the long history of the fine arts the rebel has no place; yet progress continued. These old academic schools absorbed their rebels and used them.

We are assured that society is incapable of recognizing its great men, that genius is always crushed and suppressed. This is simply not true. Genius has occasionally been suppressed for a time, a time of testing; more usually it has been fully recognized.

Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Sir Christopher Wren, Turner, Sir Isaac Newton, Darwin, Einstein, Rutherford — the list of genius which has been most fully recognized goes on for as long as one can write. Known genius which suffered unrecognized is rare. Even Galileo, the oft-quoted example, was imprisoned not for his astronomical views but for his theological writings. Genius usually wins.

But genius is very rare, though many claims are made. We cannot found a whole system upon the genius; we must found it upon more ordinary men.

Now the most important and successful movement of modern times is definitely founded upon discipline and tradition and the use of a common stock of knowledge. Modern science follows the rules of academism. The young man who enters upon a scientific career enters a brotherhood in which his position will be determined by his ability and his power of working with his fellows. There is very little room for the rebel in modern science.

He must pass a strict apprenticeship; slowly he must learn the tradition of the past, the slowly gained knowledge of his predecessors. When he has mastered this, he may push forward himself and add his brick to the structure. He will get very little individual recognition, save from his fellows, but he rarely asks for more.

Yet this strict discipline of rules and proof and verification, this study of tradition, does not hinder the growth of individuality or crush the creative mind. Einstein and Rutherford are both individual and creative.

Indeed, the scientific world of to-day is in spirit the counterpart of the artistic world of the Middle Ages. Both had the long apprenticeship, the severe discipline, the respect for tradition, and neither of them had any room for the rebel. Finally, both were doing work of real value to the community and work which was at the very top of the culture of the day. The mediæval artist who painted Our Lady in a Book of Hours did not do so primarily to make the book beautiful; he was not thinking of spatial relations, rhythms, or significant form. He was making the book an aid to a good life. He was engaged in spiritual sanitation just as the modern bacteriologist is engaged in corporeal sanitation.

The scientific man is far nearer to the trade artist of the past than to the rebel artist of to-day. But the rebel artist is simply the reflection of the ruthless business and financial magnates who disregard all laws that do not suit them and bend all regulations to fit their own personalities.

I am aware that the advocates of unlimited individuality assert that modern science is narrow and will not admit into its sanctum any who have not entered by the correct way. To quote a modern philosopher: 'The academic mind is incurious, unprogressive, and reactionary; every new branch of study, every new science, can only establish itself in the teeth of opposition. Look at the past struggle of psychology, look at the present struggle of investigators into the unconscious to obtain any foothold at our seats of learning.'

Certainly. It is only right that every new branch of study, every new science, should establish itself in the teeth of opposition. Only so can it be tested. Such opposition is the discipline, the test of intellectual integrity and honesty. Every new theory, every new statement, is only allowed to establish itself in the teeth of opposition in the scientific world. The danger, indeed, is rather that of admitting new developments too easily. Are we to let down the bars entirely and to admit any speculation without tests and without opposition? Our author is evidently thinking of psychical research. Are its methods as rigorous as those of the physicist and its facts as carefully sifted? And what of astrology, of magic, of palmistry, of a hundred other pseudo-sciences which lurk around our universities seeking shelter? They all have sincere and convinced believers. Are they to be welcomed in order that we may claim to be modern and progressive?

There are few things more foolish than this effort to be always a little ahead of the future. Really great men are naturally in front; they make no claim and no effort. We lesser folk may be content to follow.

Rebellion is in itself a sign of the inferior mind; as for individuality, it may very safely be left to take care of itself. We are all born different and no amount of training will ever interfere with that. The real danger is from overdeveloped individualism, selfishness, intolerance, and separatism. We have far too many rebels in our society to-day, and we are far too much inclined to admire them. Our politics are as disorganized as our pictures; our modern business is as big and as clumsy and as individual as our modern sculpture.

FAMILY TREASURE

BY HELEN CODY BAKER

I

WHAT to take, and what to leave, out of twenty years of housekeeping? Four hundred dollars' worth of home furnishings was n't much to take — even when you priced things, as honestly as you knew how, in accordance with secondhand values. The referee in bankruptcy had been reasonable, if he did keep his hat on in the house. He had barely glanced at the neatly typed list that Nancy and Curtis had made out so punctiliously, and stuffed it carelessly in his pocket. He had gone through the house, into each room, and looked over the furniture with a practised eye. At the attic door he had paused for a brief scrutiny of boxes and trunks, the children's little chairs and table, a few 'mission' pieces, left over from their first housekeeping, which Nancy had never quite liked to get rid of.

'There's nothing here of any real value, except to us,' she had told him. 'Old clothes, letters, and papers — you know the kind of thing that goes into an attic. My wedding dress, the babies' shoes — '

'Just take any of this stuff you like,' he had told her.

It had been hot on the third floor. Perhaps that had been why, for the first time in their tour of inspection, he had taken off his hat. But for the first time, too, he had given her a really friendly, human look — here at the attic door.

What to take, and what to leave? Or rather, what to destroy, since you could n't leave things like these for strangers. A five-room flat in the city would n't hold a great deal. Storage was too expensive. Everything else was packed, and ready to go, of what they were taking with them. The sale of all the other things would be held on Friday. Wednesday afternoon found Nancy in the last and hottest corner of her attic, smudged and weary, sitting cross-legged on the floor before a sturdy, small green chest.

Glumly she lifted the cover. It was all very well to keep up a pretense of gayety before Curtis and the children; to sustain, for their sakes, the fairy tale of the great adventure. But beginning over again, at their age, was no frolic. Giving up college for Jim; taking Nan out of that lovely school; leaving the house they had built to live and to die in; nothing left, after the smash-up, of all they had saved for, and planned and hoped.

She knew what the little green chest held — her grandmother's letters. No time now to go carefully through them, as she had always thought to do some day. Take them, or burn them? That was the question. And why take them? Her own past with Curtis would never come again. No more garden and tennis court. No more riding and country club. The new job that Curtis had found promised little for the future, though of course work of any kind, in 1933, was something to be grateful for. As for this older past,— even the part of it which she had shared when she had been taken, one of three orphaned children, into her grandmother's heart and home, — what had it, now, to do with her? She had married early, and been swiftly caught up into other interests, another life. What could her grandmother, that lovely lady in soft gray silk, whose crisp lace cap had lain so smoothly on neatly parted silver hair, possibly have to say, after all these years, to a granddaughter with a shingled haircut? The gap between them widened as Nancy lit a cigarette at the flame of the candle by whose light she had cleaned her attic. Curiously, almost coldly, she lifted and untied the first neat package, labeled, in slim, faded writing, '1837–1845.'

II

How these earliest letters, written from Illinois to relatives in New York State, had ever come back to the little green chest, she could n't imagine. Her grandmother, a child of nine when the trip was made, must have been the family scribe. Dimly she remembered that her great-grandfather had lost everything he had in the East, and come West to seek another fortune. The first letter told, in an uncertain child's writing, of a long, slow journey by canal boat to Buffalo, and of crossing Lake Michigan in a sailing ship. 'There was a storm and great waves. But I was not sick, nor afraid.'

Then on from Chicago by wagon to Bloomingdale, Illinois. 'We laughed, because the black dust of the prairie made us look like runaway slaves.' And in Bloomingdale, 'We sleep five in a bed, and under a good roof, though it belongs to another man.' Jim and Nan, even in a city apartment, would have a bed apiece. . . .

Ma says that I must send the letter, as she is very occupied. She says to tell you that she knows, already, the complexion of this country. It is a bilious country, with no trees to break the thunder, no hills to soften the lightning, and a wind to blow the hair off our heads. But we take the bitter with the sweet. We have had fever and ague, and the prairie itch. Ma brewed the wahoo weed for medicine. It was bitter. And now, through a merciful providence, we are all in good health. . . .

Pa and the boys are building a snug little house. You ask what we have to eat. We have prairie chicken and deer. They are as thick as sheep and poultry about your yard. Ma tried out the tallow from four creatures in one week, and we dipped a hundred and eighty candles in the fall. Pa drives across the fence tops when the snow is deep and frozen hard, to see sick people. . . . We have been on a sleigh ride, in a pleasure sleigh. We put a wagon box on a sled. It was fine, slipping across the snow by the bright moonlight. . . . Pa has written an acrostic, made from my name, which I send to you: —

Pretty, prating, black-eyed Mela,
How delightful to live freely
In such company as thine;
Lovely, playful and observing,
Open-hearted, and deserving
Many kindnesses of mine.
Ever merit nobler praises,
Live to enrich thyself with graces,
And in every circle shine.

Well, she had lived to enrich herself with graces, and had shone, to the last, in every circle. Were the hardships of those early days in any way responsible for the fact that she had met the changes of ninety years without losing her joy of living? Nancy had asked her, once, if she would like to go back and do it all over again. Her answer had been instant and eager: 'Every day of it. Every minute, from the beginning to the end. My bed of lilies of the valley, out in Bloomingdale, more than paid me for all the pain I have ever suffered in my life.'

A pioneer doctor's daughter, a country judge's wife, who had brought eleven children into the world, seen nine of them grow to manhood and womanhood, and lost three of these before she died. What had life given her, that her zest was still so keen — at ninety?

Sometime in those last months she must have gone through the accumulated letters of ninety years and sorted out the most precious, arranging them carefully in this strong, small chest, with the earliest ones on top so that whoever found and read them might follow the story from beginning to end. The next packet, labeled carefully (1845–1847), began, as the first one had ended, with verse.

To him a proud and manly form
And natural grace be given,
Knowledge his chief pursuit below,
Virtue his hope of heaven.

His eye be dark and laughing too,
His hair the raven's bright,
His lips speak words both kind and true,
Virtue his soul's delight.

I care not if he's e'er so poor —
No glittering gold has he —
If he's but able, kind, and good,
I'm sure we shall agree.

'Able, kind, and good,' thought Nancy. Well, Curtis was all three. But her grandfather's eyes had been keenly blue, under hair that she remembered as white, but that had, she knew, been blond. Was this an earlier romance, of which she had never heard? Or girlish artfulness? Someone, at any rate, had read the verses and answered them the very next day: —

The eyes were to be black, 't is true —
At least so said the verse.
But do you think if they were blue
They would look much the worse?

Then think no more of bright black hair
Or shining jetty eyes;
Find, if you can, a heart that's fair
And generous and wise;

And then yield up the pretty name
Of Philomela S.
And in return take for the same
A life of happiness.

Love letters followed. Nancy turned them over tenderly. Some day she must read them with care. Last of all, in this chapter, was a brief note in a stronger, masculine hand.

To Hiram Hitchcock Cody, Esquire
Bloomingdale, 1847
DEAR SIR,

I received your communication with emotions not to be described, and not at all to be appreciated except by a person in similar circumstances. For the friendly, ingenuous, and affectionate manner in which it was written, please accept my kind regards. I can with pleasure inform you that I am not disposed to throw any obstacle in the way of the expressed wishes of yourself and my daughter; and your addresses, paid in an honorable and reputable manner, are not objected to. Allow me to say that I know how to appreciate the embarrassments incident to subjects of this nature. You may divest yourself of them, and confer with me verbally with ease and freedom. If agreeable to you, I shall at any time be pleased with such an interview. With kind wishes for your present and future felicity, I am

Yours respectfully,
PARKER SEDGWICK

III

Brittle old pages, slightly browned at the edges. Delicate, spidery writing. Dated and folded and laid away, to be sent to her after her grandmother's death, and stored in the attic till she found time for them. No time, to-day, to read the whole story. Just a glimpse, here and there, of its unfolding. Hiram, the first clerk of a new county, admitted to the bar, practising law, elected county judge, sent as delegate to the State Constitutional Convention, judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit. For Philomela, twenty-two unbroken years of babies. All but one of the nine who lived had graduated from college. Someone, it seemed, had always been away, at school or on a visit, and her grandmother had saved, from each year, a few of the family letters. It was all here — the life she would have liked to live over again, from the beginning to the end. Church sociables and singing schools, candy pulls and amateur theatricals, Fourth of July picnics and Commencement orations. Making their own fun, Nancy thought, out of the materials at hand. Always the need to make both ends meet. Always some way contrived to do it. Two older daughters teaching elocution, music, and kindergarten, each taking a little sister to dress and care for. A promising oldest son dying before most of his promises came true. A younger daughter studying Greek in secret, because an older brother — her own father, Nancy realized — thought the classics unsuitable for women. Only Grandmother knew. And only Grandmother could have known the reason for this, dated 1870:—

Dear Boy, the only silver lining to this cloud is Principle. My life will be a failure if I do not succeed in impressing this on my boys' hearts. Perhaps I have depended too much on my own efforts. Only God can give the strength that leads a young man resolutely to turn away from temptation. . . . You are talented and capable, but your talent will profit you nothing without virtue and truth. You are young. You can be what you will. 'The steadfast mind all obstacles defies.'

Another was dated 'Sabbath, early.'

Nervous and wakeful, I could not sleep, so thought I would arise and write to you. That great, but expensive comfort, my nice coal stove, made it a pleasant thing to do. I was sorry you were kept away from church, in Springfield, for want of a frontispiece, when I had packed it in your hat box, and it was there all the time.

Here the writing changed, and a girlish scrawl had written, 'Why, why this absence? Fly to thy home, sweet man!' But Philomela had taken up the story in the next line.

Of course, after I had written a few minutes, the children woke up, and while I was getting breakfast Minnie sat down at my desk to continue this letter in a style I suppose she thought more suitable. In Sunday School this morning Mr. Cunningham prayed God to 'Raise you above all bribery and corruption.' The children resented it.

In answer, Hiram had written: —

I will never attend the Legislature again until I can afford to have you with me. And the more I see, the more I am of the opinion that the people's business would be better attended to if the members' wives were here to attend to them. And the public would be the gainer by paying their expenses. I must stop, for the more I write the more homesick I become. Take good care of yourself and of the dear children, and be careful of the fires. God bless you, and good night.

The candle was burning low, guttering in its saucer. The little chest was almost empty — most of the packages still untied. More verses caught Nancy's eye, dated, in Philomela's hand, 'Our thirty-seventh wedding anniversary, New Year's Eve, 1883. Read aloud at the supper table, amid smiles, tears and tumultuous applause.' On this occasion Hiram had presented Philomela with a ring, of 'pearls and a ruby,' and in rhyme had enjoined her

To wear this ring of circling gold
To keep your heart from growing old.

'Bless her heart,' thought Nancy, 'it never did grow old.' Her last spoken words, Nancy remembered, had been, 'The Americans can do it.' She had died during the World War.

IV

Was it fate, or just coincidence, that the last letter of all had never been mailed, and that it should be addressed to 'My granddaughter, Nancy'? She remembered the day it must have been written. They had all of them gone home to spend Sunday, bringing the great-grandchildren, and Jim had carried in an armful of roses. It had been the gayest kind of family party, with Grandmother, as always, the centre of the gayety.

Dear heart [the letter began, in the well-remembered writing, wonderfully firm for ninety years], as I saw the pink rosebuds on your hat vanishing through the door I seemed to feel, all at once, how separated your life now is from mine, and I thought of it all the evening. If I should live a hundred years I shall never forget the darling picture of the dear baby standing there holding the roses, like a miniature man. Oh, the day was too brief! I am anxious about your cold. Do not neglect it. I thought yesterday, when your father's three children sat at the table, how proud he would have been of them. 'Woman's lot' is on you, but you will meet it bravely. Take care of your treasure. What can a great-grandmother, standing on the farthest edge of the stage of life, say to you who are climbing the first steps? Only welcome, dear heart. It may be a way of conflict and struggle. But I hope it will not. I hope it will be a flowery way. And at any rate I hope you will see only the flowers, ignoring the poisonous weeds, fixing your eyes steadfastly on the good, and so come to where I stand now. So hoping, I can only say 'Hail and farewell.' Love and peace be with you every day.

'Love and peace,' thought Nancy. One could keep these, surely, no matter what else was gone. Philomela had kept them. The old America she helped to build had fallen on strange days, but there were new frontiers — the Americans could do it.

'Listen, Mom,' said Jim, appearing suddenly at the attic door, 'Dad and I have finished burning all that old rubbish you did n't want to leave. The truck's about ready to start. Is there anything else here that has to go?'

'Only this little green chest,' said Nancy, rising to her stiffened knees. 'Help me to tie it up, Jim. It goes wherever we go. What do you suppose I found in it? The family treasure.'

Skeptically Jim regarded the neat packages as she tucked the last of them away.

'Looks like junk to me,' he said. 'Bet it won't take me to college.' But he grinned at her, and lifted it with respect.

'Yes, it will,' said Nancy, and smiled back at him by candlelight. 'There are things in this box that will take us all, Jimmy, just anywhere we want to go. Capital, to begin all over with. Your inheritance.'

CONTROLLED RECOVERY

BY JOHN DICKINSON

ON June 16 last, during the closing days of the special session of Congress, there was enacted the statute since known as the National Industrial Recovery Act. In a statement issued to the press at the time of signing the Act, the President did not hesitate to say that from certain points of view it represents the most far-reaching piece of legislation ever enacted by the American Congress. This appraisal assumes a heightened significance when we recollect that at the same session there were also enacted the Agricultural Relief Act, the Federal Securities Act, the Glass-Steagall Banking Act, the Railroad Coördinator Act, and the act overriding the gold-payment clause in contract obligations. All these measures effected major operations on some of the most delicate organs of our economic system. The fact that in the opinion of the President the Industrial Recovery Act transcends them all not merely indicates the central position which the new statute holds in the policy of the administration, but also suggests the scope and breadth of its applications and the fundamental and searching character of the remedies which it employs.

The unanimity and enthusiasm with which the policy and main provisions of the Act were accepted by the large number of representatives of widely different points of view who were invited to participate in its formulation and who were consulted during its passage through Congress were nothing short of amazing, and greatly lightened the burden of those who were charged with whipping the Act into form. It is substantially true that the differences which developed were practically all differences of detail. This is not to say that there have been no voices of dissent. There have been, chiefly in Congress and in certain sections of the press, but the grounds upon which such dissent has gone indicate, when analyzed, that for the most part it rests on misconception — on failure for one reason or another to grasp the meaning of the statute and the legal effect of its provisions. One group, for example, suggest that the statute subjects business to such burdensome governmental regulation as to destroy the initiative and enterprise which have made American industry great. At the same time other critics claim that the Act, by relaxing the Anti-Trust Laws, unleashes the aggressive and predatory element in business and puts the small and the weak at the mercy of the strong. Still another line of criticism claims that the whole effect of the Act is to place business at the mercy of organized union labor.

So far criticism upon these or other grounds has been sporadic and largely ineffectual. There is, however, every reason why such misconceptions as may exist regarding the provisions and purport of the Act should be cleared away as soon as possible. There has hardly ever been a statute put upon the books which relies more for its effectiveness upon the voluntary coöperation of the people. Such coöperation can only be the fruit of understanding. If the philosophy of the Act is understood, if its objectives are grasped by the mind of the country at large no less than by those who are more directly concerned, administrative difficulties will be minimized and potential conflicts reduced in number.

I

The National Industrial Recovery Act contains two titles, Title I headed 'Industrial Recovery' and Title II headed 'Public Works and Construction Projects.' With Title II we are not concerned. While the vast construction programme which it sets in motion is designed to reënforce some of the practical economic results anticipated from the operation of Title I by further promoting employment and thereby increasing the purchasing power of labor, the public-works provisions of the Act do not raise the interesting questions of industrial organization and governmental coöperation with industry which are raised by Title I.

Title I commences with a statement of the policy of Congress and of the premises of fact on which that policy is based. These factual premises are summed up as the existence of a national emergency which is declared to burden interstate commerce by producing a widespread disorganization of industry, and to affect the public welfare by bringing about unemployment which undermines the American standard of living. On this basis of fact it is declared to be the policy of Congress to remove obstructions to the free flow of interstate commerce which tend to diminish the amount of such commerce; to provide for the general welfare by promoting the organization of industry for the purpose of coöperative action among trade groups; to induce and maintain united action of labor and management under adequate governmental supervision; to eliminate unfair competitive practices; to promote the fullest possible utilization of the productive capacity of industry and to avoid undue restriction of production, except as may be temporarily required; to increase consumption of industrial and agricultural products by increasing purchasing power; to reduce unemployment; to improve labor standards; to rehabilitate industry otherwise, and to conserve natural resources. Section 2 limits the operation of the Act, as an emergency measure, to a period of two years from the date of its enactment.

Sections 3 and 4 set forth the mechanism of industrial coöperation upon which reliance is placed to effectuate the Congressional policy. Section 3 provides that trade associations or groups may submit to the President for approval codes of fair competition. A hearing must be held and the President is authorized to approve such codes provided he finds that the proponent group or groups are truly representative and impose no inequitable restriction on membership, and that the codes tend to effectuate the policy of the Act and do not, either in design or in result, promote monopolies or discriminate against small enterprises. The Act expressly provides that no code shall permit monopolies or monopolistic practices. Wherever a code affects persons engaged in other steps of the economic process, such persons must be given an opportunity to be heard. In approving a code, the President may impose conditions designed to protect competitors, employees, consumers, and other persons affected, and to further the public interest.

After a code has been approved, its provisions become the standard of fair competition for the trade and may be enforced in three ways against recalcitrants: first, by a proceeding before the Federal Trade Commission for a commission order to cease and desist from the prohibited practice; second, by a proceeding for an injunction brought in a Federal District Court by the United States District Attorney; third, by a criminal proceeding leading to the imposition of a fine of not more than $500 for each offense, counting as a separate offense each day that such a violation continues.

Where an industry or subdivision has not presented a code, or has failed to submit one which receives approval, the President, on his own motion or on complaint, may consider whether abuses contrary to the policy of the Act exist in the industry and may hold a public hearing. If as a result of such hearing he reaches the conclusion that a code is necessary, he may prescribe one which shall thereupon have the same effect as a code submitted and approved.

Section 4 authorizes the President to approve agreements between industrial concerns or trade groups which tend to effectuate the policy of the Act, but which for one reason or another cannot be classed as codes of fair competition. The same section contains a licensing provision which authorizes the President, after notice and hearing, to place under license the business units of an industry in which 'destructive wage- or price-cutting or other activities contrary to the policy of the Act' are found to exist. Such a license may contain provisions designed to effectuate the policy of the Act, and any person who carries on business without a license, or in violation of a term of the license, is subject to fine. By Section 5, codes, agreements, and licenses under the Act, and all conduct in compliance therewith, are exempted from the operation of the Anti-Trust Laws.

The labor provisions of the Act are contained in Section 7, which provides that every code of fair competition, agreement, or license shall recognize the right of employees to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing and shall contain a provision outlawing the so-called 'yellow dog' contract. It is then provided that in an industry where such conditions of free collective bargaining prevail the employers and employees may, by mutual agreement, establish maximum hours, minimum rates of pay, and other labor standards, and that such an agreement, when approved by the President, shall have the same effect as a code of fair competition. Where no such mutual agreement has been reached or approved, the President may hold hearings and prescribe 'a limited code of fair competition, fixing such maximum hours, minimum rates of pay, and other conditions of employment as he finds to be necessary to effectuate the policy' of the Act.

II

With the Act before us, it is easy to see what it is *not*. Thus it is emphatically not an effort by government to 'spoon-feed' and 'coddle' business, to pamper it back to health by artificial governmental stimulation. At every point the Act throws the initiative on industry itself or on industry and labor. It relies, up to the limit, for the accomplishment of its objectives on voluntary private effort and coöperation. It is so drafted as to avoid in every way possible the assumption by government of tasks which should be performed by industry. Governmental action is relegated to the position of a reserve, to be brought into play only after industrial initiative and voluntary coöperation have failed to materialize. Obviously, such a reserve power in the hands of government is essential if the Act is to be more than hortatory. It is equally obvious that, with the full opportunities for industrial initiative and coöperation which the Act holds out, an industry which does not avail itself of those opportunities is in an exceptional condition of disorder and disorganization, where governmental action is fully justified.

Much has been made of the licensing provision of the Act. It is only another form of the provision of Section 3 empowering the President to impose codes where the industry cannot agree or insists on a code which disregards the public interest or the rights of others. These provisions simply say to industry that, if it does not set its house in order, governmental power to do so remains. Such power can be branded as unwarranted interference with private affairs only by extreme advocates of abstract *laissez faire.*

A second misconception is as to the effect of the Act on the Anti-Trust Laws. There is apparently a belief in some quarters that the Act abrogates the Anti-Trust Laws, breaks down the barrier which they have opposed to monopoly, and throws the door open to any and every type of conduct which the Anti-Trust Laws have hitherto prohibited. A reading of the Act will show that this is not so. The Act does not abrogate the Anti-Trust Laws. It simply provides that codes of fair practice which have been scrutinized and approved by the President after giving all interested parties an opportunity to be heard shall not be held unlawful. All agreements which have not been so scrutinized and approved, all conduct which has not met the test of government scrutiny, remain as much subject to the Anti-Trust Laws as before. The President, in passing on codes and agreements submitted to him, will give full protection, and the Act expressly requires him to give protection, to the very interests which the Anti-Trust Laws were designed to safeguard. The Act provides that no code or agreement of a monopolistic tendency, that no code or agreement which operates unfairly against small concerns, shall be approved.

Why, then, was it necessary to provide that, as to codes and agreements approved under the Act, the Anti-Trust Laws should be abrogated? The answer is because of the extreme vagueness of the language of the Sherman Act, and especially of the term 'restraint of trade,' leaving it possible for many kinds of conduct to be challenged which the Anti-Trust Laws never were intended to reach. This vagueness of language has in recent years exposed to the possible operation of the Anti-Trust Laws practically every coöperative undertaking by business men, even coöperation for no more insidious purpose than the collection of statistics. Many of the activities so challenged have been clearly not inconsistent with the policy of the Anti-Trust Laws, and some of them have even been calculated to promote the same objectives as the Anti-Trust Laws through the elimination of destructive types of competition which make for monopoly. Nevertheless, even if an agreement or plan of coöperation was not contrary to the Anti-Trust Laws, since it could still be challenged and brought into court as an alleged 'restraint of trade,' imposing an almost unbelievable burden of expense on the participants in order to clear themselves and prove the legality of their conduct, the natural effect has been that cautious business men have been unwilling to take such a risk, and the fear of the Anti-Trust

Laws has accordingly prevented coöperative action of practically every kind. The aim of the Industrial Recovery Act is to make it clear that certain types of coöperative action among competitors are lawful, and to provide that they may be approved and authorized under the Act.

What has just been said is illustrated by the controversy over the so-called Borah Amendment when the Recovery Bill was before the Senate. The Borah Amendment in its original form would have permitted every code which had been approved and authorized to be subsequently declared illegal, as in 'restraint of trade.' Senator Wagner pointed out that this would open the door to a challenge of every code merely because it was a code — that is, merely because it involved coöperative action among competitors. Replying to Senator Borah, the New York Senator said:

'Our effort is to give the smaller business men who have been discriminated against under the operation of our present Anti-Trust Laws an opportunity to coöperate. The dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Brandeis in the American Column case shows how the law has worked against the smaller man and in favor of his larger opponent. . . . While the objective of the Anti-Trust Laws, the perpetuation of genuine competition, is worthy, the law failed to reach that objective, and at the same time sanctioned the largest combinations of business that we have ever had in the history of the country, yet the same law prevented smaller business men from coöperating and has resulted in a destructive, cutthroat competition. . . . Under the Anti-Trust Laws as they stand to-day, no group of smaller or larger industries can coöperate for the purpose of putting wages and hours of labor upon a proper basis. It is the impossibility of doing these very things which has dragged our whole economic structure down, and the main purpose of this legislation is to rationalize competition.'

In short, the difficulty has been that the term 'restraint of trade' is so broad as to cast legal doubt upon every form of industrial coöperation. This difficulty would have been perpetuated, and the whole effect of the Act nullified, by the original form of the Borah Amendment. The sound objective of that Amendment has been preserved by retaining in the Act as finally enacted the portion of it which provides that no code shall permit monopolies or monopolistic practices.

III

The Industrial Recovery Act rests on a broad social philosophy which underlies the entire programme of the administration. The essence of that philosophy is that our national life is an integrated process, no part of which can be dealt with successfully without at the same time dealing with other parts. This accounts for the wide number of fronts upon which the administration has been moving forward since the fourth of March — agriculture, banks, money, credit, securities, labor, industry, public works. We cannot deal separately with any of these without having our efforts go largely for naught and having the ground we gain in one quarter slip away in another. We have reached the point where we must deal with the system as a system.

Too frequently in the past we have failed to take this organic view. We have permitted ourselves to wear blinders, and to look at each particular interest and deal with each particular interest separately, trusting, if we thought about the larger problem at all, that some blind automatism of forces would effect the necessary adjustments and maintain a proper balance. One thing which the last four years have taught us is that we cannot rely on such automatic forces to supply the lack of conscious social purpose. We cannot trust to secure adjustments by letting each separate interest push as far and as hard as it can toward selfishly conceived goals. What we need to further is not the interest of the debtor, and not the interest of the creditor, but the social interest in the entire process of which the debtor forms one part and the creditor another.

Nowhere is the necessity for considering together the interests of seemingly opposed groups greater than in connection with the relations between labor and capital. It used to be said that to insist on the harmony of interest between labor and capital was a pious fiction, since, while labor was dependent on capital, capital was not dependent on labor. In a measure this criticism was just in a less closely integrated society, where there were large markets for the products of industry outside of the limits of the domestic laboring class, where the major portion of the products of industry could be sold to the wealthy class at home or could find a market in foreign countries, and where the domestic laboring population did not furnish the major part of the consumer's demand for the products of industry. This situation no longer exists. To-day practically the entire population in one sense or another has been drawn into the national industrial system, and industry must look to those to buy its products who serve it either as employees or as suppliers of raw materials. Under these circumstances capital has become in a very real sense dependent on labor. If labor is unemployed, capital can find no purchasers for the goods which it owns. If purchasing power is to be revived, it must be revived through the employment of labor.

The immediate purpose of the Industrial Recovery Act, the immediate objective which it is intended to accomplish, is to put people back to work at once in order that they may be included once more in the army of purchasers, in the group who possess the effective means for absorbing the products of industry. The way in which the Act hopes to accomplish this result is by limiting the hours of work so that more people may be employed and the reduction in man power which technological improvements have brought about may be balanced and redressed by a corresponding reduction in the number of hours of work for each individual worker. In order, however, that this reduction in hours may not be met by a reduction in wages which would leave the total purchasing power of the wage group as a whole where it now is, the Act contains provision for a minimum wage which when applied to the increased number of workers is expected to increase materially the wage income of the labor of the country as a whole. Properly enough, the Act does not undertake to fix the weekly hours or the minimum wage at any particular figure. It is flexible, permitting adaptation to the special needs of each industry, and it throws the initiative for determining the needs of each industry on the industry itself, with provision for consultation between the employer and labor.

IV

The provisions in the Industrial Recovery Act for reduction in the number of hours of labor and for the establishment of minimum wages are intended to benefit industry as a whole, the investor and the management no less than the laboring class, by making possible an increase in the purchasing power of the nation. However, it is obvious that in order to accomplish this end the direct and immediate burdens which are placed on employers are severe, and that if industry is to be maintained in a healthy state, as the needs of labor no less than those of the employer require, every effort should be made to enable industry to eliminate the practices which weaken it and impose upon it a burden of waste that in the long run labor and the consumer are called upon to share. Much of the insecurity which has attended the industrial process in recent years, and many of the burdens which have lessened its ability to withstand the strain of the depression, have been connected with senseless and destructive methods of competition. The Industrial Recovery Act holds out to industry not merely the promise of increased consumer's demand, but the possibility of compensation for the burdens of the Act, in the form of the right to take coöperative action to eliminate destructive and unwholesome competition.

Discussions of competition have in the past been largely vitiated by presenting the issue as a choice between extreme positions. It seems clear that competition is in some sense an integral element of any social process, and that not merely would it not be desirable, it would not even be possible, to eliminate it from the economic system even under the most strictly regimented and socialistic order. The form might be changed, but the thing itself would remain. Taking this view, it is not merely unnecessary, it is academic and unrealistic, to believe that competition in the sense of struggle and rivalry must be absolutely unrestricted.

Competition, like all good things, has its proper limits. Carry it too far and, like any abstract principle, it meets other opposing principles — the principle of order, the principle of efficiency, the principle of justice, the principle of humanity, before which it must give way. Competition, for example, is the basic principle of all games and sports, and yet there is no game in which competition is not limited by rules. Hitting below the belt is outlawed. Is there any reason why competition in business should be free from the necessity for limitation which is recognized in all its other forms? The worship of economic competition in and for itself is a blind fetish or superstition, which is belied by the elementary rules of law against the cruder forms of competitive malpractice.

The particular forms of limitation to which competitive rivalry in the economic field must be subjected vary with time and place and circumstance, and with the special facts of the business process within which the rivalry goes on. Under the conditions of modern large-scale industry, with heavy overhead charges and plants having a very large production capacity, competition is a very different thing from what it is in a more simple economy where the individual investment of each producer is small and where it is comparatively inexpensive to set up a new business or abandon an old one.

The Industrial Recovery Act does not outlaw any designated competitive practices, nor does it prescribe what practices may or may not be outlawed by industrial codes. It contents itself with laying down in a certain degree of detail the objectives of Congress, and leaves the rest to administration. The Act is preëminently an administrative statute — a statute drafted in broad terms, which defines major lines of policy, indicates major objectives, and imposes on the administrative agency charged with its execution the working out of the details, the filling in of the pattern on the loom, the devising and application of all special adjustments.

Because of the central position which administrative judgment thus occupies in the scheme of the Act, the issues as to what competitive practices are sound and what unsound will have to be thrashed out, and the principles in this new field of industrial statesmanship formulated, from industry to industry, under the supervision of the Industrial Recovery Administration. The field is one which has long been ripe for statesmanlike cultivation. The task calls for the widest industrial and statistical knowledge, and for the most incisive and best-balanced economic analysis and judgment. How far shall a competitor be allowed to expand plant facilities recklessly at the expense of the investing public, and to the ruin of established rivals? How far, on the other hand, shall competitors be permitted to agree upon a restriction of production? Should production control, if permitted, be aimed toward the ultimate elimination of the less efficient plants? Or should it follow a quota system? Shall competition be permitted to go on through the offer of lax and ill-considered credit terms? Shall competitors be permitted to sell below their costs? Shall so-called 'freight absorption' be allowed?

These represent questions the answer to which lies in the lap of the future and will issue from future administrative judgments. They are questions of the utmost complexity and difficulty, and meanwhile the immediate objective of the Act, to get people back to work in large numbers as soon as possible, brooks no delay. Accordingly, it seems imperative that the working out of systems of regulated competition for industry must for the moment occupy a secondary place, in contrast with the prompt establishment of shorter hours and minimum wages, which will return unemployed workers to the mills and factories and restore their purchasing power. Only so can the Recovery Act operate effectively as an emergency measure. Therefore, it is hardly practicable for the present that code provisions designed to regulate competition should go much beyond the most elementary measures, such as the requirement of price publicity and the prohibition of discriminations and rebates already forbidden by Section 2 of the Clayton Act.

V

Because of the dominantly administrative character of the Industrial Recovery Act, any discussion of its operation and effectiveness must commence with a description of administrative agencies and procedures. The Act vests full and complete administrative power in the President, with an unrestricted power of delegation to such persons or agencies as he may designate or establish. Under this power the President has created the office of Industrial Recovery Administrator, and has set up a National Industrial Recovery Board, consisting of the Secretary of Commerce, the Attorney-General, the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of Labor, the Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, and the Director of the Budget, with the Secretary of Commerce as Chairman. The office of Administrator has been ably filled by the appointment of Brigadier-General Hugh S. Johnson, soldier, lawyer, and business executive, whose tireless energy and constructive mind have been largely responsible from the beginning for giving shape to the industrial recovery idea. Another constructive mind of breadth and vision has been drawn into the Recovery Administration in the case of Donald Richberg, the Chief Counsel, whose tact and talent for negotiation and compromise were invaluable during the formative stages of the statute.

With the advice and approval of the Industrial Recovery Board, the Administrator has worked out a procedure and form of organization designed to express and give effect to the coördination of different interests in a single industrial process, which is the central idea of the Act. For this purpose he has associated with himself three advisory committees, one representing industry, one representing labor, and the third the consuming public. The Industrial Committee was named by the Secretary of Commerce, the Labor Committee by the Secretary of Labor, and the Consumers Committee by the Administrator from lists submitted by the Secretaries of Commerce and of Labor. Each of these committees consists of outstanding leaders, selected primarily for their public point of view and secondarily for the purpose of representing on the committee a variety of interests. Thus the Industrial Committee includes not merely the heads of large-scale enterprises in the persons of Messrs. Teagle, Swope, Sloan, and Hurley, but also representatives of the smaller business men and 'independents' like William J. Vereen of Georgia, David R. Coker of South Carolina, Austin Finch of North Carolina, and John B. Elliott of California. Similarly in the case of the Labor Committee, while there is full representation of the American Federation of Labor, the independent unions are represented by Sidney Hillman, of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, unorganized labor by Professor Leo Wolman of Columbia University, the Chairman of the Committee, and the social welfare point of view by Father Haas. The Consumers Committee is equally representative of different outlooks.

The function of these committees is not merely to advise the Administrator on broad questions of policy and, by consultation with one another, to work out adjustments of conflicting views, but also to follow in detail the hearings on proposed codes and give the Administrator the benefit of their advice and suggestions on the issues which such hearings develop. The code hearings constitute the central feature of the administrative procedure so far developed. This procedure has been worked out in practice in connection with the hearings on the Cotton Textile Code which was approved by the President on July 9. The Administrator is represented in connection with the examination and consideration of the code of any given industry by a deputy administrator for that industry, chosen for his acquaintance with the industry and his independence of any factional connections. In the absence of the Administrator, the deputy administrator is in charge of the hearing.

Because of the importance of the cotton textile hearings, as marking the début of the Act, General Johnson presided in person. The hearings lasted five days, and more than thirty witnesses testified. These represented Northern mills and Southern mills engaged in different branches of the industry, trade associations, various labor unions, distributors and consumers of the product, the Consumers' League, the National Negro Industrial League, and the National Women's Party, among others. To borrow the picturesque phrase of the Administrator, the whole procedure went on in a 'goldfish bowl' of publicity. As a result of the hearings and of the researches of Dr. Alexander Sachs, the able head of the Research Division of the Recovery Administration, there was developed a picture of the industry unrivaled for its completeness, which led to the modification in several particulars of the code as originally submitted. Some of these modifications illustrate in vivid and concrete form the nature of the problems raised by the Industrial Recovery Act and the methods which are being employed for dealing with them.

The code as originally submitted called for a maximum working week of 40 hours. Representatives of labor argued that this should be reduced to 35. The provision, however, was allowed to stand unchanged, since the statistics indicated that the 40-hour week at the present level of production would not only call back to work all workers who had lost their employment since 1929, but would require 13 per cent more employees than the average in the peak year of 1927. The proposed minimum wage rates of $11 a week for the North and $10 a week for the South contained in the code as originally submitted were, however, raised to $13 and $12 respectively. While the evidence indicated that wages of $5 and $6 a week are at present common throughout the industry, it nevertheless appeared that to restore real wages for unskilled labor to the level which prevailed in 1929 a rate of $13 in the North and $12 in the South is essential. These figures are the requisite averages to produce on a 40-hour week the purchasing power which unskilled labor had on a 48-hour week in 1929. It was estimated that a minimum wage of this amount could be absorbed with only a small increase in price to the consumer.

Another important amendment to be adopted during the hearing was that abolishing child labor, — that is, the employment of minors under sixteen years of age, — which was dramatically and significantly proposed by the industry itself. Questions of competitive business practices were reserved, and their consideration at a future date provided for, by an amendment to the code which establishes a planning agency for the industry charged with the duty of developing an open trade association through which prices and terms can be publicly reported and unfair and destructive competitive practices eliminated. The recommendations of this agency will, when proposed, be subject to governmental approval, like the code itself.

The Cotton Textile Code in its present form is thus in substance limited to labor provisions. Even so, it has taken more than a month to formulate it and pass it through the necessary stages leading to final approval. Other industries have subsequently come forward with proposed codes, notably the garment industry, the coal industry, the oil industry, and the contractors' industry. Some of these proposed codes may contain provisions relating to business practices which will be of such a character as possibly to lead to controversy. The major objective of the Industrial Recovery Act is to get people back to work in time to provide an increased purchasing power which will keep pace with the already accelerated rate of production. If this objective is to be accomplished, causes of delay must be avoided. Meanwhile, if the Act is to have its full effect, it must move forward along a broad front at once. Measures must be devised by business and labor in coöperation with government to apply the basic policies of the Act in all the important industries simultaneously, leaving matters of detail and less urgent issues to be worked out afterward.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Farewell to Grammar

A boy of my acquaintance, when I was a boy, was greatly aided in his grammar by the erection of the two union stations in Boston, because his teacher informed him the South Station was the largest in the world, but only the larger in Boston. No doubt to this day he attempts, at least, to speak and write correctly, as I do, and as you, dear Ancient, do also, according to the usages we were laboriously taught. No doubt he, even as you and I, smiles wanly at the sign, 'School — Drive Slow,' winces when his son says, 'It's me' and his wife tells his daughter, 'Invite whoever you wish'; and when he asks his secretary how many orders are coming in is made doubly sad by that young gentleman's reply, 'None are expected.' (The secretary would say, of course, that he 'felt badly about it,' and then would tell the manager to 'try and get' some orders.) Back in the gay nineties, when grammar was grammar, we all were amused by George Ade's story which began, '"Whom are you?" asked Cyril, for he had been to night school.' Alas, this is not amusing any more. It appears that everybody has been to day school, and therefore knows grammar to be not a necessity, nor even an adornment, but a superfluous and rapidly disappearing survival of the archaic past, a verbal vermiform appendix.

These sad reflections are inspired by *Current English Usage*, a monograph published by the National Council of Teachers of English. Taking scores upon scores of phrases embodying some — to them, at least — disputable point in grammatical usage, the compilers sent out these phrases to scores and scores of 'linguists,' English teachers, authors, publishers, newspaper editors, and business men, who listed each phrase according to their conception of its correctness, or the opposite. If 75 per cent voted against its use, it was then classified as still 'illiterate' (with a silent prayer, no doubt, that it may not long remain so, since most of the teachers' dear little pupils use it all the time, and what a bother to stop 'em!). If 75 per cent voted for it, then it was classified as quite all right. No need ever again to try *and* correct the pupils using it. Three long cheers! A percentage of votes between 75 per cent and 25 per cent made the phrase 'debatable.' Will the teachers give it the benefit of the doubt, you ask? Don't be silly.

Here are a few of the 'established usages': *None* of them *are* here. New York climate is the *healthiest* in fall. We cannot discover *from whence* this rumor emanates. You'd better go *slow* (on a curve). *In hopes of* seeing you, I asked . . . We *only* had one left. He moves mighty *quick* on a tennis court. It is *me*. *Who* are you looking for? I wish I *was* wonderful. (Like the new grammar, eh?) If it had been *us*, we would admit it. I will go *providing* you keep away.

All these, and others like the ones quoted in our opening paragraphs, are listed as acceptable or standard English. But a sufficient number of brave spirits among the jury (led by the authors, I am proud to say) voted against certain more painful usages, to shove them down into the 'disputable' column. If you are a little child to-day, fired with ambition to speak the tongue of Milton and Swift, Pater and Stevenson, Emerson and Poe, you cannot be quite certain that you are justified in saying of De Quincey, perhaps, 'He could write *as well* or *better than* I.' Nor would you feel quite at ease, in an argument with your teacher, if you declared, '*Neither* of your reasons *are* really valid.' But cheer up. You are an exceptional child, anyway, unfamiliar with the radio or the movies, and your doubts will soon be resolved for you. Your dear teacher says, 'Perhaps the present wave of grammatical simplification is obliterating fine distinctions we might well preserve. But we can no more arrest this process than King Canute could check the tide, and if it sweeps away the conjunctive, all our classroom instruction will not bring it back.'

Good-bye, dear old conjunctive, friend of our youth! (We don't recall exactly what a conjunctive is, — or was, — but no matter.) There will be few mourners, and none of them will be school-teachers. Soon you — not I, for I'm set in the mould of my useless literacy — can say, 'We have *n't but* a few conjunctives left.' Also you can say, 'I took it to be *they*'; '*Either* of these three roads is good'; 'That was the reason for *me leaving* school' (And a darn good reason, too!); 'I'll swear that was *him*'; 'John did n't do so *bad* this time'; 'Don't get *these* kind of gloves'; 'It is *liable* to snow to-night'; 'The child was weak, *due to* improper feeding' (Should it read 'schooling'?); 'It's *real* cold to-day. . . .'

But why go on? The teachers of English tell us these are disputed usages — that is, more than 25 per cent of the learned judges approved them as right and proper English. It won't be long now before 75 per cent will approve them, and then when you are *taxied* (already approved) to a train you can listen to your driver's conversation with pleasure, and without hesitancy talk *like* he does. You can't talk like he does quite yet and be entirely sure you are worthy to converse with the ghost of Lindley Murray should that grieved spectre haunt you. But have a little patience. By the time a few more Southern writers have erupted into our literature, we'll all write like they do; and what's more, we'll like it, very likely.

Not me, though. I'm older than them, and was raised by an old-fashioned teacher, who moved slow — the poor simp!

PLEA FOR A PATRIARCH

'HE is old,' they said; 'he leaks, and the ants banquet merrily in his warm stomach. We must progress,' they said. 'We must get us a new ice box — an electric one. Do away with this big old elephant. He has soured the first baby bottles and put mould on the marriage meats. Away with him!'

And so we must progress; eliminate the unexpected and the disturbing. Our ideal is the pancake. Round and smooth and free of all bumps. No longer will the opening of the ice box be an adventure. Gone all mystery and surprise. No ant or insect will enter the cold portals of a mechanical refrigerator. We shall never open and find there a long trail of little bodies, walking quietly away with bits of ham in their gentle mouths. There will be no coming on the mounds of blue moss that hide the forgotten vegetable in some dark corridor, or the long gray beard of a patriarchal sandwich, mellowed behind a jelly jar. Our lives will be monotonous, circumscribed, and colorless. We shall take up our milk and drink without first tasting warily, and no longer know that faint, indescribable tang of the first souring — a blue, whimsical, and persimmony taste that teases the palate with its indecision.

The iceman will become a legend. No longer the cold pools where his great bar rested, the sudden bursting forth of silver lumps whenever the door is opened, the frosty probing here and there in crevasses for the lost white body of a celery, and the coming on ancient radishes when the great ice boulder has dwindled to a clod. No longer will the coy pick hide out of reach between the box and wall, and gone will be the great uneven ice splinters that crammed their way into the glasses and sat wedged there against the rim, bumping the eager nose. All these must pass.

There will pass also the ancient and traditional laws of shelving. In the new box it will matter not what is where. The butter may wander from shelf to shelf without fear of dissolving in mellow and soft undulations, the lettuce will rattle and pop wherever its place, and the stout body of an apple intrude in those parts once reserved for only the most perishable and delicate of creams. But in the great body of the old ice box the shelving of food is more rigidly defined and inexorable than any caste or creed. There is a tradition of place unquestioned — an aristocracy of the fragile, and a peasantry of the rind. On those shelves where the air is not icy cold, where motes and germs of the outside world creep in and breed, lie the tough and pock-marked grapefruit, the pickled pears dark in their pool of syrup, protected from decay by virtue and vinegar. Here is the mouse cheese, hard and invulnerable, wrapped and shapeless, time and again deceiving the cook in search of some long-vanished, more useful food. Here are the ancient jellies, turned to a pale and glutinous mass with sugar crystals at the rim — not quite good enough to use or bad enough to throw away; probed sometimes in a tentative dreamy way and shoved aside again. Here, too, those various tins once poked inside and forgotten, and all those things to be kept both 'dry and cold' and so placed here where it is neither.

These are the commoners and rabble, but in the coldest, most austere cavities of the old box, nearest to the ice, and sheltered from all contact with the evil and wandering molecules of destruction, stand the white buckets of milk — cold, thin, and blue-blooded, the fat velvet of their cream packed in glass jars about them. The gold pound of butter, solid and robust here, but collapsing in sour folds of yellow soup once taken up in the fertile air; the delicate brief fish, damp opalescent scales pressed hard against the ice, eyes popping out at nothing; the thin-leaved lettuce ready to faint at breath. Here, too, the bull-faced, squirely roast, which for all its solid health and lustiness is quick prey to the living air. And in between these layers are those little pots and jars which are always quickly consumed, and never, except through extreme age, achieve that capricious delicacy of nature which makes imperative their removal to a more sheltered spot — the white scrapings of the spaghetti bowl, the stray lima bean slowly coagulating in a pool of sauce, like a small green hippopotamus in his wallow. Here the noncommittal, the enigmatic eggs, the yellow and unctuous bowl of mayonnaise, gathering a gold crust on its top, and behind it the white cheese cone, colander-pressed, and wearing still its white pimples.

He has seen much, this old ice box — the dozens of stuffed eggs for the Ladies' Guild that never came, the pale, insipid junkets and tough blancmanges that sat heavy in the stomach of our childhood, the cool red watermelon that the cook ate up, the brown and horrible mould of our first cooking. He has known the swift, nervous subdivision of desserts and the dark, wrinkled faces of the prune; and there is little that he has not held, from the strong mysterious dog ration to the rare and sacred steak, and little that he has not heard, from the muttered recipe for rolls to the loud and pregnant silence that follows the splintering of a dish, the slow gurgle of milk down narrow drains. . . .

How shall we give him up — this great old mansion? A little too warm of heart, perhaps, but with cool and solid bulk. Bearing on his head the boltless screw, the crippled clothespin, and, always, the prone, exhausted lettuce leaf. Shall we forget his rich personality, forget the long accumulation of memories and odors, and take in his place this cold and lifeless thing, impervious to time and season, without speck or ant or soul? No! A thousand times no! Let this be not his epitaph but his salutation — recognition at last of one who has rendered long and benignant service, preserving in his calm, neutral bosom the memory, if not the presence, of countless long-vanished meals.

And so let him remain and be gathered to his fathers in his own appointed time.

An Old Man's Game

THAT men often drop dead on the golf links is a matter of record, and — for the deceased — a matter of experience, too. Golf is a strenuous game for an elderly citizen, especially if he insists on starting out right after breakfast and playing thirty-six holes without stopping. Such concentration is required of the player that a 'foozled' shot may easily induce an outbreak of temper dangerous to the entire system. No wonder the doctors advise against golf for anyone over fifty!

But nobody ever heard of a man, young, middle-aged, or elderly, dropping dead on a tennis court. For tennis is an old man's game if the old man exercises judgment and understanding. Speed he may not possess, but craft and cunning, born of experience, are at — and sometimes in — his service. Your oldster's business is to watch his opponent, and to put the ball where he is *not;* and as to receiving, why, all he has to do is to recall the counsel of the famed Doherty brothers, published many years ago: ascertain to what point in the court his opponent is likely to return the ball, go there, and *wait quietly* for it.

'Quietly' — what a wealth of wisdom in that word! I know a man who plays — or tries to play — the 'quiet' game, and I happen also to know the opinion on the result expressed by the neighbor's cook, who looks on from her kitchen window. 'I like to see that old man stand in the middle of the court,' says Angelina, 'and keep the young folks on the run.'

It is astonishing how much room there is in your antagonist's court when you know how to look for it. Here he comes, careering for the net. All you have to do is to put that ball past him, down his alley, or out of reach across his forehand. Or, if you like, you can gently toss it high over his head, so that it falls just inside the base line. Or, if he is back, you can storm the net yourself and finish up the point with a smash to the corner. But I forget: you are elderly — not to say old — and had better save your energy by playing a back-court game. One of the largest collections of tennis cups I ever knew of belonged to a player who rarely if ever came up to the net.

But, after all, you'd better not play singles. The singles game will arouse your competitive spirit, which you've got to tame if you're getting on; and, besides, it may even tire you out, which is distinctly bad for a sexagenarian. Better submerge the 'will to win.' Play doubles, and do it for fun. Cheer for your partner whenever he makes a shot, deride the attempts of the players on the other side of the net, cultivate, to mask your cunning, the 'conversational game.' Gaze down the alley of the opposing net player until he moves over to protect it; then, on return of service, lob it high over his head or shoot it across his forehand at an unplayable angle, to the accompaniment of an exultant yell. On your own serve, take an occasional shot at the centre line, and give a whoop whenever — if ever — you score an ace thereby. And don't forget to applaud all the good shots from the other side, as a generous contender should do.

I have spoken of the danger of outbreaks of temper incurred by playing golf. Nothing of the sort exists in tennis, as played by men of mature age and discretion. No elderly gentleman has ever been known to hurl his racket at the net upon missing a shot, as younger players used sometimes to do, or to burst a blood vessel in rage over a lost game. There are short, explosive words — words which, as Emerson says somewhere in his *Journal*, hit you like a bullet and ought to be available for parlor use — which effectually release any amount of pent-up feeling, and which may be uttered without a bit of emotional strain. But why get mad anyway?

Tennis (played for fun) is a game which you can drop out of when you have had enough — therein differing from golf, which may easily run the old man off his legs in eighteen holes. If your strokes begin to slow up, or your legs to lag, it means 'stop.' It's a gentleman's game, and all you have to do, in case of need, is to remark to your partner that you're getting a bit stale and had better lay off. He will see his duty at once, and the members of the other team will see theirs. Somebody on the clubhouse piazza will doubtless be glad to take your place, or it may be that the whole four of you have had enough tennis for the day. Two sets — or three at most — should satisfy the cravings of tennisites past sixty. To the showers with you all!

But when you've followed so royal a sport all your life, from schoolboy days, is n't it hard to realize that in the eyes of the rising generation you're a 'back number'? You watch a match at your club, and say to yourself every now and then, 'I could have made that shot better myself,' forgetting that there is such a thing as 'pace' on a tennis ball nowadays. You did n't know about that when you were young; and, very likely, that shot which looked so soft from your remote spectator's seat would have turned your weak wrist or knocked your loosely held racket around. And, if you still persist in your unreasoning pride, just wait until you stroll over to the club courts some day and hear somebody say (not intending you to hear), 'Here comes that old duffer again; suppose we'll have to give him a game!' If that does n't put you in your place, I give you up.

"A wonderful book, by a man after my own heart. It is a book especially needed at this time of confused counsels—thoroughly practical and sanely optimistic." — Professor E. G. Conklin, Princeton University

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THIS CHANGING WORLD

By

SAMUEL S. FELS

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

FRANCES WINWAR (born Francesca Vinciguerra, of Taormina) translated her name into American when she became a naturalized citizen in 1928. She was brought to Manhattan in her eighth year, and in its public schools and colleges acquired her education. At Columbia she completed her working knowledge of seven languages. She has published a modern translation of the *Decameron;* she has written three historical novels; she is the co-founder of an art school in New York City; and her biographical narrative of the Rossettis and their circle won the Atlantic Prize of $5000.

Poor Splendid Wings: The Rossettis and Their Circle

By Frances Winwar

[Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, $3.50]

THIS is too good a book to estimate and value in a few words. It has as many and diverse characteristics as the men and women with whom it deals. First of all, perhaps, it is a perfect antidote to that class of biographies, so undeservedly popular of late, whose whole reason for existence (if there is one) is the tearing down of reputations, the smirching of the memory of the dead with assorted scandal assembled from questionable sources. This is no book of that sort. Its subject matter is that seemingly abortive episode in the history of the Victorian Age once known as Pre-Raphaelitism. Included are such antecedent figures as Turner and Blake, and it runs the full course from Rossetti and Ruskin to Pater, Whistler, and Wilde of the last flickerings of its decadence.

Under the amazingly deft hands of the author, the simulacra of these dead men and women take form and shape again: Ruskin, Rossetti, and their parents and kin, Holman Hunt and Millais, Ford Madox Brown, William Morris, Burne-Jones, Swinburne; the pitiful ghost of Elizabeth Siddal, the brooding Christina Rossetti, sterile against her passionate will; Fanny, at once consolation to the devil-haunted Dante Gabriel and nemesis. The book is written with gentleness and generosity, with delicate appreciation and an almost divine pity. Miss Winwar is no special pleader; she blinks no blemishes in any of her characters, and they were gross and numerous enough, as with all men; but the tragedy of circumstance, the dark destiny that in so many cases seemed forewritten, are accepted as palliatives, while the recorded virtues restore a balance if they do not cancel the weaknesses and the vice. There is nothing here set down in malice or for the benefit of the publishers' market. All these 'figures of earth,' joyous and buoyant in youth, flaunting their high ideals and shouting their defiance of a dull and sordid generation, pass in living pageantry through disillusion to — for so many of them — despair, madness, and sorrowful death, and the reader goes with them as with friends and kin who suffer but cannot be consoled.

This is not to say that the book is gloomy. Written with distinguished and appealing style, it is as full of humor as it is of pathos. These are living and breathing human beings, made up as ever of both good and evil; and better or more vital and varied portraiture has seldom if ever been accomplished.

Nevertheless, the whole thing is a very pitiful tragedy, and this because of the fact that the revolt of the Pre-Raphaelites came not when the thing they fought had reached its term, but when it was pushing powerfully onward for new triumphs that were not to reach their climax for another two generations. These men strove to redeem life from the gross ugliness — social, industrial, theological — that marked the Victorian Era, though most of them saw this ugliness in terms of art, Ruskin and Morris seeing further in this than the painters and the poets. They were in a way a part of the Romantic Movement that went back to Walter Scott: of the fight for social reform voiced by the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury and Robert Dale Owen. The Oxford Movement was a part, and Pugin's Gothic restoration. All Europe as well as England was aflame; but, through the Pre-Raphaelites, England saw the rise in ridicule, the brief triumph, and the breaking down, in melancholy failure and unwholesome decadence, of the hopeless effort to redeem the world through the ministry of art.

Poor Splendid Wings reads like the most absorbing romance, but it is perfectly documented history and biography raised to the level of a fine art. I am greatly mistaken if it does not take its place as one of the few very distinguished contributions to contemporary American literature.

To those of us who in the early eighties received the vitalizing influence of Pre-Raphaelitism as it came to us then, though adulterated by its ending phase of æstheticism, the book is full of an alchemy that makes fifty

NEW SCRIBNER PUBLICATIONS

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

The BOOKSHELF

years as a day, and we put it down with a sort of wistful nostalgia that is both pleasure and pain. It was a brave flight ventured by these children of high vision, but the 'splendid wings' were broken by contact with a stubborn Life that would neither be hurried in its progress nor turned aside from its destiny.

Ralph Adams Cram

Fall Fiction

I notice that followers of the fortunes of the turbulent clan descended from Philip Whiteoak and Adeline Court never agree on which of the novels that narrate their history is the best. The argument has started once more with the publication of ***The Master of Jalna*** by **Mazo de la Roche** (Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, $2.50), and will be continued, no doubt, whenever the next one appears. To say this is to pay a very high compliment to the author, because it indicates as well as anything could that her knowledge or her imagination is inexhaustible as far as Jalna is concerned.

In the present novel she continues the history of the masculine, dominant, and exasperating but likable Renny, and concludes the tragic story of Eden, the poet, whose doings precipitated so many crises in the past. Miss de la Roche has never written with more power than in the scenes leading up to the death of Eden or with finer humor than in the scenes following the death of Augusta. These alone would make the novel exceptional. But the bulk of the book — dealing with the struggles of Renny to keep his estate intact during a period of financial stringency, his relations with his wife, Alayne, and with the 'fox-woman,' Clara Lebraux, together with the love of Wakefield for Pauline Lebraux and of Finch for Sarah; and not forgetting the reincarnation of old Adeline in her namesake, Renny's little daughter — all this is written with the same flashing energy and easy mastery that made the earlier novels memorable. I do not think that critics have praised as they should the author's skill in portraying the older members of the clan — Nicholas, Ernest, and Augusta. It deserves mention. In this novel they are only minor characters, but they are a constant joy. The chapter entitled 'Jig-saw,' coming immediately after those describing Eden's death, furnishes not only the relief of comedy but a perfect illustration of the combination of love and mischief which keeps life at Jalna from ever becoming monotonous.

The story is obviously not finished, for one is left with an intense curiosity concerning whether Finch will really marry Sarah, whether Sarah will some day foreclose her mortgage and become mistress of Jalna, whether Renny will leave Alayne for Clara, and whether it will be Wakefield or Finch who will marry Pauline. Every reader will have his theories on these important matters, and they will make him wait impatiently for the next novel. May it come soon.

In ***The Farm*** (Harpers, $2.50) **Louis Bromfield** has written what I take to be the thinly disguised autobiography of his boyhood. In the Dedication — to Anne and Hope and Ellen — he says: '*The Farm* is the story of a way of living which has largely gone out of fashion, save in a few half-forgotten corners and in a few families which have stuck to it with admirable stubbornness in spite of everything. It was and is a good way of life.'

The result is a story of very close texture, leisurely in movement, richly illustrated with fact and anecdote, of several generations of a family which has its roots in a great farm in Ohio. The narrative is made all the more representative by the fact that the family has also a residence in town. And the author has not hesitated to describe both, with their surroundings, in immense detail, with short biographies of a host of people, who were members or acquaintances or neighbors of the family. The story — for there is no plot — is simply that of a social evolution from the first settler through the growth and decline of the Farm, as a symbol of the agricultural era, to the rise of manufacturing centres and the influx of immigrants; and this evolution is seen from two angles, the rural and the urban. In any but skillful hands such a method would be tiresome, unless it were read frankly as social history; but the author has such an eye for human significance and such a knowledge of his subject that I read the book with a constant glow of recognition and a kind of homesickness for a way of life that really was good. It is a good novel to give to young people to read, in the hope that it may at least suggest to them some values in living that are just now out of fashion.

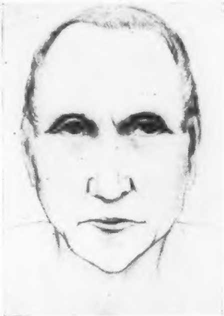
The publishers' note says that **Paul Horgan** spent several years in the musical centre of Rochester, New York; and since his Prize Novel, ***The Fault of Angels*** (Harpers, $2.50), is located in Dorchester, New York, and deals largely with musical people, one can hardly avoid concluding that the author profited by his observations in the Eastman School of Music and the Rochester American Opera Company.

His observations are diverting enough; but I for one wish specially to thank him for making me acquainted with Nina, than whom I have not met a woman more lovable and amusing for many a day.

Nina Arenkova, as her husband says at the beginning, 'has such soul, you understand, it gives out *con*tinually.' In fact, she believes that America in general and Dorchester in particular lack 'spiritual focus.' We are afraid of being natural, naïve, impulsive. Like the multimillionaire, Mr. Ganson, we prefer that our charity shall be 'never personal.' But Nina, indomitably courageous, sweetly unreasonable, naïve as only a Russian could be, has the fault of angels — ambition. She explains her point of view quite clearly: 'I know humilitsy. Human being is a little tsing in *la vie*. Wot is talk about angels? Wot do we know? All wot we know: zis is zis:

TWO SIGNIFICANT BIOGRAPHIES

September Literary Guild Selection



Only one-third of it appeared in the Atlantic Monthly

From a drawing by Picabia

GERTRUDE STEIN'S

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas

Partly serialized in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Gertrude Stein's life story caused more discussion before publication than almost any book we have ever published. Its importance is unquestionable: yet its charm and simplicity are those universal elements which book-lovers demand and cherish.

"In this autobiography she offers the odyssey of the most intelligent American woman alive at present. There is so much life in it that it is the fullest and gayest book I have read for many years."
— Bernard Faÿ, *Saturday Review of Literature.*
Ill., $3.50

An extraordinary biography of Talbot Clifton

Eccentric and unclassifiable as "Arabia Deserta"

VIOLET CLIFTON'S

The Book of Talbot

Talbot Clifton, English explorer, adventurer, and personality extraordinary, spent his life roaming the earth. After marriage, Violet Clifton roamed with him. After his death she wrote this book about him, a book that follows no patterns, creates its own style, and becomes one of the major contributions of the year in biography.
439 pages. $3.50

Harcourt, Brace and Company's September publications include: THE DELICATE FIRE by Naomi Mitchison, a book of stories which caused Rebecca West to say — "we realize, not for the first time that Naomi Mitchison stands head and shoulders above writers of her generation": A MOUNTAIN TOWNSHIP by Walter Hard, tales about Vermont people by a native poet: SELECTED ESSAYS by Anne C. E. Allison, well-remembered educator, writer, and traveler: AN ITALIAN WINTER, a new book of travel by Charles S. Brooks in his own imaginative, humorous vein. A catalog of all fall publications will be sent on request.

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

The BOOKSHELF

'est que la vie is filled wiz danger and cruelty, and great nistakes wizzout heart, and like zis. One little human eing must do everysink wiz justice, and vision, wiz omble human feelink to help rest of world. *C'est tout.* s nossink wiz gods; *ce n'est rien pour les anges!'* Acting n this conviction (and her words will serve as a fair ample of her sublime baby talk), she does not hesitate o scout all social taboos and scruples, or even stock notions of morality, 'wiz homble human feelink to help est of world.' She tries to convert the multimillionaire o Tolstoian principles as bravely as she saves plain Mrs. liss's boy from a charge of stealing by pretending to be shoplifter herself. Of course, hardly anyone believes in er or even understands her. But all feel that her brief ight across the Dorchester orbit has been like that of a ird of paradise through an aviary of ordinary fowls and ongsters. She gives up her crusade and goes back to aris and freedom, but one cannot believe she is soon orgotten.

The deftness with which her personal attractiveness, er combined naïveté and intelligence, her ability to eep without being homely, and above all her delicious diom — the way in which these are recorded makes of he book a rare treat in comedy and satire, but comedy nd satire overlying considerable pathos. In order to illustrate Nina's versatility in 'giving out soul,' Mr. organ has thought it necessary to introduce melodrama n the episode of Mrs. Schrantz and Mrs. Kane; but it eems less happily conceived than the rest of the novel. ina's special genius shows best in more subtle situaions.

R. M. GAY

he Journal of Gamaliel Bradford, edited by Van Wyck Brooks

[Houghton Mifflin, $4.50]

SPIRITUAL remains, for dissection by those who shall ome after me.' So Gamaliel Bradford described this ournal, by virtue of which he enters that company of self-dissectors,' from Pepys to Amiel, who were for ifty years the comrades of his spirit. In this, his own ortrait, he has given us the work by which he will erhaps be longest remembered, a book which may take ts place, with the Journals of Thoreau and Emerson nd *The Education of Henry Adams*, as source-material or the history of the American mind.

In an admirable Preface, Van Wyck Brooks gathers p the facts of Bradford's ancestral connection with the ew England cultural tradition, of his spiritual kinship ith that European literary tradition that Goethe symolized and Arnold was interpreting. Yet it seemed that his rich heritage might be wasted because of physical railty. It was an heroic struggle — with the constant read of the terrible lurking vertigo, with thirty years of failure as poet, novelist, dramatist. When in his fiftieth year the longed-for success came, beginning with *Lee, the American*, it was the fruit of all Bradford's superb equipment, his amazing powers of memory and concentration, his mastery of language, his strivings to portray character, his intense concern with human personality.

No single review can do more than suggest the paths of adventure recorded in this book — about one seventh of the whole Journal, Mr. Brooks tells us. There are — first and last — his adventures with books, the joys of reading and rereading, the timeless joys of the Athenæum. Bradford was a rare critic. A volume of essays in criticism could be compiled from the Journal: on the Elizabethan dramatists, whom he loved with the devotion of Lamb and Hazlitt; on the Greek dramatists, the French critics. Even his passing comments, from Tennyson to Sinclair Lewis, show the keen thrust and play of his mind. To the theatre he turned eagerly for color and sense allure; to the moving picture, eagerly and disappointedly, for the art as yet smothered in commonness. In his love of music — the music that he constantly played and sometimes heard at symphony concerts — there emerged his deep sense of mystery and his ceaseless search for God. And always he turned to nature for restoration; the Journal overflows with exquisite glimpses of his beloved fields and woods. Most fascinating of all — throwing new light on his work — are the studies of his own method, his revelations of a questioning, despairing, ever-creating spirit, seeking to penetrate through others' lives 'to inexhaustible depths of human passion and suffering and joy and hope.'

FRANCES W. KNICKERBOCKER

THE *Atlantic* turns with gratitude to Miss Anne Carroll Moore, of the New York Public Library, for her annual recommendation of the best new books for children.

WITH ***Julia Newberry's Diary*** in one hand and **Maurice O'Sullivan's *Twenty Years A-Growing*** in the other, one sets forth to explore children's books of the year. By every inherent right do these two books, so utterly different in form and substance, belong to girls and boys in the teens. The one holds the spicy comment and lovable personality of a spirited young American girl of the 1870's, the other the companionship of a vigorous Irish youth of the twentieth century who writes with wit and refreshing clarity of the natural beauty and of the people he knew in childhood.

A genuine life story is so rare among children's books that **Cornelia Meigs's *Invincible Louisa*** (Little, Brown, $2.50) must be given first place. Here is a biography which Louisa Alcott herself might read with a grateful heart. Firmly rooted in family tradition and carefully documented, it is interpenetrated with a true understanding of the eternal struggle of the born writer who must carry her family along with her at all costs. Very moving are the pictures Miss Meigs gives of

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
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Bronson Alcott's successive migrations and experiments in daily living. Their cumulative effect, the impact of life itself upon his gifted daughter, she wisely does not attempt to measure. It is indeed the distinction of Cornelia Meigs's biography that it reveals the quality of a rich personality subject to continual growth and change rather than that of a static figure belonging to another era. The spirit of Louisa Alcott was far in advance of her time, and no one knew better than she did the difference between 'moral pap' and the living word.

It is the tonic quality of **Elizabeth MacKinstry's** vigorous drawings for a new edition of ***Andersen's Fairy Tales*** (Coward-McCann, $2.50) which leads me to this spacious red book. The fun, the sheer absurdity to be found in Andersen, are too often missed. 'His feel for a fool was almost Shakespearean,' says Miss MacKinstry, and proceeds to make an unforgettable drawing of the third dog ('with eyes as big as towers') of 'The Tinder-Box.' There is a notable double spread in brilliant colors of the marvelous hall clock that came marching into church in the story called 'The Most Extraordinary Thing' — a timely story which has the true feel of the good workman in the days of the great craftsmen. This story was first published in this country by Horace E. Scudder, then editor of the *Riverside Magazine,* in which magazine for children a dozen or more of Andersen's tales were published before their appearance in Denmark or England. Miss MacKinstry's book is one to enliven the reading of Andersen for many a boy or girl who has found fine print or overfanciful pictures a barrier.

Since ***The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll*** (Macmillan, $2.50) contains also the collected illustrations of his own and other artists for the poems and rhymes, it will interest many boys and girls to contrast the work of Sir John Tenniel and Harry Furniss with that of our own A. B. Frost, whose lively ghosts appear in the illustrations for 'Phantasmagoria.' The book contains a number of unpublished juvenile pieces, as well as all the verse which appeared in the books published by Lewis Carroll in his lifetime. For personal pleasure, and for ready reference when in pursuit of 'The Hunting of the Snark' or another poem to read aloud, the collection, with its chronological arrangement, is a reminder that a sense of nonsense is born young and lives forever.

No change in the field of children's books is more marked than the freer, more natural treatment of life in foreign countries and in our own. ***The Handsome Donkey,*** by **Mary Gould Davis** (Harcourt, Brace, $1.75), with its spirited, informed drawings by Emma Brock, gives an authentic impression of the daily life of Italian mountain folk in a form most acceptable to children. Story and pictures alike seem to have been created in a mellow holiday mood in the very heart of the Apennines. It is an amusing story, in which Baldasarre proves his bravery by rescuing his master

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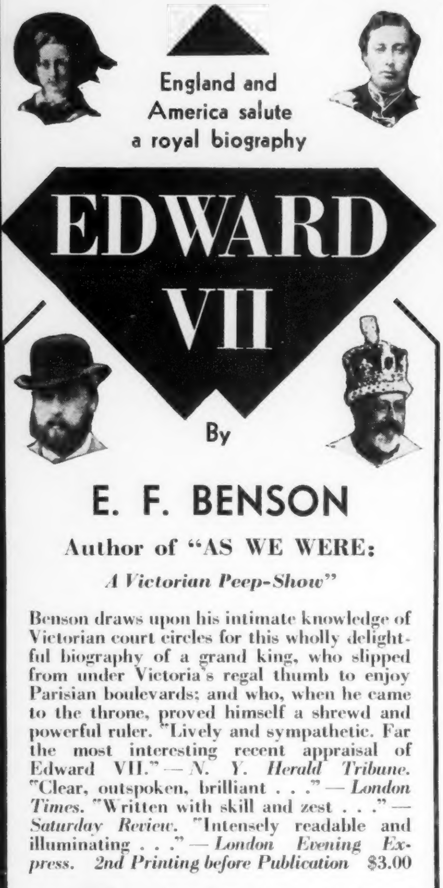

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EDWARD
VII

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and wins the lasting friendship of the American dachshund who has first scoffed at him for his vanity. The strong pictorial quality of the Italian background is given full value in the typography of the text and in the clear colors used in drawings which have been admirably reproduced.

My Boys, translated from the Swedish of **Gustav af Geijerstam** by Alfhild Huebsch and illustrated by Karl Larsson (Viking, $2.00), is a notable book of Swedish life. Two boys, aged seven and nine, full of the mischief common to small boys all over the world, are the inspiration of the book, whose author was a well-known writer of Swedish books for adults. The father and mother who appear in the book are very understanding people in their relations with children, and parents who read it aloud to their boys, as Mrs. Huebsch did, may profit by the experience. The many lithographs play an important part in creating the atmosphere of the Swedish seaside village in which the boys are spending a summer. Mrs. Huebsch has made a delightful translation for American children.

Any grown-up lover of the one-ring circus of Paris will be as charmed with ***Powder*** (Smith & Haas, $2.00) as was the five-year-old child to whom I gave my review copy. The lithographic drawings in brilliant colors by **Fedor Rejankoosky** tell the story of the little white colt who escaped from becoming the saddle horse of the fat Duchess by running away to the circus. The story is also told in words by Esther Averill and Lila Stanley, who first published the book in Paris. The perennial joy of the circus in any land is in this charming book, with its unique double cover design.

This Changing World, by Samuel Fels

[Houghton Mifflin, $2.00]

For fifty years Mr. Fels has been looking at life steadily, seeking to see it whole. Fifty years is an epoch, and Mr. Fels, sharply intelligent and insatiably curious, has wasted no fraction of it. His book is a Gospel of Hope. There is, he believes, a universal Life Purpose, and in its pursuit mankind is moving organically forward. Step by step through the ancient jungle of rivalries, jealousies, and fears, we are evolving a capacity for living together, working together, even for serving together. Independence is giving way to interdependence. In the domain of economics the author sees the slow adoption of a programme whereby, through intensifying the narrow incidence of taxation and enlarging wages at the expense of profits, universal well-being may be secured. Manufacturers will enlarge their markets and hold them. Business men will reach their secure and perfect balance in small profits and large sales. Once economic fear is gone, thrift will be a mere vermiform appendix, and the surpluses which bulwark corporations against hard times will, when hard times are permanently banished, melt away into pay envelopes. Of the triteness of this outline there is no trace in Mr. Fels's book, which graph-

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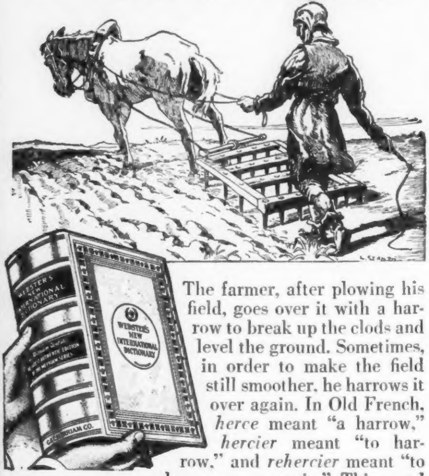
Rehearse:
"to harrow again"



The farmer, after plowing his field, goes over it with a harrow to break up the clods and level the ground. Sometimes, in order to make the field still smoother, he harrows it over again. In Old French, *herce* meant "a harrow," *hercier* meant "to harrow," and *rehercier* meant "to harrow over again." This word was borrowed in Middle English as *rehercen* and came into Modern English as *rehearse*. Meanwhile the meaning has shifted from the literal to the metaphorical. Now we *rehearse*, not the plowed field, but a speech, a play, or the like.

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ically describes the obstacles to Purpose, and energetically combats them.

But to think as Mr. Fels does, a man must once for all accept mankind, weak and strong, clever and simple, black or tan, as brothers. Brotherhood is universal, and triumph means the common victory of all. The fruits of individuality, architecture, painting, books, poetry, manners, adventures in the perfection of living: what place have they in a society wherein only the common is the good, and economics is condemned to be the handmaiden of politics? Is it not largely true that many most precious things are created by the few, and only by the few can be enjoyed in their perfection? And again, if the whole emphasis of life be placed on distribution, will not creation dwindle?

The interest of these things is at blood heat. Mr. Fels's book, like a temperature chart, measures its rise.

E. S.

BY chance I have been agreeably occupied this month with four new books from the British Isles. ***The Ravenelle Riddle*** by **E. Best Black** (Loring and Mussey, $2.00) is a happy introduction to a new author and a new publisher. Even in the politest circles this would be regarded as a highly accomplished murder. The plot is ingenious, the action swift, the characters few and distinct, and the girl beautiful. The book follows the authentic tradition in that Scotland Yard goes one way and the amateur detective, known as 'the American,' quite another. When I say that there are the usual divergencies of opinion between the competitors, and the usual laceration of the feelings of authority, I do an implied injustice to an excellent plot and a solution calculated to frustrate the hypotheses of the old-timers.

From Ireland the Viking Press has imported a unique book, ***Twenty Years A-Growing*** ($2.50). The author, **Maurice O'Sullivan**, a young man still, is a native of the tiny Blasket Islands in the Bay of Dingle. His only book-learning came from the grammar school on the mainland, but in his mother tongue, Gaelic, he was moved to describe the day's work of the islanders and the old dances, the old songs and legends (preserved by ear), which were their entertainment. Fragments of this rich material reached a Cambridge don, who favored a translation into English. Thus was cultivated a genuine life of the Irish peasants written by one of themselves, a life so remote, so island-ed as to be mediæval. The great winter seas with their harvest of wreckage; the fierce cliffs infested with birds; the summer sun that distills 'a fine coat of sweat' as one fishes or toils with the boats; Old Nell with her pipe and her gossip — these are daily concerns on the Blasket Islands, and these, together with folklore older than Beowulf, have been shaped with Gaelic wit

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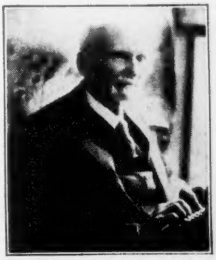
Reminiscences of the Paris Peace Conference, based on the author's diary. "In these pages, a vivid and subtle artist gives a haunting picture of one of the most singular transactions in history." — *J. L. Garvin, London Observer* $4.50

"One of the most notable revelations of the mind-workings of a writer that has yet come out of America."

The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford



For half a century, Mr. Bradford kept a day-by-day journal which has now been edited by Van Wyck Brooks whose comment is given above. From its pages emerges a remarkable self-portrait. $5.00

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For those who want to know

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and poetry into an autobiography as fresh and savory as new-risen bread.

Sea and mist, heather and dripping solitude, are the elements which most influence the Scotch novel ***No Second Spring*** (Stokes, $2.50) which has just walked off with a $20,000 prize. As one who has judged four novel contests, I am prepared to say that this first book of **Miss Janet Beith's** is amply good enough for the award. This story of Hamish, the fervent, handsome minister, his lovely and pathetic wife, Allison, and of Andrew Simon, the portrait painter and wanderer who invades their lives, is no lucky beginning. The marked simplicity of the style, the selection and emphasis of the historical detail (time, the 1830's), are at once the evidence of discipline and the announcement of a sturdy new talent. There are naturally certain flaws to reward the critical. The beginning is not prepossessing — the coming of the young couple to the Highland kirk and the conspiracy of weather and hostility which oppose them results in some seventy pages of sombre, mirthless writing. Again, when describing the illness of the children, is the author too heavy-handed. Finally, Miss Beith occasionally lapses into phrases ('primeval terror,' 'a trapped animal,' 'fine Italian hand') which are trite. But the heart of the book, the love story of Allison and Andrew and their brief vision of island happiness, is written with such warmth and felicity that it wholly redeems one's minor objections.

Mandoa, Mandoa! (Macmillan, $2.50) is a novel that comes to us much heralded from London. The author, **Miss Winifred Holtby,** is unfamiliar, but one does not have to venture far in her pages to realize that here are a capacity for invention and a love of satire such as few established writers possess. The plot, which Swift would have relished, is suggestive: in 1932 a black principality (Mandoa) in the centre of Africa opens its doors to English 'civilization,' and winging overseas come representatives of Prince's Tours, Ltd., of the Foreign Office, of humanitarian societies, the curious, and the 'go-getters.' The Mandoans place their own evaluation on their exploiters, and a sane and delightful evaluation it is. The English, of course, set to work to clean things up in the best imperial style — hotels, airports, tourists, and jazz. Cruelty is matched with vulgarity, and the struggle is a joy to behold. The combination of direct narrative and skillful, thrusting satire is touched with astonishing reality — without hitch and with recurring surprise the story sweeps you into Mandoa, the best of impossible worlds.

Edward Weeks